JANUARY 1897. NEW SERIES. PART III.

THE LEISURE HOUR



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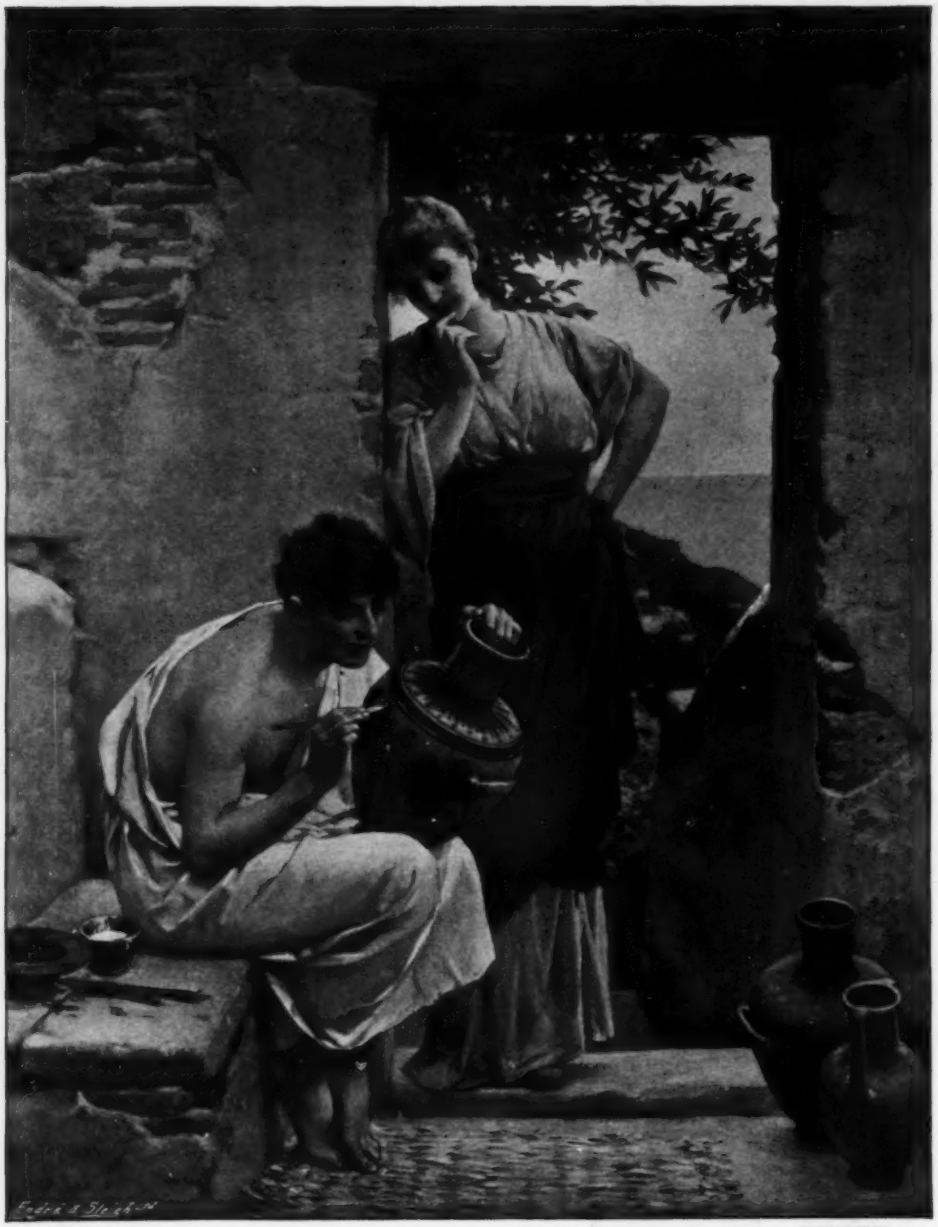
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ART WINS THE HEART.

From the Picture by Paul Thumann.

THE STORY OF HANS PEHL.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA."



THE KING SPRANG FORWARD, AND THEY THUNDERED AFTER HIM.

CHAPTER VII.

LONG before daybreak the buglers were sounding the mount. The provost-marshal entered our hut and kicked me awake. A small piece of black bread and a still smaller piece of goats' cheese was all the breakfast I had to help me to face the fatiguing march to Naumburg. During the night the weather had suddenly changed, and instead of the almost continuous rain of the past four days a sharp frost had set in. It was not at first a pleasant change, as we found out when our moist clothing began to stiffen as we sat on our horses. Until we were almost ready to start I did not once get a glimpse of either my lord or Count Robert, but honest Peter came to my side for a few minutes, and strove to cheer me by many a merry tale of some silly pranks of the night. The long line of troopers, cold, famished, and covered with mud, began to file past us where we were gathered in the open square. They looked grey and ghostly in the thick fog, and spoke not with one another. There was no merry laughter or attempt at song or catch. After the first troop had passed came the general, in a long black cloak which hung low down to his horse's flanks, and among the officers surrounding him I could discern my lord and Count Robert. We fell in at the end of the long, silent procession. When we had ridden a little way out of the village the big red sun was struggling hard to pierce the fog, and I saw how here and there it struck a shining spot on the men's armour. It shone on the polished irons on my wrist, from which I was not slow to draw a good omen, for I am inclined to be superstitious, and to attach much importance to

the curious and strange things which happen as by chance to be threaded across the woof of a man's life. Indeed, I was foolish enough to draw much comfort therefrom. And another matter which cheered me greatly was when Peter joined our party, saying he had received my lord's permission to do so. He rode by my side all through that day, and at noon shared with me his simple meal. The provost-marshal did not bother us. His simple duty was to see that I did not escape, and for this he had indeed well provided. Peter, of course, was quite convinced of the absurdity of the charge brought against me, and of my entire innocence. I told him everything that had happened in the general's room, and all I knew about the strange letter. He scratched his head to find some solution of the mystery, but could cast no light on it; still, I knew in what direction his thoughts had turned when he suddenly, and without any provocation, said that I had not been wise to quarrel with Ott Bensch.

The further ride to Naumburg did not produce any incident which I need set down here. Still, I shall never forget it, because of the extreme bodily discomforts which I suffered. I was only thinly clad, and my half-frozen garments clung to my numb body. Violent pains shot through every joint in my arms and legs, and it needed all my little remainder of strength to prevent myself falling from my horse.

We had been riding along the valley of the Saale, and at last, late in the afternoon, we saw away to the north the ancient city of Naumburg lying among its beautiful hills, on which once in happier times the vines grew. The towers of the old cathedral shot up into the air, and the frosty sun lighted the golden crosses on their summits. Perhaps, under more pleasant circumstances, I would have been agreeably impressed with the extreme beauty of the late autumn landscape, and with the picturesque grouping of the soldiers and citizens whom we passed as we rode up to the walls, but, filled as my heart was with the most dismal forebodings of coming ill, and my body racked with excruciating pains, I cared for none of these things.

The town as we entered it seemed full of soldiers of all arms and of all nations—troopers, pikemen, artillery, Saxons, Pomeranians, Bohemians, Hessians, Poles, Swiss, Scots. But I saw none of the king's famous Swedes, those invincible heroes who feared God and wrought such destruction among the enemy. They were with their brave king hurrying to Naumburg, and I was soon to see them.

It was late when our quarters were decided on. The prison in the centre of the city was filled to overflowing with a band of desperadoes in Wallenstein's pay who had been captured two days previously, and among whom something like the black plague had broken out. I heard a horrible account of it from the conversation of the soldiers. As soon as the nature of the plague was known the guards had been withdrawn and the prison doors locked, after a small stock of provisions had been thrown to the stricken prisoners. These men were left to die or get better, just as it might happen, and I heard that some of them, attempting in their frenzy to scale the walls and escape from their fearful hell, had been shot by the guards outside.

As the town prison was therefore out of the question, a small one-storeyed house just inside the walls was pointed out to us as our quarters. Already several prisoners were confined there, rascals capable of committing any crime, if their vile faces had any meaning at all. For our party of three we were fortunate enough to secure one small room. There were no beds for us,



A SMALL PIECE OF BLACK BREAD WAS ALL HIS BREAKFAST.

and of course no bedding. Neither was there any fireplace, and the night promised to be bitterly cold. The room had one tiny iron barred window, and I could see by the light of the moon that it looked out on to the city walls, with the space of about three ells between the wall and our window. As soon as we were alone and I heard the door securely locked behind the retiring sentry, I looked up to the top of the towering walls through the barred window—only a narrow strip of dark blue sky and the moon shining full on the coping of the wall. My companions burst out into a loud guffaw, mockingly saying that they hoped if I escaped I would not forget my former comrades in misfortune. Alas! I suppose every prisoner's thought when he first enters a prison is, "How shall I escape? Is there any nail loose, any

window-bar weak enough, any leap, fearful at ordinary times but now possible, by which I may again secure freedom and air and the blessed sunlight?"

Before we were allowed to seek what little rest the scant accommodation of our prison and the bitter cold permitted, we had two visits paid to us. The first was from Count Ulrich's provost-marshal, who was anxious to see that all was secure before he retired to his own quarters, which were doubtless snug enough. He was in a jovial mood, for he sat down on the one bench in the room and tried to open conversation with us. But as no one cared to respond to his banter and brutal fun over our wretched lot, he rose to leave. At the door he turned round, and the light of the guttering lamp flaring from the wall fell on his evil face.

"You'll be put on the triangle again to-morrow, you two gentlemen. I hear the general desires a pious camp when the king arrives. So he'll give you another good flogging and then drum you out of your regiment. As for thee, friend," he said, turning to me, "I suppose the process will take a little more time, and may not be half so agreeable. I hear a little thumb-screwing will be applied to thee, young master, to make thee speak on certain matters as to which thy knowledge it seems is more than thou pretendest. So look to it that thy knuckles be in good order."

He gave a loud brutal laugh at this, and laughed again as he saw me shudder. Then he slammed the massive oaken door behind him, and for half an hour more I could hear his strident voice talking to the sentry pacing outside in the passage, and his horrid grating laugh.

Our second visit happened when it must have been near midnight. It was a visit which greatly heartened me, for the visitor was none other than Peter. The other two prisoners were huddled together in a corner for the sake of warmth. The poor fellows, who had begun to show me little kindnesses, had invited me to lie between them, but I could not yet bring myself to view them with anything but loathing. I sat under the lamp by the wall trying to read a gospel, with only indifferent success, when the door creaked open and the sentry showed Peter in. I did not recognise him at first. In his warm thick cloak he looked so big and stout. He came across to me, and the kindly fellow wrung my hand in sympathy.

"I have only a moment," he whispered; "my lord managed to get me passed in. I have brought you a cloak to keep the cold out this bitter night. You'll find something in the pocket of it, and if your two friends here don't make merry it is not my fault."

He slipped off his cloak, and I at once saw the cause of his increased size. To my astonishment I found he had another cloak under it of similar make. This he also took off and handed over to me, throwing the first over his own shoulders again.

"Good-night, master Hans," he said, again extending his hand. "Keep your spirits up. You have friends."

He signalled to the sentry to let him out, the heavy door swung to again, and we heard it bolted for the night. It was bitterly cold, and the frosty air came blowing in through the open grating. I flung the cloak over my shoulders, and from its pocket I drew forth a square stone bottle reeking with spirits. There was something else in the pocket which weighed heavy, and which made my heart beat, but this I did not produce. My instinct warned me that it would not be safe to do so.

Before opening the bottle I turned it round in my hands, and to my astonishment I saw some words scratched on it. In a moment my brain was busy with a hundred conjectures, for the words written on the bottle were at first mysterious. They were in Latin, and I knew the handwriting to be my lord's. "Drugged; for your two companions." What could it mean?

I was far too cautious to mention a word to my companions, and as I was about falling into a brown study one of them impatiently snatched the bottle from my hand, and in a twinkling the drugged hollands was gurgling down his throat. Of course, they could not read the words on the bottle. Their own mother German, when written, was Greek to them. But I was anxious lest by my silence they should do themselves bodily harm. Events, however, followed one another far more quickly than it takes to narrate them. The bottle was passed from one to the other. Its contents were pronounced to be excellent, and the two worthies thought it a great joke that they were depriving me of my share of the liquor. I grew easier in my mind, for I had now arrived at the conclusion that here was a carefully planned scheme by which I might be enabled to effect my escape in some way I did not yet fully understand. I drew my cloak more closely around me and hugged to my breast that heavy piece of iron in the pocket. I lay down on the bench and pretended to sleep, but my heart thumped against my ribs as I fingered the sharp rough edge of the stout file.

The thieves sat together on the floor, and their noisy laughter and talk was rapidly subsiding. One of them still clutched the bottle, but the other man's head had sunk on his breast, and his hands lay limp and helpless at his side. In less than two minutes more, so potent was the drug, both of them had fallen back against the wall, and turned their foolish faces, now pale as death, up to the light. The drug had done its work surely.

What was I to do now? I sprang from the bench and stood in the middle of the room. I had read in old romances of escapes, of iron bars filed through, of rope ladders, and so on; but I had never imagined myself the hero of these adventures, and now when action was forced upon me I recoiled from it, I knew not why. But the thought of the thumb-screws and of the helplessness of my position before that

merciless Count Ulrich, who was firmly convinced of my complicity in the robbery, nerved me to action which I look back on now with wonder. And besides, I felt I had friends, and was now sure that my escape was intended and carefully planned. I arranged the light so that it burned but dimly, and was glad to notice that the moon must be well under a thick bank of clouds, for it no longer shone on the coping of the wall. I listened intently at the open grating. No sound, and no one passing along the narrow lane between our prison and the city wall. No sentry was posted there. Doubtless they reckoned on those thick iron bars.

Offering up a hasty prayer to Almighty God, I began to file at the bars like a madman. They were well within my reach when I stood



HE HAD BEGUN THE FOURTH BAR WHEN SOMETHING MOVED.

on the bench, and as I worked I noted with immense satisfaction that rust had eaten well into them, thus lightening my labour. When I had filed through two of the four bars my heart leapt to my mouth as a company of rollicking soldiers passed under the windows; but they noticed nothing, and I resumed with redoubled ardour. I had now no doubt that when I was safely out of my prison-room my further movements would be pointed out to me. I felt certain that friends must be near. They would not do their work by halves.

I had finished the third bar and had well begun the fourth, when I became conscious of something slightly moving on the top of the wall. I could not be sure, however, so with my hands I worked the file feverishly, keeping my eyes fixed on the wall. I began to see some method in the movements of what I now recognised as the low bent figures of two men. They crawled slowly along until they were right opposite my window, and almost filled up one of the openings in the crenellated top of the wall. At first I could not be sure whether they were friends or foes, but the very stealthiness of their action convinced me that they must be friends. And then I saw that a rope was being slowly let down from the opening in the wall, and that something white was fastened to the end of it, so that I could not miss it in the dark. My excitement grew to such a pitch that I could at last hardly move the file; but, thank God, the crosswork of iron began to quiver, and summoning up all my strength a vigorous push sent it into the freezing mud of the lane. I looked hastily around. The cloak might betray my benefactor, so I wrapped it round my shoulders; so might the hollands bottle and the file, which I thrust into my pockets. Everything else I left as it was. As best I could I struggled out through the window. I thought I should never be able to wriggle through it, it was so narrow, and the sharp ends of the filed bars tore my clothes, and indeed my skin, wofully. As there was nothing outside the window to which I could attach my hands, I had to let myself fall into the half-frozen mud a good five ells below —but what of that!

I struggled to my feet and reached across to the rope with a white handkerchief tied to the end of it. Rolling it thrice round my wrist, I looked up the black precipice of wall and felt the rope tightening. I do not know how I ascended that wall. I struggled wildly, kicking against the stones, thinking thus to lighten the labours of those above. In another minute, all trembling, I was hauled over the parapet, and would have fallen fainting and exhausted had I not been supported by the strong arms of Peter, and transported with joy by the friendly grasp of my young lord's hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY first thought was that I was already safe and that I had no need of further effort. I felt confused, and tears of gratitude were in my eyes, which I might have suppressed had my bodily strength been greater, for I have no patience with those men whose emotions so often find expression in weeping. My lord speedily made me aware that further and swift action was absolutely necessary, if I desired safety.

"Now, friend Hans," he said, "we must not tarry here an instant. This is too dangerous a game, too exposed a place. The patrol may go their rounds any moment. Much has still to be done. Let us hasten to a corner in the wall I know of. I have somewhat to say to thee; and get thyself together, man; thou shakest like a woman in a fright."

I followed my lord and Peter, crawling close to the parapet lest our heads might be seen over the coping. We reached a turreted angle and descended a narrow, steep flight of stone steps. Halfway down there was a dark niche in the wall, and here my lord, Peter, and I ensconced ourselves safely. There was a narrow slit on one side, through which I took a glance at the dark outlines of the surrounding hills against the sky. Morning was approaching, for the clock in the cathedral tower struck four.

"Hans," said my lord, "thou must now shift for thyself. My advice to thee is to get out of the general's clutches as speedily as thou mayest. He believes thee guilty of treachery to the cause, though no one else does, and if he again lays hands on thee, thy shrift will be of the shortest. My advice, then, is to get thee back to Langenstein as best thou canst. Thou wilt be of use there, and canst give my lady wise advice. The road thither thou must find for thyself, and here is a sum of money sufficient to buy thee a nag and for thy wants on the way. Peter I have need of here. I will take care that his part in this night's proceedings do not come to the general's ear, so have no fear on his score. Give my affectionate greetings to my lady, and tell her my hourly thoughts are with her, and that my prayers are for her safety and happiness. And tell thy sweet cousin I have not forgotten her. Thou wilt, I trust, learn to like Ott Bensch, a trusty servant, and he and thou will devote yourselves to the service of thy lord and my lady."

My lord said this with great seriousness and dignity, and I began to feel that war service, which debases and degrades so many, was raising him in character and in true manhood. But I did not like his references to Ott Bensch, nor did I relish the thought that the steward and I were to be together at Langenstein. I bowed, however, in response to my lord's words of advice, which I was glad to notice were not commands which he expected me to obey implicitly. For another plan had begun to suggest itself to me, and I hope I may not be accused of duplicity that I did not acquaint my lord of what my mind was plotting. I was, indeed, afraid that were I to show resistance I might incur my lord's displeasure, and he would then regret having sacrificed so much for my sake.

So my lord passed a small purse into my hands, and told Peter to give me the stout sword which the faithful groom wore in his belt. His final words were:

"Keep to the left at the bottom of the stairs, and skirt the moat until thou reach the southern gate. The password to-night is 'Süsswied.' God bless thee, Hans Pehl, and give thee a safe journey to Langenstein. To the left at the bottom of the stairs."

He turned and left me, and Peter, after throwing his arms round my neck and kissing me, followed him up the stairs.

I am always silent during moments of great trial and decision, so I said never a word, but tightening Peter's sword in my belt and wrapping my cloak around me in such a way that my right arm was left free, I descended the few remaining steps and turned sharply to the left.

Although the outlines of the hills had begun to mark themselves clearer against the sky, it was still dark, and I was anxious to leave the city before dawn. Hugging the huge dark wall, I ran swiftly along the narrow path between it and the full moat. In my haste I stumbled against a sentry half asleep, and in a moment a blunderbuss was at my head.

"Stand! A friend? The password!"

"Süsswied!" I answered, with complete assurance.

"Pass on, friend. You are on business to the post at the south gate, I warrant."

"Quite right, friend," I replied. "God give thee a good-morning."

"And thee, friend."

I pressed on, and in another minute I was among the guard at the south gate. The captain of the watch was roused out of his sound morning sleep.

"Thy business? Whither, at this hour?"

"To the king on urgent business. I have a message for his royal ear."

"On whose business?"

"The general's," I replied, stretching the truth to the utmost.

"Thou hast the password?"

"Süsswied."

"Thou knowest the road? Where is thy nag?"

"Waiting at Zapfenbrücke," I said, mentioning the nearest village on the southern road, and where I hoped to purchase a good mount.

"Open the gate," commanded the captain of the watch; "a good journey to thee."

He retired yawning to bed as I stepped out under the frowning gateway. Across the drawbridge, through another gateway which was unguarded, and I was on the great southern road, a free man.

Despite the terrors of the past few days, despite the pains which still racked my bones, despite the aching at my heart, and the torturing anxiety which mastered me when I thought of Käthe and my beloved mother, I was a happy man, and felt that no ill in life is comparable to loss of freedom—that possessing freedom there is no such word in a young man's lexicon as impossible, no such word as failure.

My course was clear, I felt. Why should I return to Langenstein? What special good would my presence there insure? I would straight to the king, to my noble hero of the

North. I would tell him my story, for I had heard that he had an open ear to the petitions of the lowly and the oppressed. He at any rate would do me justice. God was at his right hand, and the Saviour's mercy was in his heart. "To the king thou shalt go, Hans Pehl," I said to myself, "and who knows but thou wilt have opportunities under him of service in the cause which will make a man of thee, and give thee the consciousness that thou hast sought to do thy duty? And then, what will be Käthe's greeting of thee when thou returnest to her with honour and maybe with renown?"

These were my thoughts as I hastened along the road towards Zapfenbrücke, where I was to procure a nag, and the hard, frosty road gave back the tramp of my heels, and the hills brightened and lightened, and the eastern sky over them grew rosy. I looked back at the still sleeping city, and for a moment I thought of my narrow prison-room and the two rogues whom I had drugged, of the brutal face of the marshal, and the rage of Count Ulrich when he would hear of my strange escape.

The early sun was shining on the filigree frost-work of the trees as I entered Zapfenbrücke. I delighted in the sight. It was indeed a lovely country, brightened by one of those fleeting moments of morning glory such as Nature loves at rare times to heighten the beauty of her creations. There was not the lightest cloud in the heavens, which hung overhead like a silken canopy.

The peasants, who were already about, gave me all the assistance they could to find a horse. This was not so easy a task as I had imagined, as nearly every available horse had been already driven to Naumburg for the use of the army. But by paying double the worth of an old roadster I secured it, and with a supply of food and a bottle of hollands in my saddlebag, I cantered out of the village on my way to meet the Swedes, who were hurrying north and must now be within two days' march of Naumburg.

All that day I rode through a country which bore traces of having once been cultivated like a garden. It was now, alas! depopulated, and the cottages formerly filled with happy peasants were crumbling into ruins. It was, indeed, a most delectable country, with woods and orchards of warmly coloured autumn leafage rising in irregular tiers on the hills, and here and there a bright silvery streak of some winding bit of the Saale. All along the valley through which I rode not a solitary human being was in sight, no cattle, no horses, no sheep. Only the birds were singing on this warm and bright November day, giving to the breezes in the valley a soft, low vibration of music. The wintry sun poured a flood of pale colours over everything, and there was a brown carpet of dry leaves through which my horse's feet rustled. That I was again alive to all these sights and sounds of Nature was a proof that my life was once more a joy to me, that I was recovering from the fearful nightmare of the past week.

From the words which I heard the soldiers drop in Naumburg I reckoned that with steady riding I ought to fall in with the Swedish king's advanced posts towards nightfall, and as the afternoon waned to evening my concern grew greater as I began to think of what was the best course for me to follow.

My road led steadily up some rising ground just as the sun was sinking in the west, and I wondered if from the top of the ascent I should come in sight of the Swedes. I urged on my tired horse through the gathering gloom of evening, and reached a small upland with wide expanding views on all sides. Instantly my eyes were riveted on something I saw away to the south—a long row of twinkling lights extending right across the valley. They were the bivouac fires of the king's army, and now that I knew that the bourne of my long ride was in sight my perturbation and excitement knew no bounds. That I was right in hastening to the king instead of retreating to Langenstein I had fully persuaded myself.

On I rode, and the twinkling lights grew brighter and larger until I could see flames leaping up and the dark figures of men hurrying about in front and behind them. In another minute I was challenged. Almost from under my horse's feet the wild figure of a man sprang up, pointing a musket at my head. He was clad in a ragged and dirty leathern jerkin, and a heavy tawny moustache hung over his mouth. There was a slight ground fog, and the Swede loomed like a giant through it, close as he was. In strange German the sentry growled out sharply and sternly:

"You're my prisoner. Whence? Whither would you?"

"From Naumburg," I replied civilly; "to see the king."

"You'll see the king, I have no doubt; but you'll see some others first. Your arms. Dismount. Your letters."

I told him I had no letters, but I delivered up my sword and gladly threw myself off the back of my jaded steed. There was now a crowd of curious scowling faces around me, and every one of them looked a twin brother of the man whom I had first encountered. They spoke and gesticulated rapidly, but I understood enough of their language to know that they were discussing whether I should be kept there until an officer went his rounds, or should be marched off directly to the commander of the outpost. The dispute was suddenly ended by the appearance of the commander himself, and it was a pretty sight to see the rigid way in which the Swedes drew themselves up as he approached. It was the first time that I was witness of their splendid discipline and entire obedience to their officers. The commandant was nearly as dirty and ragged as the worst of them, his only distinguishing mark that I could see being the tarnished golden tassel hanging from his sword belt, but he was a magnificent giant. I'm no pigmy, but he towered head and shoulders over me.

"Well, friend," he began; "thy business here?"

I repeated the answers which I had already given to the sentry.

"What art thou, young sir? No fighter truly. Thy hands and garments would betoken thee a student. If thy errand be honourable thou wilt find friends here to welcome thee."

"I'm a divinity student," I replied; "but would join the king's army and do my duty in the cause. But first I would see the king, as I have matter of importance to lay before him. I would throw myself on his grace."

"A divinity student! We have no lack of them here. Well, friend, that will open thy way to the king's side, and again I say if thy business be honourable thou wilt find an open ear with our royal and beloved master. Follow me! Look after this gentleman's horse."

Every word was spoken with such consideration that I felt drawn to this great Swedish giant. Alas! I was soon to see him stretched bleeding and mutilated on the fearful field of Lützen, having fought a grand fight and finding a brave soldier's highest reward.

Accompanied by a corporal's guard we marched through the lines into the busy camp, where men and horses and trains of oxen and heavy cannon and lumbering waggons and great ragged tents seemed mixed up in direst confusion. The men stopped their cooking and grooming, and stared at me as I passed, but there was no ribald laughter, no unseemly talk. Every man wore an earnest expression on his weather-beaten face. Every one of them I thought looked like an old Scandinavian hero, men with hearts of flame and bodies of steel.

The innumerable camp-fires turned night into day, and I saw every object distinctly. In the centre of a great open space there stood a large tent, whiter than any of the others, over which fluttered a strange flag, and before the entrance to which two Swedish giants stood with drawn swords and two others with smoking firelocks. Officers in long cloaks stood about in groups. My friend, for such I instinctively felt him to be, left me in charge of the guard and spoke with two or three officers standing apart from the rest, whose age and general bearing denoted their high position in the army. These turned their gaze upon me, and approaching me asked the same questions and received the same answers which I had already twice given. In reply to another question, I admitted that my business did not really concern the king or the army so much as it did my own personal affairs, but that I knew the king would not turn a deaf ear to the petition of ever so humble a follower when his honour and his life perhaps were at stake. I begged and prayed to be admitted to his presence.

Again they consulted together, and one of them, after throwing a kindly look in my direction, entered the great white tent. In two or three minutes he returned and stood at the tent door, and my heart beat high as he beckoned me forward and in a low tone told me that the king desired to hear my story. He pulled aside a plain leathern curtain. Before me, seated on a stool at a low table, on which were scattered plans and papers and a few books, was a man in middle life who looked up as we entered, and nodded. In a pleasant homely tone he asked the officer who accompanied me to wait until he had finished reading the despatch in his hands. Although I was in a tremble in the presence of this great king, whose deeds were in the ears of all the world, I somehow felt that I need not fear. Here was one of the Lord's servants, and in his heart justice was tempered with mercy. So I gazed boldly on the king as he read on eagerly by the light of two great flaring lamps hanging on the tent poles. There was a pleasant smile on his tanned face, and his strange eyes, the most remarkable feature in a rather ordinary face, seemed to pierce to the soul



THE WILD FIGURE OF A MAN SPRANG UP AND CHALLENGED HIM.

of the man upon whom their gaze fell. Across his cheek there was a red scar, probably some old sabre-cut. The mouth and chin were strong, and I felt that here was a man of iron determination, who first carefully matured his plans and then inflexibly carried them out. His dress certainly startled me by its plainness and shabbiness—a buff leather jacket bound round the waist by a soiled silk scarf, strong hose of the same, and high riding-boots. I noticed that his spurs were bright and of silver, and round his neck hung a gold chain of fine workmanship, the ends of which were hidden in the breast of his buff jerkin. Not a single ring adorned his strong well-shaped hands. He wore no arms, but on a low couch at his side lay a sword whose handle was certainly gold and exquisitely wrought. At last the despatch was finished, folded, and laid on the table. The king looked up.

"Well, young sir, your story. Tell it in Swedish if you like, and tell it quickly. We start by times in the morning and would fain sleep. Sleep is nearly the best friend a king has, so out with it, man, at once."

CHAPTER IX.

I BOWED low before the king, and in a trembling voice began my story. Although for hours before my arrival in the Swedish camp I had been arranging in my own mind what I would say and leave unsaid, I found myself in woful confusion, now in the middle and now at the beginning of my tale. The king drummed with his fingers on the table at his side, but listened intently, now and again looking up with a swift glance at the officer standing beside me, whom I soon learned was the gallant Larssen, who fought so well afterwards under Horn and Bernhard of Weimar, and whose great exploits lived so long in many a Swedish war song.

But I stumbled through my story somehow, and when I had told everything from beginning to end I mustered all my faculties together, and begged the king to take me under his protection, to deign to see that bare justice was done me, that I should no longer rest under the terrible charge of being a spy and traitor, that I should have an opportunity of proving my zeal and loyalty to the cause by serving under him, in however mean a capacity. Suddenly the king spoke, and in short abrupt sentences.

"Is that all, man? Why, I can see at a glance that thou art no more traitor or spy than my dear Larssen there. Come hither, give me thy hand, friend! I'll see to it that Count Ulrich be better advised than to detach from the cause so level a head, so strong an arm, and so leal a heart as thine. Now go away; thou art a good fellow. I know one when I see him. I will see you to-morrow. Meantime Larssen will see that thou art cared for. Good-night, and in thy devotions pray for thy fellow servant, Gustavus Adolphus."

I stole a look at the great warrior, for his voice shook a little as he said these last words, and his eyes were strangely softened. At the tent door he called us back.

"Young friend," he said, "thou wilt perhaps be Pfarrer in that village of thine—how is it called? Let me tell thee this, and think of it to thy future profit. I am King of Sweden, and Oxenstjern says I am making history; but I tell thee I envy thee thy quieter lot in life. Tell that to the children which the Lord will give thee. Go, I would sleep. Good-night, Larssen."

And this was the great northern hero, the royal Swede, before whom Austria and Spain were humbled, and whom even France with her great king and wily cardinal were courting! This kindly and humble man, with his great longing for a quiet life in a little village, and his wish for sleep. I don't know why it was, but hitherto I had only admired the hero; now I loved the man as well, and throughout the long forty years which have since fled the touch of his hand, the moisture in his eyes and the tones of his softened voice, are what I think of when the name and the fame of Gustavus Adolphus are mentioned to me.

General Larssen took me to a tent already filled with the recumbent forms of the king's officers, but at his request the Swedes made room for me among them, and gave me of their victuals, which, coarse and unsavoury as they were, I eagerly devoured, and this with a thankful heart and easy conscience, knowing that they had been honestly come by, and not stolen from the suffering peasants. The general before leaving ordered me to report myself to him in the morning.

It was still pitch dark when I was roused by a mighty bugling and drumming all around me. In a few minutes we were out of the tent in the cold frosty air; the camp-fires were still burning, and soldiers in hot haste were striking the tents and saddling horses, ragged camp followers were loading bullock carts, officers were shouting their orders, and to my eyes, unaccustomed to camp scenes, there was everywhere confusion and disorder. I inquired my way to that part of the camp where I had left my horse, and as soon as I had snatched a few mouthfuls of hard bread which I flavoured with an onion, I mounted and picked my way back to General Larssen's quarters. It was no longer so dark, and I could see that order was shaping itself out of the chaos, long lines of mounted troops and pikemen stretching across the valley. The bugling and the drumming were incessant. I fell in behind the general, who recognised me in the light of the fires, and ordered that my sword should be restored to me, laughingly observing that I would perhaps need it in a few days, when he hoped it would stand me in better stead than any of my books, even the heaviest of them.

Suddenly the drumming and the other noises of the camp ceased, and the word flew from man to man along the line that the king was coming. Though I live another forty years I

shall never forget what followed. I looked down the long line of pikemen and cuirassiers. To right and left of me they had drawn themselves up stiffly, their pikes and lances high in the air, their swords drawn. In the distance to the right of me came a cantering white horse moving through the smoke of the expiring camp-fires, and as it drew nearer I saw that the king rode it, his hat in his hand, his hair floating out behind him. He kept his face towards the ranks, and the men cheered themselves hoarse as he swept along alone. All down the lines he rode, and back again to where General Larssen stood. Then at some signal which I did not observe a strange thing happened. Suddenly a mighty burst of song arose. It was the morning hymn. The king stood before me, and I saw his eyes lifted towards the still dark heavens and heard his grand voice as he joined in the psalmody. Oh! it thrilled me, that mighty chorale, as I was never thrilled before. The words I knew and the melody I knew, and I found myself joining in the shout, for it was a shout rather than an ordered song.

"God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in time of trouble.
We will not fear, though the earth change,
Though the mountains be moved in the midst of the seas,
Though the waters roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

The hymn ended, and it was curious to hear the last sounds of it like an echo from the extreme ends of the line long after the centre had ceased. The drumming and bugling began again, and our march to Naumburg commenced. The king rode behind a troop of his own body-guard, splendid lionlike men. Around him were his more intimate officers, among whom General Larssen had a favoured place. Among a group of writers and secretaries who immediately followed, I found my place.

On the long ride to the beautiful old city which I had left twenty-four hours before in so sad a plight and with so much misgiving, nothing occurred which I need set down here. We rode well, never delaying, so that it was still broad daylight when we approached the walls. What a commotion there was at our approach! The tops of the walls were black with crowds of soldiers and townspeople eagerly watching for the king. Outside the gates great multitudes had gathered, and along the roads as well. The bells were pealing from every church tower, and I could hear sounds of music. Every haggard face beamed with joy and gratitude, for did they not believe that here was the chosen servant of God come into their midst to right their wrongs, to free their land from the sway of the wrongdoers, to bring peace and blessed rest after so many weary years of war and rapine?

We rode right under that very gate through which I had so fearfully departed, and there were young Bernhard of Weimar and grim Count Ulrich and many another as well bowing low to receive the king. In the dense throng I saw no sign of either my lord or Count Robert.

If the roads outside the gates were thronged, the streets inside were still more so. What terrible sights we saw! Thousands of wretched fugitives, famished and half clad, from all parts of Saxony, were gathered here to escape the sword of the enemy. They pressed round the king and struggled forward to kiss his hand; they seized the hem of his long cloak and kissed it. Even the great white war horse which bore so precious a burden was caressed and kissed by the crowds, silly with joy. But the king's face was grave; he gently tried to keep the crowd back, and in a low voice he said to General Larssen at his side words which I heard and shall never forget.

"I do not wish this, Larssen. God knows I do not. God grant that I be not puffed up. May He not punish me for receiving honours and thanks above that which befits mortal sinful man to receive!"

We had only been a few hours in Naumburg when I started out to make cautious inquiries about my lord. I soon heard that he and several other young officers had been sent out with a regiment, under the command of Count Robert, and that their object was to cut off a train of supplies on the road to Wallenstein's camp. This news pleased me much, for it was proof that my lord had not suffered suspicion of implication in my strange disappearance from the town.

News of the movements of Wallenstein's army began to circulate among the townspeople and soldiers. I heard that the great Bohemian general, after consulting the astrologers in his superstitious way, had finally decided to entrench himself at Lützen, and that he was throwing up entrenchments, as he had begun to feel anxious lest he would not be strong enough to resist the king, should he be attacked. The bulk of the Saxon army was still at Torgau, and it was rumoured that the king could not reckon on much assistance from that quarter. These and many other rumours of grave events were discussed in the markets and open places of the town, but I did not care to go about very much, as I was still a little uncertain what might befall me should any of Count Ulrich's men who knew me chance to spy me.

It was well into November when one morning I found all in commotion, and the town greatly agitated by some fresh news which had just come in. It was that Pappenheim—I cannot write his name even now after all those years without execrating his memory—had left Wallenstein's camp at Lützen in order to attempt a diversion on the Rhenish bishoprics, and that Wallenstein had ordered him to seize Halle on the way, and thus to draw away the forces of the king from Naumburg. Everybody felt at once that the Bohemian had made an unaccountable mistake, and before the afternoon was spent we learned that Gustavus had suddenly left Naumburg, and that every available soldier

in the town and in the camp outside was to follow him with all speed to Lützen. I must not omit to mention that during my short stay in Naumburg I was of daily use to General Larssen in the various negotiations and correspondence he had to carry on under the king's command. My knowledge of French and Latin stood me in good stead. So, when orders came for our rapid march to Lützen, I was gratified beyond measure to receive as my reward a small command in a fine regiment of troopers.

It was, indeed, a serious blunder which Wallenstein had made to divide his army right under the eyes of the king, and the king, like the great captain he was, made full use of his unexpected advantage to give a crushing blow to his adversary. It was a swift and fatiguing ride to Lützen, and I need not describe it. We caught up with the king, and so well planned was everything that early in the morning of November 16—ever-memorable day—the whole Swedish army and most of our German auxiliaries found themselves in front of Wallenstein's position.

I cannot describe what followed on that eventful morning. My own excitement was unbearable, for I knew that a bloody battle was certain, and that on its issue so much that was fateful depended. It was not yet quite daylight, and the air was heavy with wet fog, but we could dimly see the dark entrenchments before us, and knew that Wallenstein's heavy squares lay behind them waiting for our attack. At seven o'clock a body of trumpeters near the king's quarters gave the signal for morning prayers, playing the tune of Luther's grand hymn, and then the regiment of cuirassiers to our left broke into the Swedish chorale,

"Fear not, little flock."

The king at their head joined in the singing. Our regiment, as though with forebodings of the coming slaughter, sung at the same time of Jesus the Saviour, the Conqueror of Death. At this distance of time I cannot remember the words, but they were stern and grand, and the eyes of many a rough trooper streamed with tears as he sang.

The troops were placed in order of battle, and the king, who had hitherto been on foot, mounted his white stallion close to where I stood, thrusting aside the breast and back armour which his squire offered him. And then I thought me of my armour. From the pocket of my doublet I drew out Käthe's little piece of embroidered silk, with its "Gott mit dir," and fastened it in front of my cap, just as she had fastened it in the old garden at Langenstein. "It will be my talisman this day," I thought.

The thick fog lifted just before noon, and the sun shone out on the great plain which was so soon to be saturated with blood. The long battle line was formed, the cavalry, including my own regiment, to the right. My heart rose with pride as I saw the king gallop up and take his place at the head of my troop. He took off his hat and raised his eyes to heaven.

"Now," he cried out, "in God's name, Jesus, give us to-day to fight for the honour of Thy holy name. Forwards!"

This last word he cried in a mighty voice, which must have reached the limits of the line. Then waving his sword over his head he sprang forward, and we thundered after him towards the fearful entrenchments.

I know very little more of that terrible day's work. Quickly we were hacking and hewing all around us, driving through the enemy's lines. Wallenstein, concentrating all his strength, drove back the centre of our pikemen and musketeers after two hours' stubborn fighting, and the king, seeing this, flew to their rescue. We followed, and the troopers around me dropped from their saddles in scores. I can only remember a hellish noise, and my horse stumbling over a confused and writhing welter of horses and men bleeding and foaming and screaming in pain. In some way which I cannot explain the king got detached from us. I could see his dark dress and white stallion now and then through the smoke, but he was alone, and we struggled in vain to reach his side. To add to our concern the thick fog, probably attracted by the firing and dense smoke, came down again and made almost total darkness of the fearful scene. With two or three other maddened troopers I managed at last to get nearer, but before I could realise where we were going we were pell-mell among a regiment of Wallenstein's cuirassiers. We fought our way, however, up to the king's side, our faces looking like the black faces of fiends from the bottomless pit and our blades streaming purple.

Just then a shot passed right through the neck of the king's horse. The noble beast stumbled forward, and as it fell a second shot smashed the king's left arm.

It was a face pale as death which he turned round to us. Alas! there were only two of us near. We hastily dismounted, our terrified steeds at once scampering off.

"Help me out," said the king, and just as he uttered these words a third shot struck him in the back, and he fell prone to the earth with a loud groan.

Others of our regiment had now come up, but none of them had eyes for what had happened—the fight was still too hot. A lad who had carried himself bravely in the fight, and I, sought to raise the king and carry him out of the mêlée, but he was too heavy for us, and as we struggled to get him free of the trampling horses half a dozen of Wallenstein's troopers galloped up.

"Whom have we here?" some one in command cried out, and with a voice strangely familiar, but which at that moment I did not recall, so much was my mind engrossed with the wounded king and with a poor attempt to staunch the flow of blood from his arm.

The youth by my side had fallen down fainting and exhausted.

The king turned languidly round a little, and with a faint voice himself answered the question.

"I was the King of Sweden."

Thereupon one of the ruffians drew a pistol from his belt, and before I could throw myself between him and the wounded king he shot him through the head.

I fell on the king's dead body and embraced it, and kissed his bleeding lips, heedless of the fierce combat that was rolling on beside me and the noises and yells as from the kingdom of the damned—heedless of the tide of victory in which the now victorious Swedes were sweeping all before them. I was faint and sick, for a slight flesh wound which I had received earlier in the day had bled copiously. Once only did I look up—it was when I strove to rise to seize a riderless horse, and at that moment I again heard the voice which before in my extremity I had not recalled. There was the man. He was fighting and yelling like a demon, his bloated face black with passion and powder. He was in one of Wallenstein's uniforms, and the troopers he seemed to command were being borne steadily back by a troop of the victorious Swedes, back and ever back as I watched, transfixed with amazement.

It was Ott Bensch. The dense fog, the coming night, and the smoke of the battle hid his face at last from my eyes. I sank to the cold field beside the dead king, and placed my hand in his, while our blood mingled on the stiffening grass.

My last thoughts while I still retained some degree of consciousness were strangely of the king and of Käthe. It was a vision, of course, for the king clad in royal raiment was leading Käthe by one hand and me by the other, while we wandered through the old gardens on the terrace at Langenstein.

Of a Child who would not learn the Cris-cross Row.

FATHER.

LITTLE child of mine, come hither to my knee:
Bring thine absey-book, and lightly learn of me.

CHILD.

Nay, my father, nay, my father, I refuse,
For the early sun is diamonding the dews;
And I learn a better lesson as I look
On the fair world than from any absey-book.

FATHER.

Dear, the lessons which my little one may win
From the world, and all the loveliness therein,
Shall be million-fold more worthful if he know
How to use the key that's in the cris-cross row.

CHILD.

Father, take away the book, and let me lie
Where the high trees rear their glory 'gainst the sky,
And the birds sing loud upon the boughs that sway
Underneath their little darling feet alway.
There's a bird in me, O father mine, that calls
To its comrade-birds outside the school-room walls,
And my heart is fain to hear the birds' reply
Bidding come away and sing in company.

FATHER.

Yea, my bonny one, the bonny bird in thee
Shall outspread his wings indeed and carol free;
Only for the love thy father bears thee, get
First by heart the daily lesson he will set.

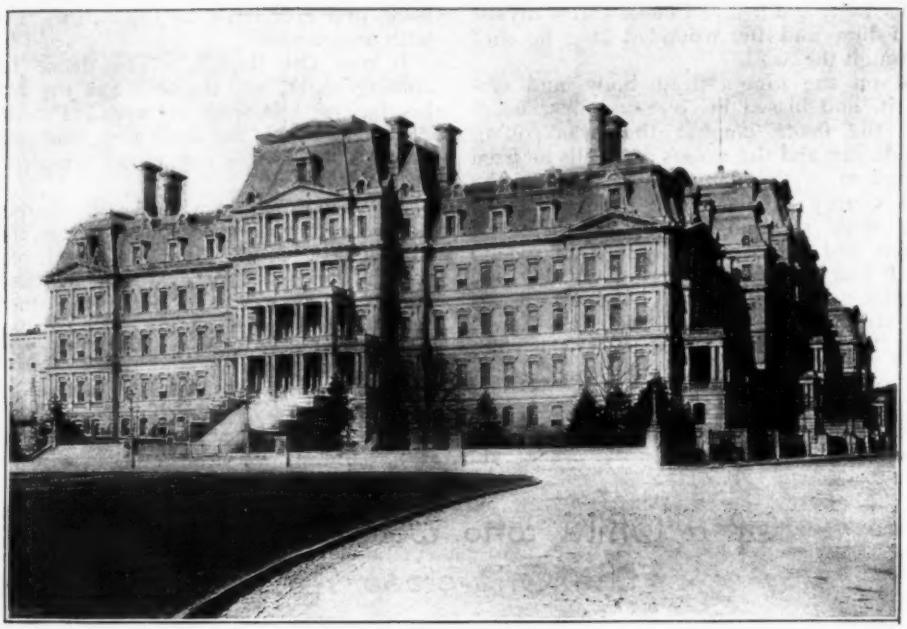
But the child's heart beat impatiently and fast,
And he flung away the absey-book at last;
And he fled to hear the fair birds carolling,
And he recked not of the cris-cross row a thing.

Oh, the long days grew from hours, the months from days,
And the long years grew from months, in Time's old ways;
And the birds and winds alike had ceased to bring
To the child's heart sweet incitement, comforting.
For his soul had grown beyond the soul of bird,
And well he knew that he had sorely erred.
Then he wept and cried a loud and bitter cry,
For his soul was vexed in him exceedingly.
There the book of life before him open lay,
And with awful tears he gazed and turned away,
For he could not read the text so fair and true:
Little strokes and curves and dots were all he knew.
And he thought how, in the old time, mad and blind,
He had cribbed his soul, and cabined and confined.
And I think his heart with shame and anguish broke—
Then the morning touched mine eye-lids, and I woke.

EMILY HICKEY.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

FIRST PAPER.



THE NAVY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

THE United States navy of to-day dates from 1882, when the Federal Government began to replace its old, worn-out cruisers and its single-turreted monitors, of the period of the War of the Rebellion, with modern war-ships. From the close of the Civil War in 1865, until the ships actually begun in 1883 were in commission, the United States were practically without a navy. They had war vessels by the score when the Civil War came to an end. Most of these, however, had long been of obsolete types when the new navy was begun, and none of them was a match for the ships with which the Governments of European countries had equipped themselves during the twenty years following the war between the North and the South. Since 1882 the United States have got together between forty and fifty vessels. All these new ships have been built in the country; and since 1882 Government and private works have been successfully established for the building of warships and the manufacture of guns and armour.

The First Ironclads.

Although the United States were thus for a period of nearly twenty years without a navy, America, as Americans are fond of telling, has an interesting and eventful naval history. The navy had a great part in the war with England in the year 1812, and it was during the war of the Rebellion that ironclads were first brought into play in naval warfare.

The naval history of America goes back to the time when the thirteen colonies were in revolt against England. The colonials built their first frigate in 1775, and in 1776 they built their first battle-ship. It was not necessary for them to build many vessels in the famous conflict with the mother country, as there were numerous vessels whose captains were ready to sail under letters of marque; and from 1778, the colonials had the aid of the French fleet under the command of Count d'Estang.

The First Navy.

After America had cut herself off from England and become an independent power, her first use of ships of war was against the Barbary pirates, who had grievously harassed American shipping. Three ships were built for this service. These were the *Constitution*, which is still in existence, the *United States*, and the *Constellation*. These vessels were the nucleus of the first navy of the United States, of the navy whose great distinction was gained in the war with England in 1812. In that war, according to American reckoning, the Americans took over 1,500 vessels from the English, and made 20,000 seamen prisoners. The war ended in a victory for the United States; and to quote Maclay, one of the more

recent writers on American naval prowess, the war of 1812 "did more to humble the pride of Great Britain" than any other contest in which, up to this time, Great Britain had been engaged. "The Revolution," writes Maclay, "was a struggle for independence on land, but it required a second fight to secure our inalienable rights on the high seas."

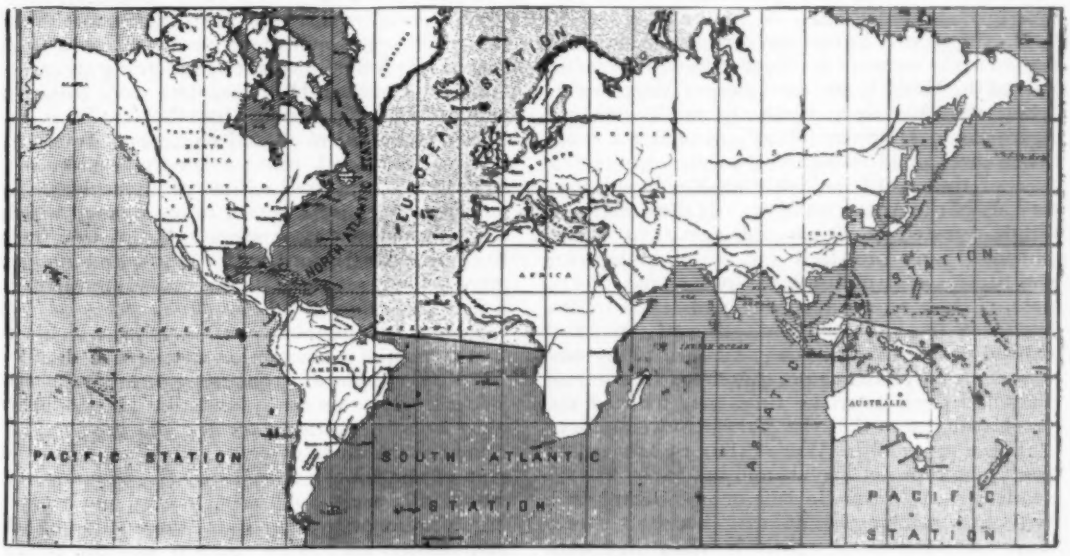
The war of 1812 was provoked by the endeavours of English naval officers to take out of American ships sailors whom they believed to be British deserters. It has always been regarded with much patriotic pride in the United States. One of its stirring incidents, Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie, is the subject of a great fresco which adorns the Senate staircase in the Capitol at Washington. The descendants of the men who were in the naval fights of 1812 to-day regard themselves as worthy of as much social distinction as do the descendants of the men who fought at Bunker Hill, at Trenton, or Yorktown. For years past they have been associated in an organisation of Sons and Daughters of the Veterans of 1812. More than a hundred survivors, or widows of survivors, of 1812 are on the pension rolls of the United States.

England admittedly suffered serious naval reverses in the only conflict in which she has been engaged with the United States. Various explanations were made at the time of these reverses. None of them is to-day of much significance. But it is interesting to know to what the Americans attribute their successes on the high seas in 1812. They put them down to an overweening confidence on the part of the British officers. "The English sailor," writes Maclay, "was spoiled by his too long easy victories over the French and Spaniards, and when he came to match his strength with American tars he was handicapped by an exaggerated notion of his own prowess." Another reason advanced by the same chronicler of the glories of the old wooden warships of America, is that in 1812 "naval warfare had reached that stage of development when brute strength and animal courage had become secondary considerations. Success then depended more upon the higher discipline of the men, the better training of the guns, and on the intelligent use of improved weapons. These improvements, together with the indomitable pluck and quick perception that have ever characterised American seamen, overwhelmed the British navy with disaster and consternation."

The War Fleet of 1861–5.

During the present century the war with England has been the only one in which American ships have been extensively engaged. Cruisers were employed to a small extent in the Mexican war of 1846; but their services in that war provided no theme upon which American naval historians have dwelt with enthusiasm; and as concerns serious fighting, the American navy was without employment from 1812 until 1862, when the Federal Government entered upon the difficult task of repossessing itself of the shipyards, forts, arsenals, and harbours which in 1861 had fallen into the hands of the Confederate Government.

For many years prior to the Rebellion of 1861–65, the Navy Department at Washington had mapped out the oceans of the world in much the same way as is shown in the chart of the present American naval stations which accompanies this article. In those days America shared with England in the carrying trade of the world, and was possessed of a mercantile marine in which there were hundreds of vessels, famous for build and speed, flying the Stars and Stripes in every sea. On the eve of the Rebellion the American war navy consisted of ninety vessels. Of these, forty-two were in com-



THE UNITED STATES' NAVAL STATIONS.

mission; twenty-one were unserviceable; and twenty-seven were out of commission. Only eleven vessels, carrying about 130 guns, were in American waters. The most formidable of these were in Southern ports, where they had been placed prior to Lincoln's inauguration, it is now asserted, in the interests of the Confederacy.

The war fleet of that period included sailing ships and steamers. The sailing ships were armed with thirty-two pounders and eight-inch shell guns. The steam frigates and warships were armed with nine, ten, and eleven-inch Dahlgren smooth-bore shell guns. When hostilities began many of the ships in commission were on foreign stations. It was feared in the North that the officers of some of them might run them into Southern ports, and turn them over to the Confederacy. Over three hundred naval officers resigned their commissions under the Federal Government, to accept service with the South; but all the warships, as they came home, were turned over to the Federal authorities, and with the ships which were built later on, or pressed in large numbers into the service, were used in keeping the blockade over the three thousand miles of coast line extending from Chesapeake Bay to the Rio Grande.

The story of the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* with which the naval operations in the War of the Rebellion were begun, is too familiar to need re-telling. It has left its impress on the American navy of to-day; for in the list of ships now in commission there are thirteen low freeboard single-turreted monitors and five two-turreted monitors. All the single monitors were built in 1862. The Act of Congress voting the money for their construction is dated April 17, only five weeks later than the day on which Ericson's famous *Monitor* rendered such an excellent account of herself in the terrible battle with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads.

No single ship in modern times ever served a nation in the stress of war better than the *Monitor* served the North in the dark days of March 1862, when the *Merrimac* suddenly made her appearance in Hampton Roads, and for a short while threatened an end to the defensive usefulness of the most formidable old-fashioned war-vessels of the American navy. If these thirteen single-turreted monitors now serve no better purpose than store-ships and training-ships for the State naval militias, the possession of the first of their type gave new confidence to the friends of the Union in the spring of 1862, and caused people living in the seaboard cities and towns of the North to breathe more freely than they had done from the time they learned the foreboding news that the *Merrimac* was afloat.

These relics of the War of 1861-65 are useless to-day except as naval militia barracks. A modern warship could run one of them down without scratching her paint. Before they were devoted to the naval militia in 1889 they were little better than so many white elephants to the Navy Departments. These single-turreted monitors, examples of which can be seen to-day at Canden, New Jersey, and at Boston, Massachusetts, are of two sizes. Otherwise they are identical in pattern. The larger vessels are 225 feet long, 43 feet 8 inches in breadth, with a mean draught of 13 feet 6 inches, and of 2,100 tons displacement. The smaller vessels are 200 feet long, 46 feet in breadth, and 1,785 tons displacement. The speed of these old single-turreted monitors is from five to seven knots. But speed is of no account in the humble service in which they are engaged to-day, for they are seldom seen outside the harbours.

The double-turreted monitors, of which there are five, were commenced ten years after the War came to an end, at the time of a spasmodic movement for a new navy. The events of the War had their influence on the design of these vessels. The keels were laid in 1874; but before they were nearly completed, their utility began to be seriously questioned. For nearly twenty years they remained in the navy yards, in an unfinished state, and it was not until 1886, when the present movement for a new navy was well under way, that Congress determined to finish them, and adapt them for service as coast and harbour defenders.

"No Need for a Navy."

After the Civil War, little attention was given to the Federal Navy. In the later sixties, American merchant ships had almost disappeared from the ocean, and America had lost the proud place she had so long held in the carrying trade of the world. With the transference of much of the ocean trade from sailing vessels to steamers, America continued to lose her mercantile shipping. The protective tariff laws of the United States were so framed that no vessel could carry the national flag unless she had been wholly built in an American shipyard. As a result of this law, there was a long period during which there were not more than one or two American-built ocean-going steamers afloat. American-built steamers were engaged in the coasting trade; for this trade is by Federal enactment closed to all but American ships. But until 1892, when the well-known fleet of the old Inman Line, of Liverpool, was transferred to an American company, which was authorised by a special Act of Congress to fly the American flag, the Stars and Stripes were seldom seen on a steam merchantman in a foreign harbour.

Except for the movement in 1874, which led to the partial construction of the five double-turreted monitors, from 1865 until 1881 the Federal navy was at a standstill. It was in an even worse condition; for the old cruisers, retained at the close of the Civil War, when the rest of the nine hundred vessels forming the war flotilla were sold, were one by one becoming unseaworthy; and as they fell out of commission they were sent to join the rotten rows at the several navy yards.

The navy yards were kept up more, however, for political than for naval purposes. They were maintained in the interests of the politician, and the work which was done in them was of the nature of inordinately costly repairs to vessels which, instead of being repaired, should have gone into the hands of the shipbreakers.

During these sixteen or seventeen years it would seem that the American people had become possessed with the idea that the American nation had no need for a navy. People reasoned that the country had not been at war with a European power for more than sixty years; that war was an exceedingly unlikely event. If it did occur, it was urged that they could do as they did in 1862, build a navy when they wanted it; and that in the meantime to build and keep up a navy in view of an event which seemed so extremely improbable was a useless expenditure of public money.

Many Americans, even yet, after fifteen years of the new naval policy, have not ceased to look at the navy from this point of view. Every successive Secretary of the Navy, from the time of Mr. Chandler in 1881 down to Mr. Herbert, of the second Cleveland Administration, has addressed himself at one time or another to those people who doubt the expediency of a costly navy. Each of the Secretaries of the Navy has endeavoured to show that if the United States desires to rank as a power, and to command the respect of the older nations, there must be an efficient Federal navy. It is not necessary, it is argued, that it should be the size of the navies of England, or France, or Germany; but as Mr. Herbert expressed it in a report to Congress in 1891, what is wanted, and what apparently the United States are now seeking to build up, is a navy sufficiently large to regain the relative position in the navies of the world which the United States occupied prior to the Civil War.

The Secretary of the Navy.

The Secretary of the Navy is a member of the President's Cabinet. Unlike the First Lord of the Admiralty in England, however, he is not permitted to be of the Legislature. The appropriation bills by which money for the navy is voted originate in the House of Representatives, where the Secretary of the Navy has no opportunity of addressing the House and explaining and defending the policy of his Department. He explains his policy by means of his annual reports to the President. In these he sets out the needs of the navy, and answers any criticisms which may have been passed on his policy in or out of Congress during the preceding year. Congress votes the money; and, if the House of Representatives should happen to be of a different political complexion from the Administration, the Secretary of the Navy may find obstacles in his way when he asks for large grants of money for additional warships or for dockyard plant.

The New Navy.

The movement for the new navy had its beginnings in 1881. At that time the American navy was at its lowest point. It was admittedly the least efficient navy in the world. In 1881 an Advisory Naval Board was appointed. A Naval Intelligence Department was organised in 1882; and for the first time the American Government adopted the plan of appointing naval attachés to the diplomatic staffs at the European capitals, to keep the Home Government informed of the progress of naval architecture and naval science abroad.

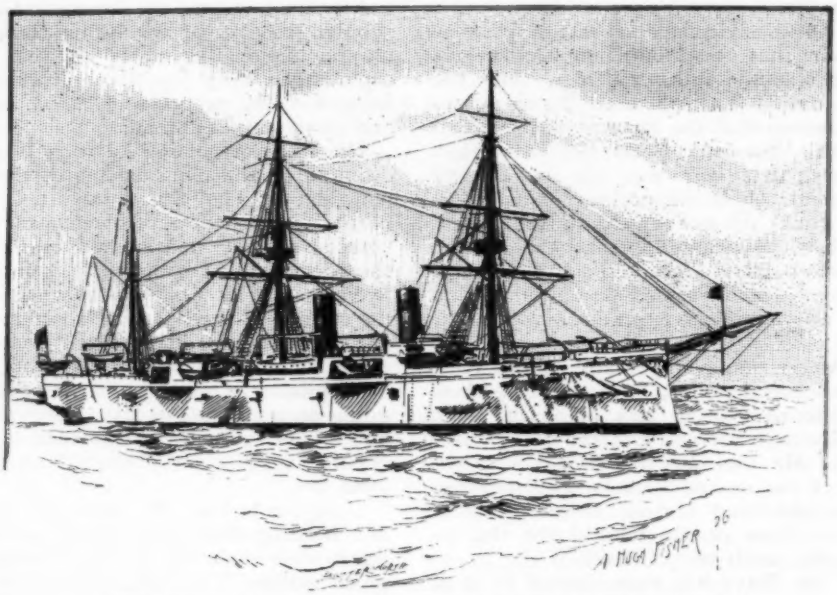
The first work of the Advisory Board was an estimate of the requirements of the proposed new navy. The Board reported in favour of the construction of twenty-one armoured vessels, seventy unarmoured cruisers, twenty torpedo boats, five torpedo gunboats, and five rams. This was the fleet which in 1882, in the opinion of the Board of naval experts, was necessary to give the United States her old place among the naval powers of the world. The building of warships in America has been going on with more or less energy since 1883; but to-day the navy is less than half the size of that suggested by the Advisory Board in 1882.

Congress had by 1882 been got to the point of conceding that a new navy was necessary; but it went about the work of building it with much caution. In 1883 money was voted for the construction of four vessels. These were the unarmoured cruisers *Chicago*, *Boston*, and *Atlanta*, and the despatch boat *Dolphin*. These vessels are of steel, and it was expressly stipulated by Congress that the steel should be of American manufacture. The cruisers were built in the yard of Messrs. Roach at Chester, Pennsylvania. They were all turned over to the Government in 1885.

The *Chicago* is the largest of these pioneer ships of the new American navy. She is 325 feet long, 48 feet in extreme breadth, with a draft of 19 feet, and of 4,500 tons displacement. Her engines are a little over 5,000 horse-power, and give her a speed of 15·10 knots. Her main battery consists of four eight-inch, eight six-inch, and two five-inch breech-loading rifled guns. Her second-rate battery consists of Gatlings, Hotchkiss, and rapid-firing guns. Her full crew is 33 officers and 376 men. She has long been used as the flag-ship of the squadron.

The Navy Department was subjected to much criticism while the first cruisers were in building. It was objected that they lacked sail power. To this the Department replied that it was generally admitted that masts and sails were detrimental to the fighting qualities of a naval vessel. Ever since the building of the new navy was begun, English example and precedent have been much quoted and frequently followed. It was so in 1884, when the Navy Department had to defend the new cruisers. The Secretary of the Navy then assured his countrymen that the British

Admiralty were building steel cruisers, of which the *Mersey* and the *Severn* were types, absolutely without masts or sails. It was objected also that the *Chicago* and her sister ships lacked speed, and that they could be outpaced by Atlantic steamers like the *Oregon* objected that this dependence on outsiders was unbecoming to the dignity of a great nation, and urged that the Government ought, without delay, to take action to encourage the manufacture of forgings and armour in the United States.



THE "CHICAGO," LARGEST OF THE PIONEER SHIPS OF THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY.

and the other fast vessels of that period. In reply to this it was explained that on the Atlantic steamers everything was sacrificed to speed, and that moreover their machinery rose unprotected above the water line. Such an exposure of machinery was not possible on war vessels. It was also answered that the American cruisers of the *Chicago* type could be made to give a high speed for a short time, and that thus, with the use of their long-range guns, they could overhaul 96 per cent. of the merchant vessels they might fall in with at sea. Harassing the enemy's commerce, it should be here explained, was from the first intended to be the principal work in time of war of American vessels of the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* class.

New Gun Factory at Washington.

When these first three vessels were built, the forgings for their guns had to be obtained from Manchester and Sheffield. There were then no steel plants in the United States adequate to producing either forgings or armour plates. The forgings were imported, and the guns made of them were put together at the factory at the navy yard at Washington. The lack of these steel plants was felt to be a serious drawback to the building of a new navy, and there was much impatience at the Government being compelled to wait on the convenience of foreign manufacturers. It was

The gun factory at Washington came into existence only after the building of the *Chicago* and her consorts had been begun. Its management was placed under a Board appointed by the President in 1883. Before this Board settled down to its work, its members made a tour of the gun factories of England, France, Germany, and Russia. When they came back they urged the Government to purchase its gun material from American manufacturers.

A Competition in Designs.

In 1885 there was a change in the Administration at Washington. For twenty-four years previously the Republicans had been in power without a break in their tenure. In 1885, a Democratic Administration, with Mr. Cleveland as President and Mr. W. T. Whitney as Secretary of the Navy, came into office, and during the next four years the building of the navy was pushed on with unprecedented vigour.

Between 1885 and 1889 appropriations were voted for two battle-ships, eleven cruisers, four gunboats, and for finishing the five double-turreted monitors. One of the first important steps of the new Secretary of the Navy was to act upon the recommendation of the Gun Factory Board with regard to the manufacture of gun forgings and steel armour in the United States. The battle-ships of this period, which are now known as the *Maine* and the *Texas*, were built, the *Maine* in the Government navy yard at

Brooklyn, and the *Texas* in the historically famous navy yard at Norfolk, Virginia. With two exceptions, all the cruisers built during this period were given out to contractors, and at prices, it has been officially stated, within twenty-five per cent. of the cost of building similar vessels in European ship yards. It was expected that the cost of building these ships in the United States would be higher than in England, as the tariff affects both wages and prices of material, and at this period also the building of modern warships was a new art in American shipbuilding yards.

The *Maine* and the *Texas* are battle-ships of 6,000 tons. To secure a good design for these vessels, £3,000 was offered as a premium. This was for the design alone; the working drawings were to be paid for in addition. European naval architects were invited to take part in the competition, and in the end the design of Mr. William John, of the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, was accepted.

The First Manufacture of Steel Armour.

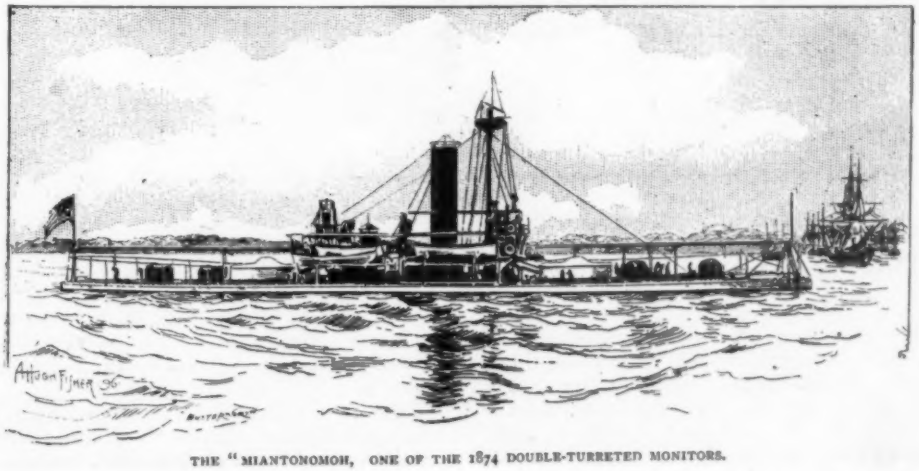
To encourage and facilitate the construction of steel plants adequate to the needs of the new navy, all the gun forgings and steel armour needed at this period were put into one great contract. The material was tendered for by the Bethlehem Iron Company, a Pennsylvania concern, now of world-wide fame. Before a forging could be made or an armour plate produced, the Bethlehem Company had to expend half a million sterling on a steel-making plant. Its prices for the war materials required by the Government were 25 per cent. in excess of those at which they could have been obtained in Sheffield or in Manchester. The arrangement also involved long initial delays. The Navy Department, however, put up with these difficulties in order to make itself for all time independent of European manufacturers, and free of the risk which in the event of war would attend the importation of war material.

Nor was the Navy Department at this period, in the formation of the new navy, content to cut itself off from Europe only as regarded gun forgings and armour plate. Up to this time the Hotchkiss gun, used in the secondary batteries of the cruisers, had also been obtained from England. When Mr. Whitney came into office he intimated that the Department would buy no more guns made abroad, with the result that a factory for the manufacture of Hotchkiss guns was established in the United States. Within six or seven years of the commencement of the new navy, therefore, the United States made themselves independent of the steel plants and the gun factories of England.

There were trying delays before the manufacture of steel armour was got into a thoroughly satisfactory state. But since 1890 two steel-making concerns, the Bethlehem and the Carnegie Companies, have been engaged in this particular industry, and in recent years they have brought their products to perfection. One of them, in fact, has of late been supplying steel armour to the Government of Russia, and, if New York newspaper reports are to be relied upon, at prices much below those still charged the United States Government, whose care and patience brought this class of work in America to its present state of perfection.

The *Puritan*.

In the meantime, the five double-turreted monitors begun in 1874 had been lying in an unfinished condition in the James River. They were now no longer looked upon as vessels of great value, and the problem what should be done with them had seriously perplexed the Navy Department. At last, in 1885, it was recommended that they should be armoured and completed. This was a choice of evils; for the perplexing question concerning them had been whether several million dollars already spent on them should be thrown away, or whether the vessels should be turned to the best account. Congress acted on the recommendation of the Department, and in 1885, 1886, and 1887 voted



THE "MIANTONOMOH, ONE OF THE 1874 DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITORS.

the necessary money. Three of them are now in commission. Even by the Navy Department it is not claimed for these iron boats that they are matches for any of the enormous ironclads of the European navies. They are looked upon only as useful and efficient vessels for coast and harbour defence.

The *Puritan* is the latest of these monitors to go into commission. She left the navy yard at Brooklyn in the autumn of 1896, twenty-one years after her keel was laid at Chester, Pennsylvania. She has a length on load water-line of 298 feet; an extreme breadth of sixty feet, a mean draught of eighteen feet, and a displacement of 6,060 tons. Her engines are 3,700 horse power, giving a speed of twelve and a half knots. The *Puritan* has the appearance of a large ship cut down a few feet above the water-line, and a look of great solidity and strength. She is built in ten water-tight compartments. Between the turrets is a superstructure, on which a secondary battery is mounted. It also contains the officers' quarters. The quarters of the crew, who number 150, are on the deck below. She has an armoured funnel four feet high, with six-inch plating. There is also a similarly armoured ventilator. In action, all the air for the crew and for the furnaces will be drawn through the ventilator.

The side armour of the *Puritan* is of steel fourteen inches, ten inches, and six inches thick. These variations are due to the greatest thickness being amidships. Thence the armour tapers to bow and stern, with a taper also from the water-line to a thickness of six inches at the bottom of the belt, which is four feet below. The armour in the barbettes is also fourteen inches thick to a height of five and a half feet above the deck, where the barbettes are surmounted by steel turrets eight inches thick. The steel conning tower, which is six feet high and eight feet in diameter, is thirteen inches thick. The protective deck is two inches thick throughout. The *Puritan*'s main battery consists of four twelve-inch and six four-inch guns. The twelve-inch guns are mounted, two in each turret, and are worked by hydraulic power. The four-inch guns are of the rapid-fire type, and are mounted on the superstructure deck.

The sister ships of the *Puritan* now afloat are the *Amphitrite* and the *Miantonomoh*. They are both vessels of a smaller size. Each has a displacement of only 3,990 tons, as compared with the *Puritan*'s displacement of 6,060 tons.



THE "KATAHDIN," ARMOURED HARBOUR DEFENDER AND RAM.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THERE are some subjects so familiar that it would seem impossible to say anything fresh about them, and yet this very familiarity is a sign that our interest in them is not exhausted. We can always talk or write of what we love, and so it may be hoped that the sight of Oliver Goldsmith's name at the head of this paper will not, of itself, suffice to make the reader turn the page over in search of more attractive matter. Miss Margaret Dicksee, in her picture of "A First Audience," has recently recalled attention to him. Her painting, it is to be supposed, represents the poet reading a poem or comedy to the sisters whom he loved to call by the pet names of "Little Comedy" and the "Jessamy Bride."

Consider for a moment how much all lovers of good literature are indebted to this thriftless, careless, kind-hearted Irishman, whose worst faults were, perhaps, due to the want of the affection and sympathy for which he was always craving. We know how simple Goldsmith was, for any fool could deceive him; how vain he was, and how frank in giving utterance to his vanity; how apt from his self esteem to take offence, and how prompt to pardon the offender; and we know, too, what a tenderness



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A FIRST AUDIENCE.

[FROM THE PAINTING BY MARGARET I. DICKSEE.

he had for human suffering, and with what a warm heart and open hand he endeavoured to relieve it. No doubt the political economist may object to some of his methods, and the moralist may justly say that before giving so freely to others he ought to have paid his debts; but now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, we who owe him so much may recall the generous words of Johnson, and say, let not his frailties be remembered, "for he was a very great man." The definition, however, although made by Johnson, is not altogether a sound one. Goldsmith, as a man, was full of faults, and, despite of qualities that make us love him, cannot be called great; but, as an author, his charm is irresistible, and every reader who has felt it claims him as a friend.

Jeffrey, when editor of the "Edinburgh Review," told Macaulay he could not understand where he got his style. I think it is much more difficult to imagine how Goldsmith formed his. The poet's story, during the earlier years of his life, was one of strange vicissitudes and follies.

At the age of fifteen he was sent as a sizar to Trinity College, Dublin, and lived with another pupil in a garret. His master, Wilder, a man of vile temper, was never likely to draw out what was best in the boy, and on one occasion when Goldsmith was entertaining some friends with a fiddle, Wilder rushed into the room and knocked him down. Maddened by the disgrace the poor fellow ran away, and was nearly starved before turning homeward. Thence he was restored for a season to the University, and to Wilder. Upon leaving Dublin, his uncle suggested that he should study for holy orders, but even in that lax age such a "ne'er do weel," who is said to have appeared before his clerical examiner in scarlet breeches, was dismissed as unworthy. After that, one inconsiderate act was followed by another. Having played for a short time the part of a tutor, he started to Cork on horseback, intending to sell his horse and go to America, but amid the amusements of the city he forgot his purpose, and the ship sailed without him. Goldsmith's good uncle Contarine then proposed to send him to London to study Law, but by the time he reached Dublin he had squandered all his money, and was forced to go home again.

Once more his hopeful family started the future poet in search of a profession and a fortune. For a time he studied medicine in Edinburgh, and then we read of him in Leyden, a city which he left "with only one clean shirt and no money in his pockets." And now began a rambling life like that of George Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and he seems to have obtained food and a night's lodging by playing to the peasantry on the fiddle. Switzerland, Italy, and France were visited in this way, and at the age of twenty-eight, with a few pence in his pocket, the Bohemian landed at Dover. Goldsmith had taken a medical degree abroad and called himself doctor, but, happily for his friends and the public, he had little practice, although for a while he tried to gain a scanty living among the poor of Bankside. This failing, he obtained the post of an usher in a boarding-school, and it was not until he had passed through these varied experiences that he became—for at first he was little better—a literary hack.

The vicissitudes of a life such as I have described may have been of service to Goldsmith as an essayist and poet, but they do not explain how an Irishman who had been so knocked about the world learned to write in prose and verse with a purity and a grace that are beyond all praise. And in Goldsmith we not only find a rare mastery of words and charm of expression, but, as De Quincey says, "all the emotions of his nature moved in the direction of the true, the natural, the sweet, the gentle." Not only did he adorn whatever he touched, as we read upon his monument, but in an age prone to coarseness and tolerant of much that we feel repulsive, he was never immoral, and seldom, if ever, wrote anything that would have been deemed coarse by his contemporaries.

Goldsmith was thirty-four when he published "The Citizen of the World," the first work that gave him any reputation, and he was forty-six when his troubled life came to an end. Throughout the twelve intervening years he was tossed to and fro upon the waves of fortune; and it is strange that when buffeting with such a troubled sea, he should have written a poem so full of repose and sweetness as "The Deserted Village," and a romantic idyll so poetically charming as the "Vicar of Wakefield." In that lovely story, which made so deep an impression upon Goethe, and proved, as he says, his best education, the reader sees all that was truest in Goldsmith's nature and most consummate in his art. But the germs of that art are to be detected in his "Citizen of the World," a work of abounding humour, in which a Chinese philosopher relates his London adventures to friends in the East. Here is a portrait of a country parson that might pass for that of the "Vicar" himself.

"Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them they returned an equivalent in praise, and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the ivy tree, and that was laughed at. He repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him. As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning, for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were taught to consider all the wants of mankind our own . . . in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

Nothing, too, can be more characteristic of Goldsmith than the portrait of beau Tibbs, a

little man, who pretends to belong to the fashionable world and lives in a garret. His wife he declares to be a lady of "as elegant qualifications as any in nature," and his little daughter Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs (a triplet of Christian names repeated in the "Vicar") is, of course, a sweet, pretty creature.

"I design her for my Lord Drumsticks' eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet and plays on the guitar immensely already; I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar, I'll teach her Greek myself and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

The humour of the scene is admirably sustained when the beau takes his friend up to his garret, which commands so fine a view that "my Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one." The poor beau is a little confounded on being told by an old servant that his "lady" is next door "washing his two shirts, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." How the Scotch woman can speak in that vulgar way is surprising to Tibbs, since he had her "from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the highlands, one of the politest men in the world—but that's a secret." Mrs. Tibbs on making her appearance apologises for her dress, "having stayed out all night at the Gardens with the Countess." The beau hopes she has given orders for dinner, "something elegant and little will do, a turbot, an ortolan, a ——" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupted his wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing," the beau replies, "for it is the sauce his Grace is so fond of." But the Chinese philosopher had seen enough of high life in a garret by this time, and took his leave, Mr. Tibbs assuring him that dinner would be ready in less than two hours. Altogether Mr. Tibbs is a fool after Goldsmith's heart, and the humour of the character is excellent.

As an essayist, the poet is often humorous, and says apparently without effort the best things in the best words. And in laughing at follies he never sneers, feeling no doubt that he had been himself too often a trifler in pursuit of them. His humour, like that of Lamb, is essentially poetical, and so both in verse and prose it is ever gentle and kindly. Satire of the finest order is rarely without some taint of malice, witness Dryden's portrait of Shadwell, and Pope's of Addison; but Goldsmith can present a man's weaknesses with a masterly force without really belittling the man in so doing. In proof of this the reader may be asked to look once more at his well-known representation of Burke:

"Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
. . . . . .
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

Oliver Goldsmith's name recalls so many pleasant memories that it tempts a writer to linger over the often-told story. He is one of those men who cannot be thought of or talked about apart from his books, and both the poet and his delightful works ought to be too familiar for comment. Whether they are so familiar to the readers of our time it is impossible to say. Some there may be unacquainted with good Dr. Primrose, and his match-making wife who could read any English book without much spelling; with Mr. Burchell and his contemptuous "Fudge!" with neighbour Flamborough and his family of seven, who were painted by a travelling artist with seven oranges in their hands —"a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world;" with Moses at the fair, and his dead bargain of a gross of green spectacles in shagreen cases; with Olivia and Sophia, "who always had a guinea in their pockets with strict injunctions never to change it; or, with the fine town ladies who, on learning that the girls had been thrown from their horses, were vastly sorry, and on hearing that they escaped unhurt were vastly glad again. The "Vicar of Wakefield" has many faults, as its author admitted, but it is one of those charming things which criticism cannot touch. As a poet, too, there is a sweetness and simplicity in Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village" that must always make them dear to readers who are alive to such merits. There are, indeed, passages in the latter poem quite unequalled in their own way, and the beautiful picture of the country parson may rival that of Chaucer. Goldsmith was forced to write prose for bread, but his heart was given to poetry, and his happiest hours were those in which, to use an old-fashioned phrase, he sought the companionship of the Muse.

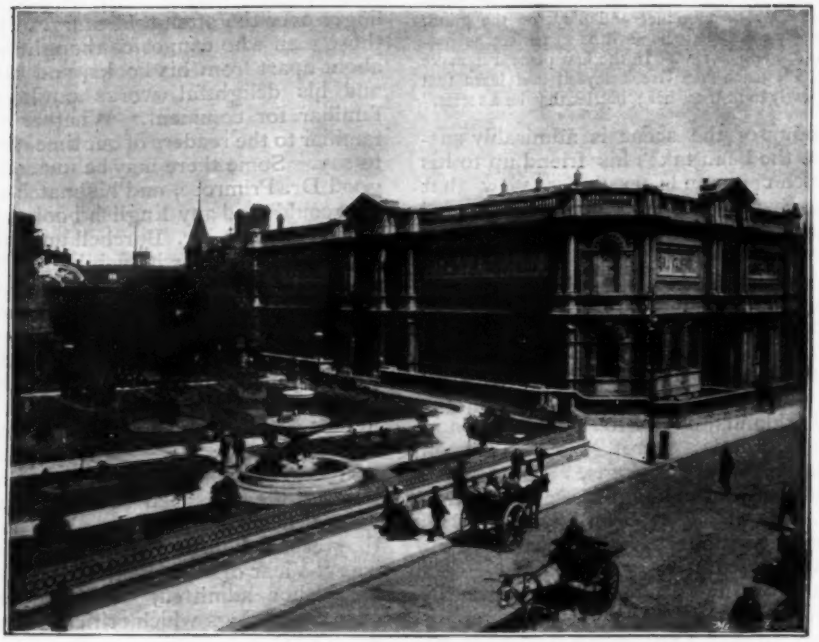
"And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame,
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so."

The "honest fame" is Goldsmith's now, and if not popular in our day—and how few authors who have been dead for a century are popular?—he has a warm place still in the hearts of all lovers of beautiful verse, of genial thought, and of a humour at once racy and pure. We have many greater poets and men of letters than Oliver Goldsmith, but there are few who appeal so strongly to our sympathy or are more worthy of our love.

JOHN DENNIS.

MIDLAND SKETCHES.

WOLVERHAMPTON.



ART GALLERY.

THE metropolis of the Black Country is one of the oldest towns in England, and for ages it has been a home of the iron trade, mainly in its minor branches. It is a town of works and workshops, where the middlemen are few and the producers many; an industrial town with coal-pits handy, where the women wear their shawls over their heads, and take home the coals on a wheelbarrow, across the tram-lines and under the electric light. The quaint old houses with their walls of wattle-and-daub, lath-and-plaster, or timber-framed brick-nogging, have mostly been replaced by the unnoticeable; but in a few years the improvement in its appearance will be great, owing to the waste patches due to clearances, which are its present peculiarity, being again occupied, and buildings like the new post-office bringing it into line with other large manufacturing boroughs.

The Church.

Its centre is the flesh-coloured church which dominates it from its seat on the hill—a really fine church with a foundation so old that it has had its noningentenary. More than nine hundred years ago Wulfruna, sister of King Edgar, and widow of Aldhelm, Earl of Northampton, founded here her college of secular canons, and gave her name to the Hampton, which some derive from Wulfhere, Earl of Mercia, son of King Penda, the pagan, who lived three hundred years before. Wulfruna—or Wulfrun, as it ought perhaps to be—is far enough back for most of us, and with her let the honour rest. She was the mother of Canute's wife; and the charter of Ethelred the Unready granting her certain lands in the neighbourhood in 985 still exists. The lands she gave her church in 994 were in Wolverhampton, Bilston, Willenhall, Wednesfield, Pelsall, and other places adjoining; and her gift now assists in supporting the rectors, vicars, and perpetual curates of twenty-seven parishes, carved, more or less, out of the original, and attached for spiritual purposes to her magnificent foundation.

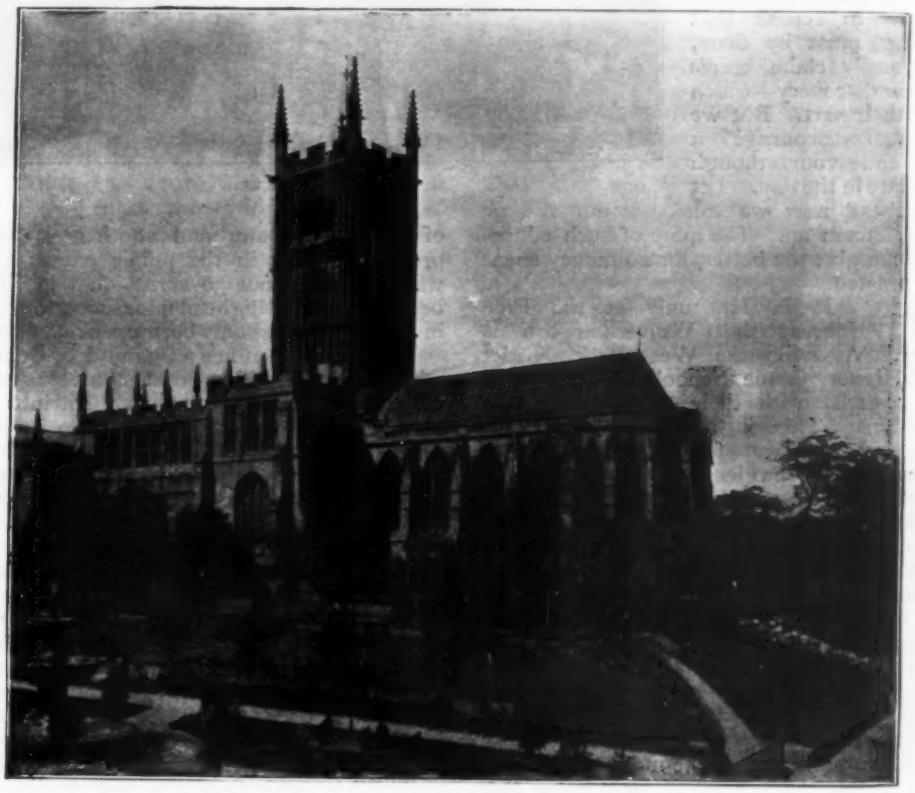
The church is worthy of its history. It has a noble tower; and the well-lighted nave, cut off from the graceful chancel by the narrow tower-arches, gives it a feature that is distinctive, the view from under the school-gallery towards the stained windows of the apse being singularly pleasing. Rememberable are its quaint pulpit, once thought to be of solid stone, and its font with the curious figures; its most interesting monuments being those to the Lanes of Boscobel, Le Sueur's statue of Richard Leveson, which, like the same sculptor's Charles the First at Charing Cross,

was hidden away during the Commonwealth, and the tablet in the porch to the worthy Phillips, "whose absolute contempt of riches and inimitable performances upon the violin made him the admiration of all that knew him."

To the south of the church—that is, in its front, for of all these old churches the north was the back—is the cross which has lost its head, and thereby—and also owing to its weathering looking like runes—been claimed by some as a monument of victory set up by Wulfhere in his pagan days, at which Christianity was first preached in the district, and in consequence of which the church was first founded that Wulfruna afterwards so richly endowed. To the north-west is the Church School, which is doing good work, as its list of honours shows; and not far off in another new building is the old Bluecoat School; the Grammar School which Lord Mayor Jenyns founded 480 years ago, and which had Congreve the rocket man and Abernethy the doctor among its pupils, being now in the western suburbs. Along the churchyard is the Art Gallery with its Art School, one of the best-looking buildings in the town, wherein there is a good collection of paintings that has not been without influence on its hundred and sixty thousand visitors a year, to judge from the number of picture-shops about in which the usual gaudy lithographs are replaced by less ambitious endeavours in black and white.

The Library.

In time the Free Library will probably come up out of the slums to a more suitable building, and it will be worthy of it, for it is a notable institution in its way, its chief being the inventor of Elliot's Indicator, known in almost every public library. When it does get into its new quarters, it is to be hoped that the betting proclivities of its least desirable frequenters will be sufficiently toned down to admit of the abandonment of the present system of daubing over the daily papers with a blacking-brush, which seems to have been adopted as a characteristic mark of the Black Country. The position is, of course, a difficult one. A free library is open to all, but it was hardly founded for the publication of the state of the odds and the assembling of a noisy crowd in front of each newspaper discussing tips and starting prices with more or less amateur bookmakers. It is significant that the blacking out of the sporting intelligence should have made so large a reduction in the numbers attending the newsroom, but every well-wisher would be glad if some less ghastly method could be adopted of avoiding what is obviously a nuisance. This library contains about 35,000 volumes, and every year the issues increase, those for this year amounting to about 80,000, of which 83



ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

per cent. are for fiction, magazines and general literature, which are here classed together. In connection with the library is a weekly series of popular lectures, at which the average attendance is five hundred; but the main feature is the evening-class department, which has over a thousand students in science and other subjects.

The town is waking up to the necessity of better education. The Germans are boasting that we English are really paying for the technical instruction to which they have of late attached much importance. As a matter of fact, our Government has offered quite as many facilities for such education for the last forty years, only our ratepayers and municipalities could not be got to see the need of it. They are, however, beginning now to realise that something must be done, and naturally claim credit for a new discovery—which it is on their part. But we must not discourage a worthy endeavour, though it come late in the day. Let us go ahead now we can keep the steam up. The more of such education we can give the better, for no money spent on it is wasted.



THE TOWN HALL.

The Schools. It is not only at the Free Library that Wolverhampton is working. Away in the West Park district is the Higher Grade School, to which the Board schools, with their 6,000 pupils, are the feeders. This is a spacious building, suitable in every way for its purpose, with class-rooms, laboratories, and workshops on the familiar lines, and promising well under efficient administration. It was opened about two years ago, and has proved satisfactory in every way; indeed, it strikes a stranger that in a borough of over 80,000 inhabitants there should be room for more schools like it. The voluntary elementary schools are numerous and well-attended, and in these and allied matters the present is a period of much activity. There are about a dozen Church of England churches besides St. Peter's, and as many Nonconformist places of worship, one of the most satisfactory from an architectural point of view being that at present in charge of the Rev. Dr. Berry, and one of the least that which announces on its notice board "Ministers Various"—as various, probably, as the local trades.

The Trades. At the celebration of St. Peter's foundation there was a series of tableaux which met with much success. One of them represented the local industries, the group showing "pig-iron, bar iron, coal, galvanised iron, nails, chains, locks, and keys, hollow-ware, bicycles, japanning, varnish, boots and shoes," to which might be added "brewing," for there are several large breweries about, one of the partners of which recently bequeathed to the town £5,000 for the erection of a reading-room, and another £5,000 for providing music in the public parks, each of which covers about 50 acres—that in the west being a really delightful pleasure-ground, that in the east having only been open a few months.

Wolverhampton has a Chamber of Commerce which does something besides dine. It not only collects statistics, but digests them into workable shape; and really valuable are its reports on the local trades, and the difficulties, German and otherwise, with which they have to contend. So far as the volume of its trade is concerned, Wolverhampton is doing better than it ever did. Last year the railways took into and out of it over 600,000 tons of minerals and goods, both more minerals and more goods than they ever carried in and out of it before. And for the last four years there has been a gradual rise, the great lift being in 1895, which exceeded 1894 by 62,000 tons, an improvement of nearly 12 per cent.

German Competition. But weights and values are very different things, as the manufacturers are by no means slow to declare. Germany competes with Wolverhampton in several ways, and Wolverhampton is not asleep in the matter. "Whatever you write," said one of the manufacturers, "will be translated into German, so that our German competitors will know what we are doing. Why don't you go to Germany and tell us what their places are like? Then we should have something to thank you for." Another said: "The German loses no chance,

although he never has an original idea. He translates all our trade journals, all our descriptive articles, all our patent specifications. His letters are merely adaptations of those we had in the 'Commercial Penman' and other writing-books at school, just the same stilted sort of thing. He copies our book-keeping and our business methods. His wages are low, and so are his freights. His wretched protection enables him to make a huge profit on his home trade, and when he has worked off the initial cost of a pattern at his countrymen's expense, he books his shipping orders at the merest fraction of profit on the cost of labour and material."

This may be taken as the ultra-anti-German view, which it was necessary to mention as it widely exists in the district. It is not, however, the view of the majority, and is evidently in some of its details absurd, although the Chamber of Commerce has issued a table showing that as far as wages and freights go the German has an advantage. Taking the hollow-ware trade alone, the German works 60 hours a week against our 56, and the wages of the men and women engaged in it are little more than half, that is as 25 to 42 and 19 to 30 in the case of the stampers, as 7 to 15 in the case of the enamellers, and as 22 to 32 in the case of the furnacemen. This is on the average; but if we take the lowest German rate against the highest English rate, the figures stand as 24 to 45, as 17 to 30, as 6 to 18, and as 16*s.* 6*d.* to 32*s.* 6*d.* The difference in the freights seems to be even more marked, and the chief point insisted on as regards this is that it is only of recent years that the German railways—which belong to the Government—have reduced their rates with the intention of fostering German industries—in fact another development of protection, for which the taxpayer pays.

Another manufacturer took what seems to be the more general view. "You must remember," he said, "that hollow-ware and enamelling and japanning, particularly in small things, have always been German trades. I know of at least ten very large firms in Germany who are old-established and have capitals of over a hundred thousand pounds, and these get much help from their Government in the way of free information as to freights and the best means of conveyance. Another advantage they seem to get is in two or three of them combining to have only one traveller amongst them in each district, and thus pooling their orders. Yet I have not felt their competition except perhaps as far as growth is concerned. My works have always been full, and if they were larger I believe I could fill them. Some goods, of course, go out of fashion or are run out of the market, but others are always coming along to replace them."

Even the Chamber of Commerce, which is not inclined to take a cheerful view of the position, reports that "during the last twelve months manufacturers have had as much as they could do to keep up with their orders, and they are as busy now as they can be. Competition is, however, still very severe." And it is difficult to supply the demand and retain a reputation, for it is with enamelled hollow-ware as it is with the tin and japan trade. "The demand for articles of domestic use continues to be governed more by price than by quality and intrinsic value. The call for high-class ornamented japan ware, for which Wolverhampton has always been famous, has seriously declined. What, as a rule, the public seem to want in the present day, is something that is cheap, even if in order to be cheap it has to be common."

Hollow-ware.

But what is "hollow-ware"? and what is "japan"? At some works, such as those of Orme, Evans & Co., you can see both in all their varieties. One of the earliest adaptations of Nasmyth's steam-hammer was to the wrought-iron hollow-ware trade, the thin sheets being stamped and stamped, each time with a deeper die, until they form the basins and bowls and other domestic sundries of everyday life. Thump! Thump! go the hammers, and after every thump the thing being stamped gets a shift to the left, so that the die may never fall twice in the same place, and thus break the fibre of the metal. It is wonderful how the iron or steel can be stretched so without cracking, but long practice has minimised all risk of that sort, and Wolverhampton stamps, as it solders and brazes, with a facility that seldom fails.

The enamel makes its first appearance here as a glass, and is mixed and ground in heavy mills until it is of the consistency of whitewash. Swiftly and smoothly it is laid on, a wipe or a brush round and the covering is complete, ready for firing. You see the white kitchen bowls laid on a carriage, each on a sort of crown that touches it in the fewest places to be firm. The iron door opens, and into the glowing furnace they are run and the door shut on them. You see the door open; all looks rosy red within; but as the bowls come out they change in colour, the pale rose dies away into a faint flush, and when they reach the broad daylight they are white. As it is with the bowls so it is with the other things of other colours, though some change colour, as, for instance, army water-bottles, which go in white and come out brown.

It is not only domestic utensils that are thus stamped and enamelled. Enamelled iron signs, the names of streets and railway stations, and so forth, are made in this way. The quantities are large, for it is not only the home trade that has to be supplied. There are American cities that owe their street-name plates to Wolverhampton, and American railways that come to it for their station boards, and the advertisements in different languages show how wide the distribution must be. In some cases the enamel is stencilled on, in others it is painted on, in others it is rubbed on as a powder by girls wearing the respirators required by the Board

of Trade, although the table is perforated all over, and a current of air draws down the dust through the perforations.

In japan goods the lacquer is painted on the cleared surface of the metal, and dried at a much lower heat. Fashion will have its way, even in japan ware; a few years ago the colours were all low-toned greens and browns, now they fling at fashion. Coal-scuttles, to judge by the old pattern-books, are as variable as women's hats. Here are dozens of shapes all obsolete, for many of which the demand died out in a month, but of which, when they were on the move, hundreds went out every week. Sometimes there is a reason for the decay. Take baths, for instance. The japanned bath trade



THE LABORATORY OF THE HIGHER-GRADE SCHOOL.

are all primaries again. Japanning, like enamelling, is mostly done by hand, though it is finer work, owing to the lines being lighter and the patterns more elaborate, but it is surprising what a short time it takes to paint a flower and fern on a crumb-tray, or run a gilt line round a canister. Mere trifles these things, perhaps, but what a number seem to be required! Cans, canisters, and candlesticks; coal-scuttles, tin goods, copper goods, brass goods; room after room of them, enough to furnish dozens of furnishing ironmongers.

One of the unexpected discoveries is that of the headquarters of the Carter gear-case, for Wolverhampton is also profiting by the cycle boom, and claims a place in the history of the machine owing to James Starley having been employed in the Great Western Railway works there, before he went to Coventry by way of Birmingham, and owing to Rudge, who was a Wolverhampton man, having as much right to the credit of inventing and patenting ball-bearings as the more advertised Bown.

Another large firm in the hollow-ware and japan line, John Marston, Limited, are also making this gear-case and fitting it to their "Sunbeam" cycles. It has one advantage over other cases, in never working loose, and in being kept from chattering by an ingenious device; and it certainly must give ease and speed to the machine by means of the little oil-bath through which the chain is run, so as not only to clean its links, but lubricate itself and the working parts with which it is connected.

Leaving the bicycles, we are again among the household things. Here we must have another has nearly gone, and this is all owing to the water supply. "The water supply?" "Yes, you see, the Local Government Board insists on every village having its water supply. That brings the water into a house, and when you have got a tap you may as well have a fixed bath as a movable one; hence, the tub has gone out and the big bath come in." Whereupon something must be found in place of this as of other things that have gone, and hence new ventures, such as cycles, wrought ironwork signs, and advertising letters stamped out of tinned steel or of polished copper, and gilded in such a way as to withstand the action of the weather.

Locks.

It is only in this seeking new subjects or finding new outlets that a trade can be kept alive. Of the latter, we have an instance in the recent rushes to South Africa and Western Australia. Many miners mean many huts, and each hut means a door-fastening; whereat Willenhall rejoices, for it makes cheap locks, and is now full up with export orders for these Colonies. It has made locks for ages, just as Wednesfield has made traps: both are practically part of Wolverhampton, which also makes locks, the chief works being those of Messrs. Chubb, who are known the world over.

Chubbs make every lock by hand, and no two locks exactly alike; and they have one man who examines every lock they make at three different stages, so as to ensure its being correct in workmanship and action. The narrow rooms of what was once the old workhouse are crowded with men, each at his bench, some of

them having been in their employ for years, including the seven during which the firm removed to London, and had to return for want of locksmiths. In these days of cast-iron cases and ill-tempered springs, it is a relief to come across a lock that is mostly of brass throughout and is really built to last. It seems strange that so simple a thing as the case of a lock should be shaped and made by hand, but so it is. Orders in this trade run into long numbers, orders for prisons, for ships, for hotels, in addition to the everyday house and office work, every lock made to fit the key, which is generally of brass for Indian and tropical climates.

Galvanised Iron.

If locks go all over the world, so does galvanised iron; and Wolverhampton has been making galvanised iron ever since it was invented. This is a very different sort of industry, and requires much space and division of labour. The Wolverhampton Corrugated Iron Company occupies ten acres, and is known in almost every foreign and colonial port. And the peculiarities of every port have to be studied. If you send corrugated iron to Australia you pack it in cases, for Australia has railway trucks to carry it inland; if you send it to South Africa, you pack it in bundles with felt, for thus only can it be carried in bullock waggons; if you send it to Central America, it must be in single sheets, for thus only can it be carried on mule-back.

An interesting manufacture is that of corrugated iron. You see the iron brought in as pigs—it used to be local, but now it comes from Northamptonshire and Derbyshire—and you see the pigs melted in the puddling furnace, where the iron is worked and rabbled until it is formed up into balls. You see the balls knocked into compacter shape under the steam-hammer amid the usual pyrotechnics of the forge; you see them squeezed through and through the rolling-mill until they are flat plates, which are cut by the shears into short lengths, and these re-heated, five together, and welded till they are flat bars again, when they are passed sideways through the big smooth rollers, singly at first, and two together as they thin, until their edges are trimmed and they become the sheet-iron of commerce. Heavy work this, requiring heavy machinery—there are fly-wheels weighing about sixty tons, so great is the necessary momentum—and the hard rollers soon wear down, always more in the middle than at the ends, when they have to be trued in a lathe in that slow deliberate way that characterises all such operations.

Then the sheet-iron—steel is also used, but that must pass here with merely a note of it—is stacked in shallow trays, and on to the trays come heavy iron covers, that with the trays form huge coffers which are run again into furnaces to be heated and softened. Then the soft sheets are pickled in an acid bath, and continue their progress into the melted zinc, to be cooled as they pass out of it, beautifully frosted with the bright new metal. Finally comes the corrugating, which is done in a stamping machine, long and narrow, acting as a guillotine, and making one corrugation at a time. Galvanised iron has been known for nearly sixty years.



TETTENHALL ROAD.

There is one record of Wolverhampton—for which we must find place—which takes us even farther back. In 1835, Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers was elected one of its representatives in Parliament. Since then he has been re-elected thirteen times, and he still represents one of the divisions of the borough, and is the Father of the House of Commons.

W. J. GORDON.

THE WOES OF JOHN TRELILL.

BY CHARLES LEE.



MRS. POLJEW IS "A SOBER, WELL-BE'AVED FERSON," AND SNAPS HER FINGERS IN THE WIDOW'S FACE.

VII.

HUMANITY, alas! is weak; the glow of a great resolution quickly fades; and when it has faded, self-sacrifice loses half its beauty, and wears a grey and cheerless aspect. Next morning John woke again to repentance and wretched indecision. Then came morning chapel, and a maddening glimpse of Vassie as she stood up to sing in the opening hymn. 'Twas a different Vassie; all the freakish, rebellious charm purged from her face, and in its place a solemn purity—a terrifying, unapproachable beauty. Many a lover, watching his beloved singing in church, has humbly wondered, as John did, that this should be the merry, capricious girl of his daily acquaintance; has felt abased and exalted at the same time, comparing himself as he knows himself, with her as he imagines her; has inevitably thought, gazing at the curve of the uplifted throat, at the parted lips, and the eyes abstracted from the world, of angels about the Throne; and has felt desire fade into worship.

Nannie's chatter on the way home was answered at random, or not at all; and for the first time on record his appetite failed to rise to the occasion when the Sunday joint arrived from the bake-house, piping hot, set about with crisp brown potatoes, and swimming in gravy. Nannie grew seriously alarmed. She tried to coax him to eat, and her affectionate anxiety brought on another revulsion of feeling, another all-conquering outbreak of parental tenderness.

Once more renunciation seemed sweet, and fat widows tolerable. Then Lucy Jane arrived, and carried Nannie off for a walk along cliff road. John was left alone for a long afternoon, with the knowledge that every minute brought the fatal hour inevitably nearer; and the mists began to gather again, and through them the future scowled down on him, ugly and forbidding. Mrs. Pollard, Mrs. Poljew, Vassie, and Nannie, danced a complicated four-handed reel in his brain-pan, whirling all power of connected thought away. To such a pitiable state of abject, impotent misery never was man reduced before.

Do not despise my hero too much. If I chose to exhibit him to you in his proper element, on the sea and among men, he would cut a less sorry figure. With the waves and the winds, with quarrelsome mates and a querulous, abusive captain, he could hold his own. Under the free sky, with the wide water round him, he was brave, resourceful, self-reliant; but to be boxed up among houses with a horde of nagging, irrational, incomprehensible women, takes the heart and resolution out of a man. Out of water, the Pendennack fisherman and his finny quarry are in much the same strait. What can a poor fish do on land but gasp and flop aimlessly about?

Tea-time arrived, and Nannie returned. Soon after tea Mrs. Poljew came in with Bible and hymn-book, mistrustful, in spite of John's promise, fearing the known perversity and flightiness of the male nature, and resolved that no sudden impulse of escape should hinder her plans at the last moment. The importance with which she regarded the occasion was evident, not only from her manner, which was grandly affable, sugary and imposing at once, but also from her costume. She wore her silk dress and her funeral bonnet, and she carried an umbrella. A word as to these.

The silk dress was a family heirloom. The aristocracy of Pendennack is composed of the dozen or so families who possess the silk dress. Worn only on the greatest occasions, and carefully laid by in the intervals, it endures, lustrous and spotless, for generations. It is strictly entailed. When the temporary owner dies and the subsequent division of her garments is made, the silk dress goes, as a matter of course, to the eldest daughter, who, in her turn, wears it and tends it, holding it in trust for another generation. The one Mrs. Poljew was now wearing had unmistakably been made for a smaller woman. The skirt was rather too short and the bodice was very much too tight, so that every breath came with a sigh and a sweeping rustle, like the tide on the shore. Moreover, some period of its existence had been passed in the crinoline state, and traces, not altogether effaced, of that and of other forgotten fashions, were observable in its contour. But nothing, in the eyes of Pendennack, can detract from the worshipful magnificence of a black silk dress. Mrs. Poljew shone, radiating glory; and Nannie, whose behaviour to her aunt was usually lacking in reverence, was totally subdued at the sight to a state of awed admiration.

The bonnet, though it lacked the ineffable moral grandeur of the silk dress, was still a remarkable bonnet. An imposing structure of black ribbons and jet stars, hearts, grape-bunches, and other nondescript ornaments, it had attended more funerals than any bonnet in Pendennack. No funeral was complete without it. On the few melancholy occasions when Mrs. Poljew was unable to be present herself, the privilege of borrowing and wearing it was eagerly contended for among her intimate friends. It was felt that no other bonnet in the place was so profoundly steeped in woe. It conferred a solemn distinction on the wearer; the pride of its possession was a comfort and a mitigation of grief. From this continual association with ceremonial pomp it had gathered to itself a dignity which made it not altogether unworthy to go with the silk gown.

And the umbrella was inevitable on Sunday, wet or fine, as an essential concomitant of full dress. Ivory-handled, carefully rolled to a slenderness of girth which was almost foppish, it supplied the finishing touch to the *ensemble*, toning down with its genteel elegance the flamboyant grandeur of gown and bonnet.

Carefully avoiding in Nannie's presence all reference to the great topic, Mrs. Poljew sat and entertained father and daughter with affable talk through the interval of waiting, adapting subject and tone to suit her costume. She minced her talk and used the most superior words in her vocabulary; her hands, which commonly talked with her lips, slapping, clenching, thumping, and waving, lay folded in well-bred stillness on her lap. For a whole hour she talked unassisted, and never mentioned fish. Nor did a word of low village gossip pass her lips; but she revealed the intimacy the wearer of a silk dress must be expected to have with doings in high places by an easy flow of familiar chat about the gentry of the neighbourhood, their incomes, establishments, projected matrimonial alliances, and domestic concerns generally, until the bells began to ring. Then, under Mrs. Poljew's directions, Nannie brushed her father down, dusted his hat, and set it on his head at the proper Sunday angle, equally removed from the rakish back-of-the-head holiday adjustment, and from the business-like, forward tilt of workaday life. She also arranged round his neck, under the coat-collar, a strip of whalebone, bent bow shape. This ingenious contrivance, which we commend to the notice of dressy men in society, is intended to improve the "sit" of the coat and to prevent it from blowing back and flapping about at the mercy of the breezes, the two ends of the whalebone coming under the lapels and keeping them firmly pressed against the waistcoat.

Nannie now put on her own hat, and the three went out into the street, now filling with Pendennack's Sunday wardrobe, displayed on numerous stiff and solemn ambulatory objects,

which one slowly recognised as transfigurations of Pendennack's week-day population. The throng were traversing Fore Street in both directions, and ascending and descending all the subsidiary alleys in seemingly aimless confusion; but the initiated observer could detect



NANNIE BRUSHED HER FATHER DOWN.

four distinct currents of varying volume—the full flood of Wesleyans, the tidy little river of Primitives, the Bible Christians, a mere mountain streamlet in size, and an insignificant leakage of Church of England folk. Mrs. Poljew, John, and Nannie joined the second of the four currents, which flowed, with ever-increasing volume, through a network of alleys, to its destination, which was an oblong stone box faced with a sublimely irrelevant Grecian portico. There they entered; but this light tale pauses and awaits them on the steps. Cornish people have their faults, and in no small measure; but their religion is a vital thing, tingeing all their lives, and, every week at least, sounding their emotions to the depths. 'Tis no matter of dutiful custom; they really kneel to pray, and worship when they sing. The flame John Wesley kindled in the amphitheatre at Camborne burns unabated after a hundred years.

Darkness came on. The streets and alleys were silent and deserted; few houses showed a light; for practically the whole of Pendennack was contained for the while in three buildings. (There was no church in the village. The few Episcopalians went "foreign" to Trewinnock, the church-town over the hill inland.) One heard the midnight noises before their time, the splash of water at the wells, the murmur of the sea half-a-mile away beyond the harbour walls, the creaking from the boats at anchor as they rubbed friendly sides together.

The concluding hymn pealed out, the doors opened, and the throng surged forth again, to check itself immediately in the chapel-yard. And now was let loose the great hebdomadary flood of gossip, compared with which the gossip of week-days was a mere trickling dribble. Little groups gathered and dissolved, and gathered again in ever-varying combinations: the professional news-mongers bustled about with the latest true story: friends who had missed each other through the week made heroic attempts to concentrate all the six days' tidings into a brief five minutes' chat.

Then, by slow degrees, the crowd melted away. Acknowledged lovers went off whispering arm-in-arm; lovers unavowed found themselves side by side at the gates, they hardly knew how, and without a word, with scarcely a look, walked away, the extreme width of the road between them. A party of young men and maids started to make a circuit of the town, singing hymns in four-part harmony as they went. Families sorted themselves out of the confusion, and such as had no lover, spouse, or offspring available for company, sought out some near neighbours to walk home with; for it is not to Pendennack's taste to walk alone after dark.

John Trelill stood alone near the gate. Coming out of chapel, Mrs. Poljew had kept close guard over him, holding his arm tightly, and engaging his attention with voluble talk. Her intention was to carry him off without a moment's delay; but, once in the outer crowd, with the intoxicating buzz of talk about her, and gossips hailing her on every hand, she wavered, and, after a brief struggle, succumbed. Reluctantly loosing his arm, she sent him to await her at the gate, with strict orders not to stir an inch till she came. Then, spying afar off the bonnet of a second cousin's wife, she plunged into the crowd, and was lost to view. John waited resignedly at the gate. He had made up his miserable mind to the inevitable. 'Twas to be, he supposed, and so 'twould be. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a white hat with green ribbons approaching, and his heart gave a great leap. 'Twas Vassie! Threading her way between the groups, she came nearer and nearer. He grew pale, and his knees shook. She was almost upon him. He never took his eyes from her. Would she see him? Gazing straight ahead, she had all but passed him, when her eyes turned casually in his direction, her brows lifted with a pretty assumption of surprise, and she nodded pleasantly.

"Evenen' to 'ee, John."

He started forward one step, but did not speak.

"Waiting for somebody, are 'ee?"

"Ess, s'pose." He looked uneasily into the crowd.

"Who, I wonder?" said Vassie, with a conscious laugh. "Edn' no chap, I'll be bound."

"No, 'a b'lieve," with another glance over his shoulder.

"La! Don't 'ee tell me 'tes a maid, or I shall die!"

Mrs. Poljew was quite out of sight. Impulse and opportunity timed it well together.

"Maybe 'a es," said the bold rebel, rather timorously.

"Poor chap! an' she haven' come yet?"

"Maybe she have." He was surprised at his own audacity.

"Where? Don't see none," said Vassie, affecting to spy about.

"I do," said John, looking earnestly at her.

She blushed, tossed her head, and moved slowly away. In a moment the astonished John found himself actually walking down the narrow street with her.

A minute afterwards, Mrs. Poljew arrived at the chapel gate and looked about her. No John. A dreadful surmise came over her.

"Anybody seen anything o' John Trelill?" she asked anxiously.

A deliberate voice came from a group close by.

"John Trelill's a-putten o' Vassie Jenkin home."

All who were within earshot looked round. Nods and smiles circulated.

Mrs. Poljew stamped her foot. "The varmen!" she ejaculated, and went hurriedly out. The smiles swelled into laughter.

John and Vassie walked on in solemn silence. It was not Vassie's place to say anything, now that a start had been made; and John had nothing to say. Every minute they met other couples in the darkness, and exchanged the customary "Good-night." It is incumbent on all wayfarers after dusk thus to say "Good-night" to those they meet, not out of courtesy, or for any friendly reason, but simply for self-protection, and to reassure each other by proclaiming their non-supernatural character. Neglect of this rule has bred many authentic apparitions. There was one occasion when all Pendennack was kept indoors for a week of moonless nights by the unmannerly conduct of a foreigner, a tall man in a long black overcoat, who walked fast and noiselessly, and, whether from misanthropic or from absent-minded motive, never gave the customary greeting to those he passed or overtook. So "Good-night," said John and Vassie to all they met; and sometimes by a remarkable coincidence the words passed their lips at the same instant; and when that happened, John was conscious of a delightful thrill. 'Twas as if their voices met and caressed in mid-air. There was the sweet familiarity of doing an every-day deed together, with one mind, one impulse of volition.

And "Good-night," said the others, whoever they might be. The incurious sex said it mechanically and passed unnoticing; but the maids and wives peered inquisitively through the gloom into the faces of the two; and if their efforts at recognition were successful, the words came from their lips fraught with a world of meaning—astonished, rallying, malicious, or mirthful.

To Vassie's door they came, and without having interchanged a word. They stopped face to face, and John began to realise dimly that it might be incumbent on him to say something. He cast about for inspiration, with indifferent success. It was Vassie who finally broke the silence.

"Well, good-night, John; an' thank 'ee for taking the trouble."

"Edn' no trouble," he protested warmly. "You're welcome, same's anybody else."

Why should she toss her head at this? Where was the hidden blunder? Perhaps a little compliment would propitiate her.

"That's a smart hat you've got," he said timidly.

"Glad you d' like the *hat*," said the owner of the face it shaded.

What was wrong now? He was quite at sea—or "on shore" was a more appropriate metaphor in his case. He fled to the safer element.

"Sim' me we should have a good catch o' fish nex' week, ef the weather do hauld."

"Fish!" said Vassie pettishly. "Et's nawthen but fish, fish, weth the folk o' this town. I'm sick o' the name of en. Ef you've nawthen better to taelk about, John Trelill, I'm going in."

This was terrible. Nothing seemed to please her. Still, she lingered without offering to execute her threat; and he took fresh courage from that.

"I'll taelk about whatever you wish," he said humbly. "Don't 'ee be hard 'pon me. I edn' wan o' your clever-speaking chaps."

"Simmingly, no," said she; but her glance was quite soft. He ventured to touch her sleeve with his finger-tips.

"'Tes my wish to plaise 'ee, ef so be I can," he went on, growing bolder. "I've thought a brae lot about 'ee since yes'day. Sim' me, I'd never seed a fittier maid than I see when I see you yes'day."

Vassie laughed contentedly. She was not averse to compliments.

"You've seen me often 'nough before, John," she said.

"That's what do puzzle me," said John. "I've seen 'ee, an' yet I haven' seen 'ee, like-a-thing."

Progress was blocked while he stopped to meditate on this extraordinary circumstance. Vassie waited a few moments for something more, but as it did not come, she held out her hand.

"Good-night, wance more," she said.

John had an idea.

"Look!" he said. "How shuddn' us go for a bit of a stroll?"

Vassie hesitated. 'Twas a momentous question, conveying more than its surface meaning.

"Don't mind ef we do," she said finally. "Up 'long, or down 'long?"

John made a fatal mistake. "There's a pillow o' folk down 'long," he said. "Let's go up 'long."

Vassie agreeing, they began to go back the way they had come. This time they walked quite close together.

John had another idea.

"Look!" he said. "How shuddn' us go arm-a-crook? 'Tes more sociable, like."

But this was a breach of convention, and was not received so favourably.

"I wonder at 'ee, so I do," said Vassie, horrified, or pretending to be. "Edn' time for that—not yet."

Not yet! John trembled.

"How?" he asked.

"Little by little, like the cat ate the candle," laughed Vassie.

John chuckled delightedly, and drew nearer to her. But now, just as things were going so swimmingly, his error in the choice of paths was suddenly apparent. They turned an innocent-looking corner, and—came plump upon Mrs. Poljew, hurrying down. At the sight of them she uttered a cry of wrath, and exultation. She bore down upon the devoted John, caught him by the shoulder, and shook him viciously.

"A—ah, thou rogue!" she cried. "Catched 'ee, have I? Run away, wouldst? Go traipsing arter the maids, wilt? Art a breaker o' promises an' swearer o' false oaths, art-a? Putt thy sister to shame before all the town, wouldst? What's mane by et, eh?"

Without relaxing her grip on him, she turned fiercely on Vassie, who stood astonished, lacking the key to this tirade.

"An' thou, thou—thou maid! Think to catch en, dost, weth thy bauld eyes a-squinneying and thy outrageous ribbons an' feathers a-flying? Artn't ashaamed, thou bag of artfulness? R-rah! Go thou along! Our fam'ly don't transact weth no Jenkins. We're meat for your betters, and so I gie 'ee waerning. Go thou along!"

Vassie was pink all over, and her eyes sparkled.

"What are 'ee a-tellen of, Mary Poljew?" she exclaimed.

"What am I a-tellen of?—an' don't 'ee go a-Mary-ing o' me, Vashti Jenkin! I'm a-tellen 'ee to fit an' be off, an' liv my brother to his lawful courting."

Vassie turned to John. "The manen o' this, ef you plaise, John Trelill."

John was utterly beyond capacity for speech.

"Manen, thou impident maid?" Mrs. Poljew took up the congenial burden of reply. "Manen is, that you needn' waste no more o' your scand'lous art an' tricks 'pon *he*. He's bespoke already, d'st hear? He's courting in another locality—an' so for *you*, Vassie Jenkin! An' I'm a-besting of 'ee to be off an' sarch for another chap, for you waan't get none o' he!"

"Nor I wuddn' have en—I wuddn' say thank-you fur en, ef what you're a-tellen 's the truth," Vassie retorted.

"Truth! Call me a liar to wance—me that's been converted up to the revival every 'ear reg'lar this twenty 'ear past!—me that found conviction when you wor being larruped by your ma for stealing the crame an' putting the fault 'pon the cat!"

Vassie turned disdainfully from her, and looked scornfully upon John.

"Sim' me, you're a g'eat rogue, John Trelill," she began; "an' I'd have 'ee knaw I don' want no more dealings wi' 'ee. You arsted to lead me just now, when you hadn' no right to walk weth me, even. An' you've brought upon me to be spoke to as nobody ever spoke to me before. I edn' to be profaned upon nor feared upon for never a man among 'ee; an' you edn' haelf a man, or you wuddn' stand by an' allow et. An' so good-night, John Trelill, and I wish you good luck to your courting."

"Vassie!" he cried imploringly.

"Haul' tongue, thou fool!" muttered Mrs. Poljew, and turned to hurl a choice selection of vituperative phrases after the retreating Vassie.

"A lemb!" she exclaimed, when Vassie had finally disappeared. "A most anointed lemb! There's a temper for 'ee! There's a tongue! Never heerd no s'ch profaning in all my life! Be thankful I saved 'ee in time, John. *She* waan't come traipsing arter 'ee again, anyhow."

Presumably John's gratitude was too deep for words. At any rate it remained unexpressed.

"Come now!" she continued. "Mus' make haste. Mis' Pollard's expecting of us all this while."

It must be put down in John's favour, that it took his sister five minutes at least of reproach, abuse, and wheedling to get him to stir. But at last, with many reminders of his plighted word and cunning references to Nannie, she brought him to subjection. Cowed and dejected, with Vassie's scornful words still ringing in his ears, he suffered himself to be led away, like a lamb to the slaughter.

VIII.

AS soon as chapel was over, Uncle Billy Jenkin started on his way to Mrs. Pollard's, not with the light hasty step conventionally ascribed to the pilgrim of love, but rather with the ponderous inevitable progress of the all-conquering steam-roller. In spite of his unceremonious dismissal the night before, his equanimity remained untroubled by lovers' doubts and fears. Being a widow-man, he made no boast of understanding womankind, and their pretty, unintelligible vagaries troubled him not. He made his way to his beloved's

with less emotional disturbance than he would experience when making his way to market, say; and if, during his progress, his thoughts dwelt by chance upon her, they dwelt calmly, as upon a desirable suit of slops. A happy man, let me tell you, and a formidable adversary in love's lists.

Arrived at the house, he went up the side passage, crossed the yard, and lifted the latch of the back door. A savoury odour greeted his nostrils; he sniffed and approved. He sniffed again; 'twas a most appetising smell, a smell of rare delicacy, but a full-bodied smell for all that.

"Bilet fowl an' bacon, ef I d' live!" he said to himself. And he himself was the expected guest; for whom could it be preparing, unless for him? Was the widow melting at last? His heart was touched; he sniffed again; and that sniff, by a divine touch, transformed his courtship from a commercial transaction into a thing of nobler seeming. He thrilled; he loved.

He entered, and cast a glance around. The larder door was open, and the widow, with her back to him, filled the larder, busy among pans and dishes. The dear, comfortable soul! His mouth watered, and a mighty wave of love mounted to his brain. For a moment he stood enraptured.

His customary chair was by the fire-side. One cannot do two things at once. He took his eyes and thoughts off Mrs. Pollard, directed them on the chair, and, after a moment's meditation, bore down upon it. But half way he was blocked by a vast obstacle. The widow, with remarkable celerity, had whipped out of the larder and intercepted his progress. He smiled amorously upon her. Perhaps she was going to embrace him there and then. Expectant, he waited. Her lips parted, and this is what she said:

"Vexed to have to say et, Billy Jenkin, but I caan't have 'ee here to-night."

His mouth slowly opened, and as slowly shut again.

"Make haste 'an be off, like a good man," said Mrs. Pollard. "I'm expecting comp'ny."

His ears were not to be believed. His eyes sought the chair. Every Sunday night for six months he had sat on that chair, and now Mrs. Pollard, or an airy phantom in her shape, forbade him to approach it. Was the world tumbling about his ears? But there was the chair, sure enough—his chair, the chair he was on his way to occupy. It looked real and substantial enough. Mechanically he advanced a step towards it, as towards a sure refuge in a tottering universe.

It was no airy phantom that pressed him back and back to the door.

"Come, outside wi' 'ee," said Mrs. Pollard good-humouredly, but firmly. And outside he found himself, with the door shut in his face, before he realised what was happening.

He looked up at the sky. The sky had not fallen. He looked down at the ground. The ground seemed firm and undisturbed. He looked before him at the door. The door was unmistakably shut. In blank bewilderment he turned away across the yard. In the passage he paused and retraced his steps, put uncertain fingers on the latch, opened the door again, and thrust a puzzled face within.

"Mis' Pollard," he said hoarsely, "ded I understand 'ee to say for me to g' out, jus' now?"

"Ess, sure," said the lady shortly. "Dedn' I say et plain 'nough?"

"Mis' Pollard," he said in firmer tones, "I arst 'ee, how should you go to say that?"

The widow's anger began to rise. "Because I don't want 'ee diddling about my kitchen to-night, d'st hear?"

Again she pushed him out and shut the door.

It was incomprehensible. This time he reached the street before he could collect himself and return.

"Mis' Pollard," he said, reappearing, "I'd have 'ee knaw I don't hauld weth your conduck at all."

"Plague take the man!" cried Mrs. Pollard. "Listen to me, Billy Jenkin. I edn' got no complaint agin 'ee; an' when there's business to see fur, you're welcome; but I don't wish no transactions wi' 'ee arter this, except in the way *of* business. An' that's plain 'nough, edn' 'a?"

Plain enough, Mrs. Pollard. You have burnt your boats.

Emotion sharpened Uncle Billy's wits. In less than two minutes he grasped the fact that he was a rejected man. Once more he returned; once more his face appeared round the door; and more in sorrow than in anger he fired his parting shot.

"Mis' Pollard," he said, "your conduck edn' but light." In wounded majesty he departed.

A few yards from the door he came upon a man lounging with his back against a house wall. The night was dark, but the glimmer of a gold watch-chain enabled him to recognise Mr. Jones. Uncle Billy cast a look of sour suspicion on his rival. Here perhaps was a solution to the mystery of the widow's behaviour, and a key to the boiled fowl and bacon.

To his surprise, the salesman advanced and accosted him:

"I was waiting for you," he said. His demeanour was not so cheery and brisk as usual.

Uncle Billy drew himself up stiffly, and awaited further communications.

"So she's sent you packing, has she?" said Mr. Jones.

"Edn' no consarn o' yourn!" exclaimed Uncle Billy savagely.

"Well, but it is, in a way," said the other. "We're both in the same boat, Jenkin."

Suspicion, wonder, and bewilderment struggled for possession of Uncle Billy's senses.

"How?" he asked faintly.

"She's given me the sack, too," said Mr. Jones.

"You?" The tone of incredulous surprise

in which Uncle Billy uttered the word was simply due to the shock occasioned by a fresh disintegration of his mental map of the universe. He was accustomed to form opinions and stick to them. To-night the even current of his existence had been rudely disturbed, and no sooner had he found a plausible explanation of the upheaval, and disposed his feelings in accordance with it, than it was snatched from him, and he was adrift again.

But Mr. Jones took his obvious astonishment for a rival's involuntary tribute to his own worth.

"Yes, me! She's a bit touched in the head, *I* think."

Another view of the matter for Uncle Billy's bewildered consideration. His brain was likely to give way under the unaccustomed strain. But consciousness of merit helped him to grasp and entertain the notion with surprising rapidity.

"She don't seem quite azackly, that's true," he admitted.

"No," said Jones. "But I'm no blind man. *I* know the real meaning of it all. *I* can see what she's up to."

Uncle Billy stared at him blankly. What now?

"She's after some one else," said Jones.

One cannot go on turning mental summersaults for ever in the track of a devious foreign butterfly. There is a limit, and Uncle Billy felt he had reached it.

"You're plum!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Who should 'a be, I'd like to knaw?"

"I could give a good guess," said Jones.

"You!" All Pendennack's contempt for the foreigner was in the word. "*I* don't hear tell o' nobody. Tell 'ee, there edn' nobody arter her."

"Perhaps not. But she's after somebody—that's what I said."

Uncle Billy remained unconvinced. "*I* don't hear tell o' nobody," he repeated.

"Look here," said Jones. "Did she tell you she was expecting company?"

Uncle Billy grudgingly admitted the fact.

"Well, if the idea I've got is the right one, and I'm not generally far wrong in my ideas, the party she's expecting is the party she's after."

"An' who might that be?" asked Uncle Billy incredulously.

"I've my notion about that too," said Jones. "When I see two standing a-top of two I draw a line and write four underneath. And that's what I did last night."

A stony glare from Uncle Billy. Impenetrable to metaphor, he failed to see the connection between Mrs. Pollard's matrimonial designs and calculations in mental arithmetic. He fell into a brown study over certain doubts as to Mr. Jones's sanity which were slowly forming in his mind. Suddenly his arm was clutched.

"Look!" whispered Jones.

Uncle Billy looked, but failed to see anything remarkable in the sight. It was only Mrs. Poljew and John Trelill coming up the street, Mrs. Poljew bearing herself proudly, John slinking along with a dejected, hang-dog look. Coming nearer, Mrs. Poljew caught sight of the two and recognised them. She swelled visibly. With triumphant condescension, she bowed.

"Good evenen, Mr. Jones," she said. "Good evenen to 'ee, Uncle Billy. Fine evenen, edn' 'a?"

Uncle Billy growled a perfunctory greeting, Mr. Jones swept his hat in a sarcastic bow, and the lady sailed past with her captive in tow.



"SHE'S AFTER SOME ONE ELSE," SAID JONES.

With some amazement, but without a spark of enlightenment, Uncle Billy saw them halt at Mrs. Pollard's door and disappear within.

"What did I tell you!" said Mr. Jones.

Uncle Billy still failed to see the connection.

"You fat-headed porpoise, that's the man?" said Mr. Jones.

"*What* man?" In his bewilderment he forgot to resent the insulting epithet.

"Why, John Trelill—the man she's after—the man who's cut *us* out!"

"Gr-r!" ejaculated Uncle Billy. "Don't be so fullish as you are!"

"I'll take my oath upon it," said Jones confidently. "Listen to me." And he detailed, with elucidatory comments, the events of the

preceding night which had aroused his suspicion. Their subtlety almost withdrew them from the range of Uncle Billy's comprehension. It was rather Jones's confident reiteration of his own complete conviction that finally vanquished his incredulity.

"I'll go see arter this to wance!" he exclaimed. "Such goings on! Scand'lous!" And off he started in a blind rage towards the abode of iniquity.

Mr. Jones strode after him and pulled him back.

"Don't be a fool!" he said. "There's two women in there, and neither of 'em will be over-pleased to see you. Nothing oils a woman's tongue like temper. Go in there, and you'll come out like a wet rag. And what good will you do? Come away! We're dished, that's certain, and we've got to make the best of it. Come along!"

Mrs. Pezzack, toiling up-along on her way to impart to an ill-informed friend a strange tale of hot water unseasonably demanded, nearly fainted at the sight of the two bitterest rivals in Pendennack walking arm-in-arm down the street in amicable converse.

IX.

MRS. POLJEW'S sense of the ceremonial solemnity of the occasion, and her wish to do things in a befitting style, prompted her to choose the august front door as her means of entry, instead of the vulgar side passage. A genteel knock evoked no answer, and an ominous tugging at the arm which linked her to her captive warned her that delay was dangerous. So she sacrificed etiquette to expediency, and, opening the door herself, pushed John inside and followed him, whispering a few final injunctions.

The kitchen was empty, save for that appetising odour which had so stirred Uncle Billy's heart, and which was like a presence unseen, but all-pervasive. Mrs. Poljew sniffed, even as Uncle Billy had sniffed, and her emotion found vent in an echo of Uncle Billy's own words:

"Bilet fowl an' bacon, ef I d' live!"

The pot bubbled on the fire. She lifted the lid and peeped within.

"So 'a es! Bilet fowl an' bacon! There's love for 'ee, John!"

A weighty step was heard, and Mrs. Pollard entered from the yard, smiling solemnly.

"My life, ef she haven' been an' shaved herself!" said Mrs. Poljew in an awed whisper.

John, standing with downcast eyes, groaned inwardly. You are bidden to notice how a deft touch of the grotesque may be employed to deepen the gloom of a tragic situation.

"Well, Mis' Pollard, at laast you be'old us!" said Mrs. Poljew.

'An' plaised to be'old 'ee I am," Mrs. Pollard replied. "Set down an' make yourselves comfortabble."

So far was plain sailing; but now a feeling of constraint and embarrassment arose. Mrs. Poljew began to realise the difficulty of her task, hampered as she was by John's state of passive resistance, which might at any moment become active; and it was not to be wondered at that Mrs. Pollard should feel nervous and apprehensive, the occasion being such a momentous one for her. To plunge at once into the subject would be positively indecent; besides, the Cornish temperament revolts from such a course, loving as it does the circuitous path, shunning ever the direct statement, dealing much in qualifications and cautious ambiguities. You must have noticed how almost invariably a "yes" or a "no" brings a "s'pose" or an "'a b'lieve" in its train, and how the simplest, most indubitable statement of fact is hedged about with "sim' me" and "they d' say." And this trait, though it is only a mechanical habit in most cases, well illustrates the general character of their intellect, quick within its limits, but prone to over-subtlety and suspiciousness.

Mrs. Poljew sat down, and so did Mrs. Pollard. John remained sullenly standing, and had to be imperiously motioned into a seat by his sister. Grudging every appearance of acquiescence in the situation, he sat down on the extreme edge of a chair, and nursed his hat in his hands, looking every whit as comfortable as he felt.

After a short, but extremely embarrassing silence, the two ladies plunged desperately into a perfunctory discussion of the affairs of the chapel. Set as she was in a false position, Mrs. Poljew's powers of resource did not desert her. Beyond all praise was her adroit management of the situation, the clever way in which she dragged her unwilling brother into the conversation, and so disguised and manipulated his sulky grunts as to make them appear not far removed from actual eloquence. And when Mrs. Pollard made timid appeals to him, to which he was boorishly unresponsive, she interposed with lightning rapidity and answered for him, dexterously making his obstinate taciturnity pass for the natural hesitation of bashfulness.

But when the minutes passed, and no nearer approach was made to the all-important topic, she grew impatient. She began to drop delicate hints, with no result. Her hints grew broader, still without avail. With dismay she perceived that Mrs. Pollard seemed inclined to hang back and shirk the plunge. In truth, all her skill had not prevented John's demeanour from making a distressful impression on the widow, who began to have her doubts.

Something else troubled Mrs. Poljew. The fowl remained in the pot, and she was hungry. She was ready to suspect Mrs. Pollard of withholding the succulent repast until a satisfactory arrangement should be arrived at; if no bargain, then no supper. Of course such incredible meanness was far from Mrs. Pollard's thoughts; but the suspicion, and the anxious state of Mrs. Poljew's appetite, impelled her to precipitate

matters. Casting aside all superfluous delicacy, she came to the point.

"Look!" she exclaimed, suddenly jumping up. "Sim' me we're plum, diddling about this way, an' playing at pertends, like a passel o' children! Here we are, the three o' us, come together to settle a bit o' business; an' we d' all knaw what 'a es. How shuddn' us set down an' pitch en to wance?"

Mrs. Pollard grew very red; John grew very pale; and each raised a deprecatory hand to stop the imminent *dénouement*.

"Come," continued Mrs. Poljew briskly, "let's spake out free, an' have done wed 'n. John, you're a widder-man, 'a b'lieve; an', simmen to me, you're a widder-woman, Mis' Pollard; you do both live too near a wood to be afraid of owls. Edn' no 'ccasion to be'ave like fullish maid an' bachelor; out wed 'n, now, an' be done!"

They seemed to have turned to stone as they sat. Mrs. Poljew pitched a note of soft sentiment.

"When I be'old you two a-setting to-gether, chatting happy and comfortabble" (John writhed in his chair), "I say to myself, 'Here's a pair, sure 'nough!' Anybody to look upon 'ee 'ud say you wor made for aich other, like pilchards an' Pendennack men. You're the pick o' the town, the two of 'ee, an' 'a 'll be a sin an' a shame ef you don't come together. Come, Mis' Pollard, John's got somefen to say to 'ee. Are 'ee willing to hear en say et?"

"Ess, s'pose," murmured Mrs. Pollard faintly.

Mrs. Poljew turned to her brother.

"Now, John, out wed 'n!"

Beads stood on John's forehead. He uttered an inarticulate gurgle.

"Spake up, will 'ee?" said Mrs. Poljew, moving a step nearer to him. He shrank and stuck up a defensive elbow, like a small boy fearing a clout on the head. The gesture was a knife in Mrs. Pollard's tender bosom. She gulped, and her feelings fought a short internal battle, in which her hopes and wishes went under.

"Look!" she said bravely, "I edn' willing to hear nawthen but what John's willing to say. I waan't have en fo'ced nor feared upon. Ef so be 'a d' want to arst me anything, I'll be plaised an' proud to answer; but ef 'a don't wish, don't let en say nawthen, an' I waan't be vexed a bit."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Poljew, in an eager undertone to her. "Don't 'ee see, et's on'y the bashfulness of en? You wedn' b'lieve what a bashful chap 'a es. 'Tes the way with us Trelills all the while. I'll manage en, you see!"

She stepped back to John's side.

"Come, John, my dear, spake up like a man." She put her lips to his ear. "Nannie, thou rogue!" she hissed—"think 'pon Nannie, thou peggy[1] varmen!"

He started as if he had been bitten.

[1] Obstinate.

"Quick now," whispered Mrs. Poljew, driving her elbow into his side.

"Mis' Pollard"—he began desperately, and suddenly stopped short.

"That's very well. 'I do think a brae lot of 'ee,'" prompted his sister, in a very audible whisper.

"I—I do think a brae—lot of 'ee," he repeated mechanically.

"That's very well, too. 'Will 'ee have me?'"

"Will 'ee——" he broke off. "Oh, I caan't!" he cried in despair. "Liv me alone, Mary; I caan't!"

The wrath on Mrs. Poljew's face was terrible to behold. But, unbeaten to the last, she instantly subdued it, and turned a knowing grin on Mrs. Pollard.

"*There's* bashfulness for 'ee!" she exclaimed, with a wonderful pretence of admiration.

But this was altogether too thin for Mrs. Pollard. Her drowning hopes refused to catch at the straw, and sank for ever. A mighty sigh escaped her. There was no anger in her heart, only wistful, aching regret, as she cast a look of farewell tenderness on John.

"No, Mary Poljew," she said, in a troubled voice, "'a edn' bashfulness—'a edn' no s'ch thing, I can see; 'a edn' no' but what a fat oogly auld woman should expect with her fullish fancies. John's right; me to be looking arter handsome young chaps at my time o' life—'tes shameful! Don't 'ee be vexed wi' me, John; I waan't plague 'ee no more. Look auver et, will 'ee, an' shake hands an' be friends, now?"

John stared stupidly at her extended hand. Suddenly he flushed scarlet.

"Mis' Pollard," he exclaimed, in eager, broken tones, "you—you're a good soul. I—I arst your pardon. I don't look to deserve the likes of 'ee. I'm nawthen in the sight of 'ee. I—I haven' be'aved proper to 'ee at all, an I arst your pardon."

"Theer, don't say no more," said the widow gently. "I'm the wan to put the fault 'pon. I've larned a lesson, an' I thank 'ee fur 'n, John. Don't trouble no more 'bout et, I beg of 'ee."

Their hands met and clasped.

"Theer, that's done wi'," said Mrs. Pollard in cheerful tones. "An' now, 'itch up your chairs to the table, an' we'll see what we can do for a bit o' supper."

But now the period of Mrs. Poljew's speechless stupefaction was over, and the vials of her wrath were outpoured.

"Me! Set down to table in the 'ouse where I've been putt to shame, an' our family disgraced by this scrovey g'eat buzza that caalls himself a man, I shuddn' wonder, when 'a edn' got no more bone to the back of en than a bit of oar-weed? Me swaller the stinken vittles of a fat auld she-elephant out of Corpo-crist feer, that don't knaw her own fullish mind two minutes together, but d' go tacking about like

an east-country boat weth a tipsy cap'n outside harbour? Ga-ar! Clunk away, the two of 'ee, an' chuck yourselves f'rall I care! Ga-ar! I've a mind to pay you both like the cat paid the owl—an' that wor' 'cross the faace! on'y I'm a sober, well-be'aved person, that d' knaw how to keep her temper where a saint 'ud start profaning! Rr-ah! *That* for yourself, 'Lisbeth Pollard!"

She danced up and snapped her fingers in the widow's face.

"An' *that* for your bilet fowl an' bacon, 'Lisbeth Pollard!"

She snatched John's hat from his hands, and threw it with all her force at the unoffending pot. The lid fell with a clatter on the slab, and before the clatter subsided the door banged, and Mrs. Poljew was gone.

Aghast, John sprang forward and rescued his hat from fiery destruction. Abashed and humiliated, he lifted eyes of mute appeal to Mrs. Pollard, deprecating her just resentment of his sister's atrocious conduct.

The widow was laughing softly.

"Mary Poljew's what you may caall vexed, edn' 'a?" she said. "But theer, we d' all knaw Mary, poor dear beauty. When she d' get the droldrams she's ramping mazed to wance. 'A edn' right to pay no 'ttention to what she d' say when she's like that. But come, set 'ee down, John—friendly, like, an' no nonsense, you d' knaw—an' we'll have our supper."

"Thank'ee, Mis' Pollard, thank'ee; but I cuddn' ate a morsel," answered John, whose nerves were all unstrung. "An' ef you'll kindly ascuse me, I'll fit an' get home-along to wance. My heed do feel a bit queer."

"Aw well, go ef you d' wish," said Mrs. Pollard, rather relieved, to tell the truth; for she was not unwilling to be left alone.

So John started to go. At the door she called him back.

"John, look! I'm allers plaised to have a chat weth a friend of an evenen. Step up, will 'ee, whenever you d' wish? I'm alone nearly all the while, except"—there was mysterious meaning in her tone—"except for Vassie Jenkin. She d' keep me company most evenens. But you haven' no objection to she, 'a b'lieve."

John felt the fiery coals burning on his head. But then his hat was there, and that had lately been in a warm place.

"You're a good soul, Mis' Pollard," he repeated, with remorseful fervency. "But," he added, with seeming irrelevance, "Vassie edn' nawthen to me—leastways, I edn' nawthen to she."

"No, sure?" said the widow, with humorous incredulity. "Well, take my advice, an' step up here as often as you can."

Left to herself, the widow sat heavily down; her face relaxed, and she dissolved in a soft flood of tears.

IRISH SKETCHES.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE IRISH POLICEMAN AS I KNOW HIM.

OF the Irish policeman I have seen a good deal, and, save under circumstances which I will not anticipate, can hardly see too much. There is no better fellow. Let me tell you something about him.

Currently pictured as a tiger in uniform, and actually capable, with adequate provocation, of an extensive display of tooth and claw, Constable O'Dowd is, under ordinary conditions, the kindliest and most human of men. His blue surtout and helmet (it is chiefly when off duty that he wears the natty forage cap in which he is constantly portrayed) never efface his individuality. Of Jack-in-office air he has none. Even on duty he remembers amenities—amiable words and courtliness. The children run after him and pull his skirts, and ask him for something for the bonfire—a rite anciently associated with May Day, but now apparently imminent all the year round. "Something for the bonfire" is the Bacsheesh of the Irish gossoon. (The derivation of that word—in the north they spell it gorsoon—is no doubt familiar enough in these oppressively cultured times. But for my own part, I stumbled on it quite unexpectedly only the other day, and was delighted with my discovery. What a polite derivation it is for so impolite a fact!—garçon. It came over, I suppose, with James's French soldiers.)

But the policeman. He diffuses himself genially over all his beat. To every woman lounging in the doorway he chucks a nod or a friendly word. For the veriest barefoot draggletail he has no worse appellative than "Ma'am." The shrieking Bacchante, rejecting guidance of good advice, filling the air with fury and flying stones, he leads to retirement with a fine forbearance—chivalrously, almost tenderly. When she appears in the dock he puts a better face upon her than ever nature put. "Ah, thin!" he avers, "she is a decent poor woman enough, excepting jist of an odd time when she'd meet a friend. And at such times, not to deceive your worships, she is a small trifle litigrous." To all dignities and officialities, his deference is fitly shown. But chiefly for His Reverence he shows his reverence. Priest or parson makes little difference,

for, while he holds his own faith tenaciously, he honours religion. His humanity is of a rich vein. *Respect au fardeau* is a maxim that he follows, though he never heard it. Often have I seen him hoist the sack to sit easily on the bowed back. Often catch it up and carry it over a difficult bit of road. But children! They are his love and his devotion. On a cold beat he warms his heart at their bright looks. He cannot keep his big hands from touching as he passes a little curly head. At the sight of a baby he breaks into a grin like the equator.

Officially the policeman is more or less unpopular; for in Ireland everything is odious that smacks, however faintly, of law, and when *he* smacks at all, faintly is not the word that suits the action. But personally he is a social favourite.

My particular policeman (we have a prescriptive right to at least one Protestant in every barrack) has just got his stripes. He moves under a constant rain of congratulations and prayers. "The Lord speed you, Mr. Milligan!" "Long life to you, Acting Sergeant (faith 'tis Sergeant it will be next) and many happy days." "That you may be spared to reign over us and over your family; for indeed you are a grand man entirely, and never cross with us but for our own benefit."

One greeting was perhaps a little more dubious. "Troth," said a big ruffian, who, on Milligan's initiative, had just done his seven days, "ye're after getting the two stripes, then! Musha, but I'd like to see ye getting a dozen!"

A similar preferment, by the way, evoked another small pleasantry more obviously conscious. The constable who had received promotion bore the name—common in the South of Ireland—of Jordan. To the parson's congratulations this worthy modestly replied that he didn't expect promotion at all, and could not tell why it was not somebody else who had got the step. Whereupon his reverence made answer: "Sure the authorities were like a good many of the Israelites; they were afraid to pass over Jordan."

Such a name as that, indeed, causes a constant eruption of jokes. Not very long ago, as the story goes, an old woman was to be ejected from her garret or cellar for non-payment of rent. It was thought that she would be somewhat difficult to stir, and two policemen were sent to further her locomotion. The names of these two officers were Jordan (quite another Jordan) and O'Shee. The evicting force was received with warmth—with effusion. There was a downpour of hot water. So fierce was the shower that they who came to put the old woman out were themselves put out—literally as well as metaphorically. There was a retreat, not to say a rout. Next day a query was buzzing all about the town: "What aileth thee, O'Shee, that thou fleddest, and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?"

Physically the Irish policeman is a glorious man. The qualifying height, indeed, is only five feet nine, but a greatly superior average is maintained. In the towns—whither the best men tend by gravitation as well as by express selection—one hardly ever sees a constable much under six feet. Even in the country, where lesser brawn and brain will serve, I cannot recall having come across a cloth helmet which did not top more than the requisite inches.

In the Metropolitan Police Force—which is under the control of the Municipality of Dublin, and is thus distinguished from the Royal Irish Constabulary of all Ireland besides—its standard of five feet ten is much more than maintained. Into that body, whose service offers peculiar allurements—at entrance £65 a year against £39, and proportionate advantages all through—the very flower of Irish manhood is attracted; and a six-foot-four man wearing its uniform is hardly remarkable. Indeed, men of almost monstrous height—men to whom a professionally gigantic career was certainly open—may frequently be seen harrying the signboards with their helmet spikes.

During the recent years of trouble our policemen here had a hard time of it. I have seen fine young fellows enlisting in the force, and, within a few weeks, returning to the farm "destroyed with the slavery of it." Almost military in equipment—for he carried rifle and bayonet—the constable was actually in those days more of a soldier than of a civil officer. A fairly seasoned member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, I fancy, has seen more service than many a Tommy who has been through one of our little wars. But one never hears of medals being struck in commemoration of Bodyke or New Tipperary.

Even to-day in country places the night patrols go armed—one man with rifle, his fellow with revolver.

At the present time the prescribed proportion of Protestant men is kept up with great difficulty. Indeed, the clergy of the Episcopal Church are receiving semi-official requests to use their professional influence to procure the enlistment of likely young parishioners.

It may surprise some people to know that among the physical disqualifications for service are decayed teeth. No doubt those long enforced lounges, umbrellaless, in a climate where he that has a gamp finds it unnecessary ever to shut it up, do provoke the vicious tooth to terrible malice of pugging. But probably that disqualification is general and not local, and applies to Thomas Atkins as well as to his civil brother. My ignorance, as Mr. Hall Caine would phrase it, is large and simple.

Another thing that may surprise the English reader is the fact that Verges—in Dogberry's time hardly so young as he once was—is still alive and very little altered. In plainer words, the watchman is with us still. Any night that is favourable to pedestrian exercise, you may see him in Limerick city, lantern, cape, cough and all complete, promenading the silent pave-

ments. If it is a naughty night, you may have to look for him. In some suitable shelter, however, it is delightful to feel, there he *is*—faithful, but not foolhardy. Listen long enough and you will hear him cough, or, haply, call the hour.

Poor fellow! he comes a little cheaper than a constable, and is, besides, in popular belief, a more patriotic institution. And so, while O'Dowd rules the day, by Shannon shore, he rules the night—with a temperate, even a retiring sway. He is a pathetic survival. The woolly rhinoceros and others his contemporaries are no more. "All, all are gone—the old familiar faces." He has a lost, lonely look. His chief activity is calling up the poor artificer for whom, at the bacon or the milk factory, six o'clock, the cold and punctual, will not wait.

Also, if there be sudden illness in the night, he will rap his staff upon the ground, summoning his next neighbour of the watch. And so finally shall a cordon of lanterned men be drawn around the doctor's slumbers, and the doctor's voice shall growl, from an upper window, "Well, what's up *now*?"

In danger the watchman is an over-eager friend. At the first faint blush of assault and battery, he desperately volunteers for the service of fetching more help. And on this mission (limping veteran as he is) he goeth so speedily and toileth so earnestly that no man seeth him more.

Almost facing this house, just across a small square, there is a drinking-fountain. Sometimes of a moonlight night or of an early morning my Venerable predecessor in this incumbency would look out upon the still houses and the narrow world lying, silver-washed, around him. On the base of the fountain there would appear four figures, heavily coated, belted, quaintly hatted. They were the watchmen, guardians of the night. Four small lights would be burning, sending up thin columns of smoke. These were their pipes. Around them would shine four larger lights. Those (not urgently needed) were their lanterns. Once in a way something would pass from hand to hand. It had the outward semblance of a bottle, and probably contained milk? Suddenly the clock in the new town would strike. Straightway from four voices there arose one cracked and stertorous intonation: "Past . . . . three o' . . . . CLOCK." To the four points of the compass went four swinging lights. For ten minutes or so there was a receding, dwindling cry. Then silence.

If a little later his Veneration (so I would humbly suggest ought an archdeacon to be called) happened to look out again—well, as everybody knows, history repeats itself.

But, to return to the policeman, for one last word.

If dear O'Dowd has a little personal frailty, its initials are apt to be J. J., which stands for Irish whisky—the distillation of John Jameson. No doubt his dripping promenades incline him seriously to spirituous suggestion. He is not alone (more's the pity) in thinking that the climate should not be taken neat. But that is where he wanders from the path of duty and preferment. Man after man have I known whose moustache was grizzling while his sleeve remained unstriped. Always that was the explanation. He had been "a bit giddy"—"a trifle foolish"—he had not "taken care of himself." All which was J. J. writ large. So his chance had gone by and would never come again. For not to get the step in comparative youth is, practically, to remain at the bottom of the steps for ever.

And if O'Dowd has a professional weakness, it is his liability to lose his temper. Under prolonged provocation, I should fear, no matter how serious might be the interests at stake, some man or other would be excited to fire, to strike, to avenge his personal wrong, before the word of command was given. In the unwritten, or unpublished, history of police conflicts with the mob, I believe that again and again the catastrophe has been precipitated, if not created, by the going off with a pop or a prod of some irresponsible temper. Constable 241 B only thinly overlays and never supersedes Corney O'Dowd, the best fellow in the world, but one who cannot abide, when there is a bit of a ruction on foot, to be in it but not of it.

But the best fellow in the world he really is.

My doom is that I love him. Let no man dream but that I love him.

Wulfruna's Hampton.

[*WOLVERHAMPTON.*]

Now certain women carved their names in stone
That whosoever ran the same might read.
Cambridge was founded by Saint Ethelrede,
The holy daughter of an Anglian throne:
Saint Frideswide it was made Oxford known
By many a generous gift and godly deed:
Saint Hilda nobly helped Northumbria's need
When Whitby's abbey to full height had grown.
Wulfruna likewise chose the better part;
And in the midst of this our Mercian plain
A stately minster to God's glory raised,
To prove thereafter to the thronging mart
That favour is deceitful, beauty vain,
But she that fears her Maker shall be praised.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(*From "Verses Wise or Otherwise": Cassell.*)

A LADY'S VISIT TO THE DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLEY.[1]



THE MORNING MARKET, KIMBERLEY.

HAVING obtained a permit to see over the works of the De Beers Consolidated Diamond Company at Kimberley, we started the next morning at 8.30 A.M. or soon after, taking a Cape cart to the Western Rock Shaft.

The most important perhaps of the whole mining and mill apparatus is the pulsator, which is situated about a mile from the western shaft, and, as visitors are obliged to be there before 11 o'clock if they wish to inspect it, we decided to walk there first.

So we trudged along, on a small beaten track, which had a small gauged line of rails upon which the trucks could be run, over acres and acres of the "blue-clay" brought up from the mines. This is spread over huge areas of ground to the depth of about 1 ft. or 1 ft. 6 in., and surrounded by high fences of barbed wire; and it is left for from ten to sixteen months exposed to the weather and sun, under which action it gradually disintegrates into a coarse powder. Then it undergoes various processes of washing, sifting, sorting, etc., and the diamonds are picked out. Having walked through these acres of stuff, we arrived at the pulsators, and there we did see a sight!

The Pulsator.

The pulsator shed is built of corrugated iron and timber; inside the shed is a large amount of machinery. The trucks, *i.e.* "skips," as they are called, which are laden with the blue disintegrated clay which has undergone a process of washing (which I will mention more about later), are wheeled into the shed by the black boys, most of whom are convicts, the "floor work" (*i.e.* open-air work, not underground work) being performed chiefly by convicts; these are emptied into a shoot which falls into a revolving inclined perforated cylinder. The perforations in this cylinder vary in size, being quite small at the uppermost end, and about as large as a five-shilling piece below. The blue-clay which is admitted by the shoot at the uppermost end in a watery state (water being kept

[1] An extract from a private letter.

running on to the material the whole while) gradually becomes sifted; the small pebbles in the clay pass through the upper and smaller perforations, and the coarse through the lower, the intermediate sizes being sifted by the intermediate sieves. The large lumps which will not pass through fall out at the end into a truck or skip, and are then conveyed to the crushers.

Having passed through this revolving perforated cylinder or sieves, the pebbles (for there is now no clay left, only the stones which were in the clay) undergo further processes. The slime and watery slush being thrown away, the pebbles fall on to horizontal sieves, which are in continual movement, having a vibrating or "pulsating" action, rising and falling rapidly, *i.e.* about sixty times per minute, or more, in water. By this action the gravel is again graduated, the heavier portions, and consequently the diamonds, sink to the lower levels of the gravel, which is about 1½ or 2 in. deep on these pulsating sieves, and the light rises to the top, and is gradually swept over the edge into a channel, which carries these stones to another pulsator to undergo the same process; the density of the remaining pebbles on the pulsators are judged by varying sized shot.

This process of pulsating is carried on for all the sizes of pebbles which pass through the revolving cylinder. After it has been continued for some time, the remaining stones of equal size are carried to the sorting tables, one table, with European sorters, for the finest, another for the coarsest, and intermediates for the intermediate sizes.

Sorting the Diamonds.

The sieve is lifted bodily away when a layer of stones of about 1 or 1½ in. is formed. An empty sieve is inserted into its place in the pulsator, and so the process goes on. The sieve, when it has the required quantity of stones upon it, is carried to the sorters' table and turned over quickly. On the top layer, *i.e.* the bottom before the sieve is emptied, it is possible to see as many as four or five diamonds sometimes.

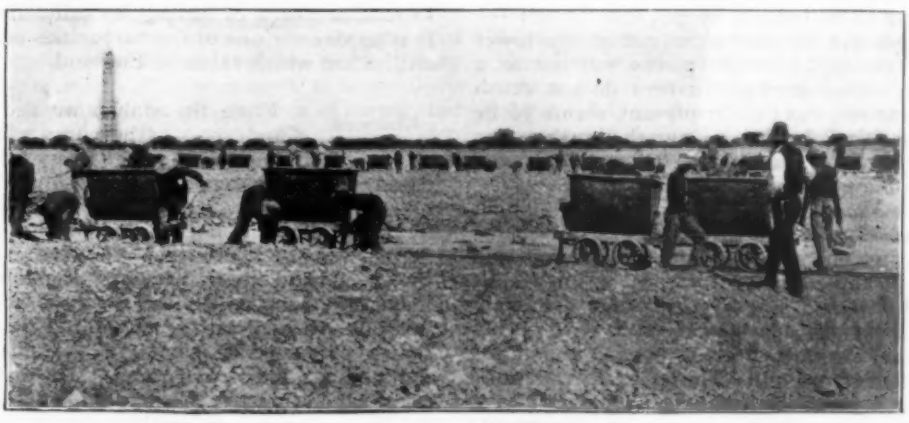
The sorters sit at tables made of some greyish-yellowish cement, always placed in the *shade* (as it is difficult to see the diamonds in direct sunlight), the gravel to be sorted is placed on the right hand, and that sorted on the left. Each sorter has in his hand a piece of strong tin, which forms a sort of blade, inserted into a wooden handle, with which he spreads a thin layer of gravel on the table, covering only a small area; this he glances over in a fraction of a minute, seeing the diamonds at once and picking them out with his left hand and dropping them into a tin canister with a lid which, in the case of convict searching, is padlocked.

Having worked through the gravel on his right, he now goes through the same heap, working from left to right; thus the same gravel has two sortings by Europeans, in the wet state just as it comes from the pulsators. After these sortings it is spread out on sacking in the open area outside the sorting sheds, and dried in the sun. When dry it is put on to the tables of the black convicts, and re-sorted by them once or even twice.

Size and Colour of Diamonds.

The diamonds found vary in size from a pin's head to a large stone; the largest ever found weighed 500 carats. They vary as much in form as they do in size; the pure crystalline form, which is a double four-sided pyramid, in most cases has the angles rounded off, and the crystal has thus more facets. The other crystalline form is a flat triangle, which, when seen on end, has a line of cleavage running down the centre, along which line the diamond can easily be separated into two triangles, the facets of which, without any cutting, take a very fine polish. This species of diamond is known as the "Twin Diamond." Other diamonds are found in the non-crystalline form, which *really* resemble pieces of gum more than anything, or better still, *very* pale lumps of amber.

The colour of the diamonds also varies very greatly, those which have a blue transparent lustre about them are the most valuable; then the pure white, or rather I mean absolutely colourless ones, next; and then, which is rare and very valuable, a peculiar very pale tint of



ON THE "BLUE-CLAY."

rose pink—we saw one on the table, but only one among thousands of other coloured ones. Then there are the yellow ones, which are less valuable according to the depth of the shade of yellow, except curiously enough, a diamond of a deep, rich, amber-orange colour—one of which we saw, in the cut state, and which is very rare and very costly.

Other diamonds are colourless, but are ingrained with black lines and spots, which, of course, greatly lessen the value, and these are ground up into fine dust, known as "diamond dust" of commerce, used for many purposes, but chiefly polishing of stones. The specific gravity of diamond is about four, hence it is that a handful is so heavy, and very different to the weight of gum, or even amber.

Diamonds, again, are valuable just according to their purity, colour, size, and absence or presence of *flaws*, which sometimes are so small as to be hardly recognisable; in others they stretch right across the stone, and give it the appearance of a cracked transparent stone.

The gravel in which the diamonds are found consists chiefly of garnets, emeralds, iron pyrites, and other outlandish long-ites, of which I cannot unfortunately remember the names. The garnets are very small and are valueless, so are the green emeralds (I don't believe they are emeralds); they have a beginning with cryo . . . . These are also valueless, both being too soft to be cut, or take a polish. When the gravel has been sorted, it is then thrown away in heaps, which is used in some cases to pave roads and walks.

The Crushing Shed.

After having seen the pulsator and the sorting sheds we went into the crusher shed. (I am taking these things in the wrong order, but in the way we visited them. It perhaps would have been better to have done it in the order of work, *i.e.* from the mine where the blue earth is brought to the surface, and ending at the sorting and storage of the diamonds, but it is too late now!) In the crushing shed are several very powerful crushers, into which are put large blocks of blue-clay, which will not disintegrate by the action of the air and sun, and which are too hard to be broken by physical force; the blocks are put in, and come out at the lower end as fair-sized workable pieces, but not as a powder. They say the crushers do not crush the diamonds, but that at present seems to be rather a debated point. From the crushers the pieces are taken away to the washers, and then to the pulsators, and so on.

The *washers* are large circular tubs about two feet deep, in which revolve a set of coarse combs, which stir the blue-clay round and round in the running water, by which means the pebbles and stones in the clay are eliminated from the clay itself, and they, being the heaviest part, become heaped round the edge of the large tub. The liquid clay and mud and slush being of less specific gravity, float, and form a layer as it were, inside the gravel; this slush is drawn continually off, and carried up a steep incline in covered "skips," to be tipped at the top, which tipping forms a huge bank of this yellow washed clay, which gradually dries and leaves large mounds of earth, which can be recognised dotted all over.

The huge heaps of "tailings" are let out to people at a low price, who set up a small washer on the same principle as the large ones, only instead of being worked by steam they are worked by mules or horses. Diamonds of small size are often found, which enable these men to make a living, and, in some cases, even more than a living.

The Stables.

The next thing we saw were the stables, in which are kept 250 mules and horses. We only saw the night relay of animals, all the rest being out on day work. The mules especially are used to draw the skips to and from the disintegrating fields, taking the weathered blue-clay to the washers, and the fresh clay from the pits to the grounds, to be strewn out in layers of 1 or 1½ feet thick, which is then harrowed and watered at intervals, to accelerate the process of breaking down from the lumps to the powder. The clay which has undergone the weathering process, when taken into the hand and slightly squeezed, crumbles to a fine powder, which, of course, greatly favours the next process, *i.e.* the washing.

There are no animals used below ground, all the skips being pushed along the small galleries by the black boys, and in the main levels are controlled by a long never-ending chain worked by machinery.

Besides these 250 horses and mules, there were about 20 splendid English horses imported, and merely used for breeding purposes; they carry away nearly every prize there is to be won at the various agricultural shows held in South Africa at different times; they certainly were splendid creatures. There were also two Arabs, one being Mr. Rhodes' special favourite, a lovely creature, quite white, thorough-bred, and with a beautiful head. Not a single horse since I have been in Africa, and also by making inquiries into the subject, have I found or heard of having its tail "docked." It is apparently one of the barbarities of higher civilisation which exists in England.

Kenilworth Village.

From the stables we drove in a Cape cart—for the works, mills, and mines of the De Beers Consolidated Company cover many square miles of land—to Kenilworth Village, a village built by the Company not far from the sorting floors, for the Europeans who are employed by them, and their wives and children, to live in; it consists of two or three very well laid-out avenues, with nicely built one-storeyed houses on each side, each with a shady verandah and a good-sized garden. There is also a large schoolroom for the children, and a church, besides a library. Everything looks very neat

and delightful, and in summer there are plenty of shady walks for the women to walk about in, formed of avenues of trellised vines.

The Compound.

The next thing of importance which we saw was what is known as the large compound, which I cannot attempt to describe properly.

peans, at which the men can buy anything and everything *except* spirits, beer, or wines; nothing stronger than ginger-beer, lemonade, and mineral waters is allowed. The average daily consumption of these beverages is 100 dozen per diem, and on Saturdays—*i.e.* pay day—300 dozen.

At the other end of the compound is a large



TIPPING GROUND—THE TUMBLING TOMS

First, I must say that all the boys (by the way, boys are men, black men, Kaffirs, Zulus, etc.; they are called boys everywhere in contradistinction to the whites or European men)—well, all the boys employed by the Company belong only to the various coloured tribes of Africa, and no outsiders such as Indian coolies or Arabs are employed. They are engaged for three months at a time to work in the diamond mines and mills and floors, at the end of which period they are allowed either to leave or continue their service for another period or periods as they please. During their term of service they are allowed no communication with the outside world whatsoever, except letters, which very few have, and on Sunday afternoons the wives of the men may come a few at a time, for a short while.

The places where these Kaffirs live are called compounds, and the one we saw had as many as 2,500 men. It consists of a large open space surrounded by a high fence of corrugated iron, against which are a row of corrugated iron sheds (everything is made of corrugated iron in this country!) which is partitioned off at various distances by the men, by means of a coarse kind of sacking, into small rooms, each of which has two or three beds for the men, and a little extra space, where they store anything they like, as their musical instruments, bangles, etc.

In the middle of the compound is a large-sized swimming bath, in which the Kaffirs can wash as often as they like. At one end of the compound is a large store kept by Europeans, at which the men can buy anything and everything *except* spirits, beer, or wines; nothing stronger than ginger-beer, lemonade, and mineral waters is allowed. The average daily consumption of these beverages is 100 dozen per diem, and on Saturdays—*i.e.* pay day—300 dozen.

At the other end of the compound is a large schoolroom, which is used as a day-school between certain hours, in which the men can learn reading and writing if they wish; on Sundays it is used as a schoolroom and church, all in one, in which a service is held in their own language by one of the missionaries.

At the side of the compound is a lovely little hospital, beautifully kept, for the men who get injured in the mines, or men who get fever, etc. An English doctor and surgeon visit there every day; the nurses are black men, who, I am told, do their work admirably, with tenderness and great care. Besides the hospital wards there is a dispensary and small operating theatre, everything being complete for any case of accident which may occur.

On the town side of the compound is stretched wire-netting overhead—this to prevent the boys throwing over packets of diamonds (which was found to be practised) to the outside world, who had men stationed outside who sauntered about picking them up, and selling them to diamond dealers.

The Kaffirs.

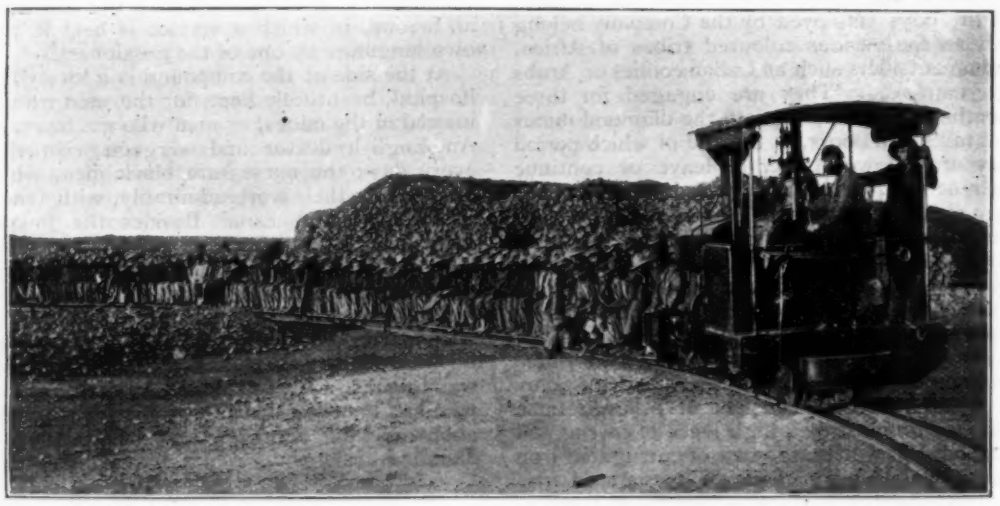
This, then, constitutes a compound. The inhabitants are almost more interesting still. As I have said, there were 2,500 in the compound which we saw, but as the men work in shifts of between eight and nine hundred of eight hours each, we, of course, did not see nearly the total number. The men we saw (it was midday, with a brilliant hot sun shining) were dressed in varying degrees: from nakedness, except for a small rag round the thighs and waists, to a

complete dress of trousers, shirt, coat, and hat of European style. Most, however, had merely a coarse thick coloured blanket thrown over them, which reached from their shoulders and neck to their heels; many of the men were lying wrapped in these blankets out on the open ground, which consists of hardened clay, asleep, in the brilliant sunshine, in every attitude conceivable. Others were in groups, round a central wood fire, upon which was cooking a pot of mealy—*i.e.* ground-up Indian maize, which makes not at all a bad porridge. Upon this the Kaffirs almost live; they have this central pot for about eight or ten, who sit round it, sitting on their heels, and covered with this coarse blanket, only their head and one hand left out; each has a long piece of smooth flat wood, which he sticks into the pot of mealy, and brings out a lump of the porridge, which he licks off this rude spoon, a very primitive way of eating. Other men were grouped listening to a one-stringed instrument, which gave out *no* sound—at least, only the faintest twang—to which the men sang one of their *most* curious native sort of songs, which consists of a drone on one note, with an occasional sort of audible groan, and then again a long hum on one note—*very* peculiar, but not at all ugly, but *not* music, in our sense of the word!

Other men were at games, gambling, a game which no European has yet been able to fathom, but over which the natives spend hours of their free time, and get very excited.

after their three months' term, and many of them have been in the compound for seven and eight years—ever since the compound was started. They are paid very good wages, from twenty to forty shillings a week, with wood, water, and room, if it may be so called, and fire free. They buy all their food and drink from the store. They are very fond of snuff, and as this cannot be bought at the store they make it: first of all they get some tobacco, and spread it on a mat in the sun to dry, which, when dry, they crumple in their fingers, and roll in their hands, and grind between small stones until it is a fine powder. Then they buy some oranges, Naatjies—pronounced *Nartches*, which are Tangier oranges—they prefer. They take the skin and let it dry in the sun, after which, when it is quite brittle and hard, they grind it to a powder, and mix it with the powdered tobacco, and this mixture they call snuff, and one can see them snuffing it at all times of their free hours. Each man has a little bone snuff spoon, which, when not in use, is either stuck into his woolly head, or in many cases through the cartilage of the ear, which is pierced in many places, and is the burden carrier of many different articles—as rings (huge things), snuff spoons, feathers, tooth picks, etc.

Several men in the compound undertake in their free hours (for they are at work only eight hours out of the twenty-four, the Company finding they get more work, and also better work, done in the eight, than they did when they had twelve-hour shifts) tailoring, boot-making, etc.;



RETURNING FROM WORK BY THE TRAMWAY.

Several men were dancing their native dances, which, however, were not very well done. Sunday afternoons is the time when this can be seen to perfection; the whole compound is then on the "go!"

The boys, notwithstanding the limitations under which they work, appear to be as happy as the day is long; they nearly always return

in fact, inside these compounds the boys can obtain from the store, and from each other, everything they can possibly wish for, except, as I have said, spirituous liquors and snuff.

There are European guards, who keep guard over them, so as not to let them carry on diamond smuggling, which is a great temptation; at least it used to be, but is not now so

much, because if found out they get heavy punishment, which it is not worth risking, especially as they have such good wages, and such comfortable living.

Every day missionaries of some denomination visit the compound, and in some cases have found the work very encouraging and



THE BATH WITHIN THE COMPOUND.

bright, many of these dark boys having been brought to the love of God.

The European guards live in the compounds; the married men sleep out, at their own homes, while the unmarried have quarters in the compound—most comfortable too: they have a large bedroom each, a fine library, smoking and reading room all in one, with the latest English papers, all supplied by the Company, and a large billiard room, with a full-sized table.

Underground. At 2.45 in the afternoon of the same day we went to the mine shaft, having obtained a special permit from the office to descend; we put on long watertight boots which reached up to one's knees, and a large white jacket, sort of overall, and an oilskin sou'-wester cap. The mines are very wet, hence the necessity for these precautions. Then we went down in an open cage at such a pace!—one felt one was actually dropping, a peculiar but not unpleasant sensation—to a depth of 1,200 ft., equal to the depth of many mines in England. The temperature was very different to that on the surface, it being degrees hotter below; also the pressure of the air was very marked, it being chiefly noticeable on the drums of one's ears.

Once at the bottom, we stepped out from the cage into a large rock-hewn chamber, very well lighted with electric light, and full of the black boys, so busy at work tipping the skips or trucks which had come from the workings about 1,300 to 1,400 ft. along the levels, into what is known as a "tumbling-tom," which shoots the material into the skips in the main shaft, which, as soon as full, are drawn to the surface at a great rate, and then emptied and returned empty. It is very much the same as in a coal mine to anybody who has been down one. The difference, however, between going down a diamond mine and a coal mine is the entire absence one has of fear or dread of an explosion, or breathing of the foul air, in the former.

We walked along the main level as far as it went, and then branched off into one of the side galleries, and so managed to get right up into the work facings, and saw the men at work with their picks and shovels, filling, as hard as they could go, these trucks which circulate round and round, one way full and another way empty.

Finding a Diamond. Walking along the gallery I said to our guide, who was an Englishman: "Do you ever happen to see diamonds in the matrix showing themselves to view, without undergoing all the processes above on the floor?" He said, "No, Miss, only very seldom; but if we do find one, either the Europeans or natives, if we take it to the office we are allowed 3 per cent. on its value." With this he raised his candle to the wall of the clay, and he and I exclaimed together: "Why, there is one!" Wasn't it a curious coincidence? After a lot of hacking we managed to get it out, in a nice large piece of its matrix, both of us feeling entitled to the 3 per cent. on its value.

When we returned to the surface we took it to the Secretary's office, and told him the facts of the case, and told him if it would not be very ruinous we should like to buy it for our collection of curiosities at home. He laughed, and said it was the very first time a visitor had ever found a diamond down below, and that if I liked to buy it I could have it cheaper, because still buried in the matrix, and in the natural rough condition—which condition, of course, I liked much better, from the simple fact that this was how the diamond grew, and how I found it. In a few days I hope to send it home, where it must be kept in an air-tight glass case, so as to prevent the blue clay matrix from undergoing pulverisation, which it always does when in contact with the air.

So ended a very pleasant, very wet and slushy, but, nevertheless, very successful visit to the bottom of the diamond mine; it was really a very delightful experience, and *very* instructive. We were underground about two-and-a-half hours.

I have forgotten to mention one thing which we saw, which, perhaps, was the sight of the day. After we had seen everything we went to the Company's offices, where the diamonds are sent every day from the sorting tables; at the end of each week the office also is emptied of diamonds, they being sent every week to London. We went into the room and saw the men sorting the diamonds, classing them in heaps, according to their size, weight, colour, and value. I have never seen such a sight: there on the table, in one room, were £60,000 worth of diamonds. We looked and handled many of them, and one was struck with the weight of them. No wonder the Company can pay a dividend of 40 per cent. if it turns up in one week on an average £60,000 worth, *i.e.* £3,120,000 per annum! It is the love of the fair sex for diamonds which is the chief factor in the employment of this immense staff of men, 5,000 and more, not including the thousands of others who are engaged in the cutting and polishing.

S. F. F.

THE PALESTINE PILGRIMS AND THEIR GUIDE-BOOKS.

"THERE are three acts in a man's life," said an abbot of a monastery to one of his friars who asked his counsel, "that no man should take another's advice upon—namely, Matrimony, going to the Wars, and Pilgrimage." This remark will serve to indicate the momentous nature of the latter undertaking. It refers, of course, to the pious journeys made to the Holy Places in Palestine, and to Sinai and Egypt. An expedition to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, or even that of St. Jago at Compostella in Spain, could hardly be ranked with matrimony as a perilous enterprise. The origin of the practice of the greater pilgrimages is lost in the mist of antiquity. The earliest known may be said to be that of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine I, Emperor of the East, who visited Jerusalem in A.D. 326, and is said to have discovered there the Cross of Calvary. The practice gradually grew till in the eleventh century it assumed enormous proportions. In 1054, for instance, Lutbert, Bishop of Cambray, performed the journey with three thousand pilgrims. Some historians think that the organisation of these huge expeditions was one of the causes that led up to the Crusades, which were, in fact, armed pilgrimages on the largest possible scale.

From the fourth century onwards there exists an unbroken record, in MSS. and printed books, left by the pilgrims themselves of their experiences. More that will chiefly concern us were written or printed in the latter half of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. There are also books like the "Informacion for Pylgrymes" printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1515, which have an almost comical resemblance to the Murray or Baedeker of our own day. They also share with some modern guide books—as to Murray and Baedeker we say nothing—the fault of copying from their predecessors without acknowledgment. Thus Felix Fabri, whose chatty chronicle of his pilgrimage furnishes much amusing matter, refers his readers for a topographical description of the Holy Land to "the work of Brother Burkhard, Dominican, in the library at Ulm," slily adding, "From this Breydenbach took his account, and inserted it in his diary." Unfortunately the reliable Burkhard himself plagiarised from Ludolphus de Suchen, who wrote his account about 1350. We shall therefore have occasion to quote the latter writer, though he is of an earlier period than the one we are chiefly dealing with.

From Felix Fabri we learn the marks by which all pilgrims were distinguished. They wore a long grey gown marked with a red cross, a black or grey hat with a similar mark, and a

scrip or satchel. They were further distinguished by their long beards, and, in the Holy Land, by riding on asses.

The routes followed were various. Some few went by sea to the north of Africa, and proceeded along the coast to Alexandria, taking Egypt first. Most, however, went overland, some through Hungary to Constantinople, others (and these were by far the most numerous) through France and Germany to Venice. In many cases a détour was made so as to take in Rome before reaching the latter town. This part of the pilgrimage was dangerous enough, for Europe, in the dark ages, was continually overrun with barbarian hordes of Huns and Vandals, pouring out to war from China or the North, and in later times the red cross of the pilgrim was of no avail against robbers and desperate men. Some of the minor difficulties of the pilgrim are troublesome at the present day, such as the variations in language and coins. The "Informacion for Pylgrymes" gives a scheme of coins required at the successive stages of the journey: Calays, Bruges, Cologne, Menske (Mayence), Kempston (Kempten in Bavaria), Trent, Bologna, Sienna, Rome, Venice, Curphu (Corfu), Modon (in Greece, near Navarino), Candy, Rhodes, Cyprus, and Surrey (Syria). In the same book are lists of words in various languages, such as are found in Baedeker's "Traveller's Manual"; also, for the benefit of those who extend their journey to Rome, a list of the "spiritual significacions" of the various architectural details.

Arrived at Venice, the pilgrim's next step was to find a place in a galley or sailing-ship, generally the former, to take him to Joppa. By the end of the fifteenth century the pilgrim traffic from Venice had reached such large proportions that the city appointed an officer to superintend it, and to see that the hapless travellers were not imposed upon. To this end it was usual for the captain of the galley to sign a contract with them. The more interesting articles from the contract made with Felix Fabri are here given:

1. The captain shall convey the pilgrim on board a galley with proper mariners and sufficient store of arms (against Turks and pirates).

2. He shall not touch land except where necessary (this was to prevent delay arising from commercial considerations), and should not in any case land in Cyprus (there being a tradition that the island air was fatal to Germans).

3. He should provide two meals a day, served, if desired, in the pilgrims' own berths, including a small glass of malvoisie every morning.

4. The pilgrims should pay for their own keep while in port.

5. If the pilgrims found the cabin stuffy, they might sit near the galley slaves to get fresh air, and the latter should be made to behave themselves.

6. All dues, except small fees, and money for safe conducts (paid to the Arabs), to be provided by the captain.

7. The inclusive terms to be 40 ducats a head, half to be paid at Venice, half at Joppa.

8. There should be a place set apart on deck for the pilgrims to keep fowls in.

The "Informacion" gives various directions to the intending voyager, how that he shall buy his own bedding at a shop near "St. Markys Chirche" for three ducats, and arrange to get half the money back on returning the goods, and shall also provide food in addition to the ship's catering. It would appear that article 8 above was not a rarity in these contracts, as the "Informacion" recommends a "cage for half a dozen of hennes or chekyns and myle sede for them." The same authority advises choice of a berth high up in the galley to be secured by chalking your name up, "for in the lowest under, it is right euyll and smouldryng hote and stynkynge," and suggests the purchase of a box with a padlock for keeping property in. Felix Fabri gives the same advice, saying that not alone the galley slaves, but the pilgrims also, were terribly thievish, the latter because they found it hard to pass the time, he charitably suggests. The usual pastimes on board were strangely like those on a P. and O. steamer, drinking, dicing (in which even bishops were known to join), athletic sports, and keeping a diary. Felix declares that he wrote his own up each day, but it is a little damaging to his reputation to find that many of his observations and good stories are found in exactly the same form in the work of Ludolphus de Suchen over a century before him. Friar Felix says a sailor told him of an alarming sea-fish, the *Troya marina*, which occasionally could be placated by bread-crumbs, but sometimes had to be driven away by a prolonged and fearless stare, or else the voyager fell fascinated into his open jaws. Alas! Ludolphus also was told the same yarn. The great thing, according to Felix, is not to get in the way of the sailors, for when they are at work, they will knock down a bishop without compunction.

The advice to the pilgrims to bring some food of their own could not be safely neglected, it is evident. Several chroniclers complain, like modern sailors, of weevilly biscuit and tainted water. Whenever the galley touched land, in Corfu or elsewhere, there was always a rush to get a drink of fresh water. There was also a regrettable tendency to sample the vintages of the Mediterranean. Felix Fabri and his party landed at Candia, and found the Cretan wine so heady, that when the time came to depart, there was a row of pilgrims along the quay in great doubt whether they felt steady enough to get off into the boats.

After many weeks of a not too comfortable voyage, the pilgrims, if they were lucky enough to escape from Turks and pirates, arrived off Joppa, and sang a "Te Deum" as the Holy Land came in sight. Here fresh troubles awaited them, not only from the infidels. The arrangements for boarding, lodging, and money-changing were in the hands of the bastard race called Pullani, descendants of Crusaders by mixed marriages, together with desperadoes of all sorts who had been exiled from Europe or left it to avoid the gaol, and their dishonesty and extortion were a byeword. Escaped from these, the pilgrims had to pay heavily for the privilege of entering the country. Each man

then bought himself an ass and hired a driver, and the ride to Jerusalem commenced. Outside every town they had to dismount, the Saracens thinking it an indignity for "Christian dogs" to enter on horseback. This was the least of the affronts they had to endure. The villagers habitually pelted the convoy with stones, and followed it with the foulest execrations. There was constant danger of theft, and even of organised blackmailing. The arrival at the Holy City soon rewarded their patience, and caused such transports of joy, that cases are mentioned by the chroniclers of pilgrims losing their reason at the sight of it.

The first object of devotion in Jerusalem was, of course, the Holy Sepulchre, which the Saracens allowed all those to visit who professed themselves followers of Christ. This lax regulation "admitted many heretics," says Felix Fabri. Connected with the Sepulchre, and with every foot of ground in the city, were countless biblical legends. Thus in one place was shown the pillar where Jesus was scourged, in another the spot where Peter cut off the ear of Malchus, elsewhere the scene of the murder of Abel. The legends of the Saints, too, were located, and the pilgrims saw exactly where the Virgin, in her Assumption, gave her girdle to St. Thomas. The house of the rich man and Lazarus too was shown, and a chronicler mentions that the name of the former was really Dodrux, though Our Lord mercifully forbade his name to be mentioned in the Gospels. The city visited, there remained further pilgrimages to Jordan, where some were wont to bathe fully dressed, so as to have a lucky suit of clothes for ever after, and to Mount Sinai. This latter place was monopolised by the monks of St. Catherine's monastery built there, who had a bad reputation for extortion, selling the pilgrims alpenstocks at ruinous prices, and requiring money to be shown before they would open their doors. When Felix Fabri made this journey, one pilgrim fainted during the ascent, and when his clothes were loosened to revive him, a complete suit of chain-mail, worn no doubt as a penance, was found next his skin. The most adventurous pilgrims continued their journey through the desert to Alkayr (Cairo), and often suffered severely at the hands of the Bedouins.

A curious failing of the pilgrims is mentioned by several chroniclers, one which might have been thought a modern development. They had a mania for writing up their names, and the nobles, more especially the Germans, for drawing their coats of arms, on walls of buildings. One German is quoted (by a German chronicler) who habitually wrote his name in red chalk on altars and in the margins of Missals. They chipped off bits from buildings too, or bribed Saracens to do so for them. In fact, these pious tourists were by no means models of behaviour; but when we consider the dangers and discomforts they braved, perhaps a slight tendency to nineteenth-century methods may be forgiven them.

JOHN MACFARLANE.

Quiet Thoughts

Dispendia. Compendia.

Few things there be I call my own to-day,
And these be all—the things I gave away

Heaven is Up-stream.

Ever against the stream God's man must row:
Easy thine oars, and devilward thou shalt go.

Half-way and All-the-way.

First find thyself: 'tis half-way house to God:
Then lose thyself, and all the road is trod.

Creed and Faith.

A creed scarce keeps thy soul alive:
Make it a faith, and thou shalt thrive.

Includere. Excludere.

Ere thou define thy faith, reflect and doubt:
A little truth shut in, is much shut out

Do-nought is Do-ill.

Deem not that Satan grinds his men to-day:
Fold but thine hands, and thou shalt draw his pay.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

FUTURE KINGS.

BY MARIE E. BELLOC.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.
(*From a photograph by Selle and Kuntze.*)

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

AMONG the young Heirs Apparent of Europe the Crown Prince of Germany possesses the least known, but not the least interesting, personality. He has the distinction of being the first prince born in direct heirship to the Imperial Hohenzollern line, and his birth, which took place on May 6, 1882, was hailed with a chorus of delight by United Germany. The fourth Emperor, as he was styled by some of his great-grandfather's most enthusiastic supporters, was christened Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, and as the eldest son of William II, he may be said to have been brought up entirely under the shadow of his great-grandfather rather than under that of Frederick the Noble, whose death unfortunately occurred before he could exercise the slightest personal influence on his young grandson.

The Crown Prince, who is now a serious-looking lad of fourteen, is said by those about him to be thoroughly imbued with a sense of his future responsibilities. He already takes life sternly, and dreams of being a second Frederick the Great. He has been his father's constant companion from early childhood, and, unlike most of those destined to occupy a throne, he is even now being brought up to be a man of war rather than a man of peace. One of his first toys was a miniature fortress, the erection of which cost 600,000 marks, and which was a present from the great Krupp himself; and long before he entered the Cadets' School at Ploen, Prince William's military education had been pushed, as will be seen, to the utmost point.

On the Crown Prince's tenth birthday he put away childish things, and on the table where his birthday presents had been placed by the loving hands of his mother and little brothers, were also lying the Orders of the Black and the Red Eagle, and the uniform of a Lieutenant in the First Foot Guards, a commission being the Emperor's birthday gift to his son and heir, who received the honour a year sooner than is customary with Prussian Princes. On the same day, just before reviewing the Regiment, William II made a long speech, and, in conclusion, said, "The Crown Prince is not yet old enough for military service, but it is of supreme importance that he should learn in the Regiment those habits of discipline and obedience which have always been the foundation of the army." The First Foot Guards were then led past the Empress by the Emperor, while the hero of the occasion in his *rôle* of youngest officer, marched behind the first platoon. The German Official Military Gazette announced that "The Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia has been appointed Sub-Lieutenant in the First Foot Guards, and *à la suite* of the Second Landwehr Guards." It is significant that the only other officer *à la suite* of the latter Regiment is Prince Bismarck.

Small wonder that with such a training, Prince William, as he is even now called by the members of his father's household, should be an ardent Imperialist, and it was characteristic that when a phonograph first made its appearance at the New Palace the little boy, as he then was, sang into it the German National Anthem.

As is natural, German opinion is very much divided as to the education and training bestowed on the Crown Prince. One who has had many opportunities of seeing the Imperial household declares that Germany's future Emperor is "healthy alike in mind and body; simply, piously, and admirably brought up by both father and mother." On the other hand, William II early determined that his heir should not accept the patronage of any social or philanthropic association, and as long as he is a minor the Crown Prince of Germany will only have a right to put military titles after his name.

As regards their physical education, all the

six sons of the German Emperor and Empress have been brought up in a very Spartan fashion. The Crown Prince rides admirably, and has on more than one occasion displayed fearless courage when out riding with his father. The Emperor himself planned the scheme of education to be pursued in the case of his eldest son, and military discipline was early observed in the Prince's private apartments. He has never been to the theatre except to see an historical or patriotic play performed by special command of his father; and his only accomplishment is that of violin playing; indeed the future German Emperor's taste for music almost amounts to a passion, and is probably the special gift he has inherited from his great-grandfather, the late Prince Consort, whom he is said to resemble in personal appearance. What may be called the civil side of the Crown Prince's education has not been neglected. Among his tutors there have always been at least one Englishman and one Frenchman, but great stress has always been laid on the importance of the Prince's being thoroughly instructed in everything that specially affects Germany and German Imperial interests. Thus the Crown Prince is well acquainted with all that concerns his father's colonial Empire, and it is not unlikely that, instead of enjoying any of the many opportunities of visiting European countries which were given to William II when a boy, he will make a prolonged tour in the Colonies. At present the Crown Prince and the brother who has hitherto shared many of his interests and pastimes, are at Ploen, where they regularly attend the classes of the great military college established some years ago in the ancient Royal Schloss. It is believed that the two Princes will remain there till the year 1900, when the Crown Prince will spend some time in one of the German Universities, presumably Bonn, where both his father and his grandfather passed several happy years of student life.

THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND.

The laws of succession in Austria are based upon the Pragmatic Sanction, according to which the eldest son of the reigning monarch succeeds, and if the monarch has no son, then his eldest brother's heir, and so on. Only when no direct male heir exists in the family does the succession fall to the Emperor's eldest daughter; therefore it is evident that there can be no truth in the report widely circulated some years ago, that Francis Joseph intended to change the law of succession in favour of his little granddaughter, the late Crown Prince Rudolph's only child, Archduchess Elizabeth.

The future Emperor of Austria was born at Gratz on December 18, 1863, and is thus exactly thirty-three years of age. His mother, a Princess of Sicily, died when he was only seven years old, and he and his two brothers were brought up together with his youngest sister, now Duchess of Wurtemburg, by their beautiful and clever stepmother, a Princess of Braganza. Until the tragic death of the late Crown Prince of Austria, there seemed little likelihood that the Archduke Ferdinand would ever succeed to the throne of the dual monarchy; but after the suicide of his first cousin, the young Prince found himself transformed from being a man of small importance, little known and little liked by the lively Viennese, to being, after his uncle and his father, the most important man in Austria.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was educated just like all the princes of the House of Hapsburg; he entered the Regiment at the age of fifteen, when his education, in the ordinary sense of the term, abruptly stopped. But he is a cultivated man, taking a keen interest in many of the problems of modern life, and during the last few years he has travelled well and widely. One of the pleasant traits in his otherwise haughty and reserved character is his love for the country and sympathy with the peasantry, though this does not prevent his being a rigid martinet both with his men and as regards Court etiquette and ceremonial.

During the Archduke's tour round the world, he impressed the English officials with whom he came in contact as being curiously haughty in manner, but intelligent and manly. Indeed, the whole of his conduct since he assumed his present difficult position of Heir Presumptive to one of the shrewdest and cleverest men living, gives the lie, as no mere assertion could do, to the many wild stories told of his early youth.

The following story, even if true, must seem little worse than a boyish escapade, especially when the conditions of the Prince's education are considered. It is asserted that when he was eighteen and became, *ipso facto*, of age, or "emancipated," he burned all his books and vowed he would never touch another volume in his life! Needless to say, he has certainly not observed this vow, even if he ever made it.

Through his mother, who was enormously wealthy, he enjoys an income of about £40,000 a year, and during the latter half of his journey round the world he defrayed his personal expenses from his private means. In India he was treated with the greatest civility by the Indian Government, being met by the Viceroy and driven in State to Government House, Calcutta, where he was received by the Commander-in-Chief. He assisted at several tiger hunts and pig-sticking expeditions, and brought back with him to Europe a very remarkable collection of curiosities, his hunting trophies alone including fifteen tigers and several panthers. His greatest hobby, if so it can be called, is photography, and he already possesses one of the finest collections of landscapes and seascapes, done by himself, in the world.

At the present time the future Emperor of Austria is the most important Royal *parti* in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. It is almost without parallel that an Austrian Archduke in

the position of Francis Ferdinand should be still single at the age of thirty-three. His choice is, of course, limited to Roman Catholic Princesses, but this would not in his case imply a very serious limitation. We need not discuss the possibilities that have been suggested. The future Emperor is known to be a representative of the narrow though thoughtful class in Austria who consider that the dual kingdom should be ruled without any intervention on the part of the people. His uncle has spared no pains in initiating him into the practical side of his future work, but it is whispered that the Archduke is by no means enamoured of the Triple Alliance, and although effusively welcomed and royally treated during his rare visits to Germany, he has never shown any desire to make the German Emperor his guide, philosopher, and friend.



THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.
(*From a photograph by C. Pietzner.*)

THE COUNT OF FLANDERS.

The King of the Belgians and his present Heir Apparent have lived a long life in complete amity and friendship, for the Count of Flanders is devoted to his elder brother, and the affections of both were being centred on the Count and Countess of Flanders' eldest son, the late Prince Baldwin, a promising young man, whose death threw not only his own relations but the whole of the country into mourning. Philip Eugène Ferdinand Marie Clement Baldwin Leopold George, Count of Flanders, is two years younger than Leopold II, King of the Belgians. He will be sixty on March 24 next, but he possesses the splendid physique of the Princes of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and looks younger than his age.

The two sons of King Leopold and of good Queen Louise were brought up very simply, but with a strict regard to their future position, the elder being initiated into the duties of kingship, and the younger early trained to a military life. Owing to the peculiar position of Belgium among the European nations, the Count has not seen active warfare; and he is always said by those who have come in contact with him, to find far more recreation in a library than in barracks. From early youth he has always been a great favourite both with his large family circle and with the Flemish nation, and he has always loyally used any influence he possessed to further the views and ambitions of his brother. The Count of Flanders was already thirty when he became engaged to his present wife, Princess Marie of Hohenzollern, a beautiful and intelligent woman, who, from the day she entered Brussels as a bride, has been the Queen's most intimate friend and helper in all good works. The wedding took place in Berlin, and the event occasioned a great meeting of Royal personages, many of whom were among those who, twenty-five years later—that is to say, in the April of 1892—were able to send telegrams and letters of congratulation to the Count and Countess of Flanders on the occasion of their silver wedding. But many changes had come during those five-and-twenty years. The only son of King Leopold, the Duke of Brabant, had died. The King's favourite son-in-law, the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, had committed suicide, and the Belgian King and Queen, overshadowed by these successive misfortunes, were obliged to leave what may be called the supernumeraries of Royal state to their brother and sister-in-law.

PRINCE ALBERT OF FLANDERS.

The Count emerged from his partial retirement, and, together with his wife, threw himself into the breach. Their palace in the Rue de la Regence became the centre of the best world in Brussels, and their four children seconded their efforts. Then came the utterly unexpected illness and death of Prince Baldwin; and now the ultimate kingship of Belgium seems vested in the Count of Flanders' youngest child, Prince Albert, who celebrated his twenty-first birthday in the April of last year. Every effort has been made by both his uncle and his father to prepare him for his future position. Prince Albert was educated as a soldier, but since Prince Baldwin's death he has been allowed to see something of the world, and he recently paid a visit to the United Kingdom, and made a tour in the provinces—a tour which comprised a certain number of days devoted to what may be called useful sightseeing, for the King of the Belgians is very anxious that his successor should know something of the commercial life and manufacturing districts of other countries besides his own. The Prince travelled, on this occasion, as on many others, only accompanied by one guide, philosopher, and friend, a certain Major Jungblath, a man of wide attainments and considerable knowledge of foreign languages. Unlike the late Prince Baldwin, who bore a remarkable resemblance to Napoleon I, Prince Albert recalls in many particulars Leopold II.

It is interesting to note that he was christened Albert in deference to a wish expressed by his uncle, who knew that the selection would please Queen Victoria, with whom the Belgian Royal family is so closely connected by ties of affection as well as of blood. Both Prince Albert

and his sisters—the eldest is now Duchess of Vendome, the wife of the only son of the Duc d'Alençon—speak Flemish and German as well as they do French. The Prince is devoted to that portion of his uncle's kingdom from which his father takes his title, and it is not improbable that he will shortly be given the title of Duke of Anhalt.

Although the Count of Flanders' official income is but £8,000 a year, both he and his wife are very wealthy, and will be more so on the death of the Empress of Mexico. The Count was awarded a third of the private fortune of Leopold I, and through his mother, who was a daughter of Louis Philippe, he was entitled to a seventh portion of the sum yielded by the French Government to the Orleans family.

Probably few people realise that, in the event of Prince Albert of Belgium's death, the Crown of Belgium would in time pass to Queen Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, or, to give him his right title, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Such an event is not, however, very likely to occur, for already the engagement of Prince Albert has been seriously discussed, and will probably be announced in the course of next summer.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.
(*From a photograph by E. Hohlenberg.*)

THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

One of the most popular of the European Heirs Apparent is Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark. He is fifty years of age, and is still a young-looking man, resembling his younger sister, the Princess of Wales, both in his charm of manner and kindliness of disposition. It has been his fate to be brother-in-law to a future King of England, and to the Czar of Russia; his own younger brother is King of Greece, and his wife was a King's daughter, being the only child of the late King of Sweden and Norway. But the Crown Prince holds his own, and is both liked and respected, not only by his innumerable relations, but also by the people over whom he will be called upon to reign.

It is interesting to note that the Crown Prince of Denmark is one of the very few Royal personages who acknowledges himself a freemason, for he is a Grand Master of the Danish V.S.V. He belongs to a great many learned and philosophical societies, and has always taken an active part in their management. The Crown Prince and Princess inhabit during the winter one of the four palaces which go to make up the curious Amalienborg Square, in the middle of which is a bronze statue of Frederic V. Their country house, Charlottenlund, is a large roomy building, not unlike an old French chateau. It is situated on the Strandvei, and is about six miles from Copenhagen. One of the causes of the Prince's great popularity in Denmark is the fact that he has always allowed the good people of Copenhagen free access to the beautiful park surroundings of his country home, and on high days and holidays the straight well-kept roads which lead from the capital to Charlottenlund are crowded with holiday-makers on their way to or from the castle. The Crown Prince has not seen much of active warfare, but as a youth he spent a great deal of his time in Germany, notably at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and he keeps himself well acquainted with all that is going on in the various military centres. He is devoted to his three beautiful sisters, he has frequently been the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and he often spends a portion of each summer at Gmunden, with the Duchess of Cumberland. When on his travels he preserves a strict incognito, styling himself Count Kronburg.

As is the case with almost every Heir Apparent, his great interest lies naturally in his father's army; he is always the General in command at the autumn manœuvres, and is on the best of terms with both officers and men. Many stories have been told of his good-nature and amiable disposition, for one peculiarity of the Danish Royal family is the way in which they freely mix with the people.

The Crown Prince and Princess have seven children, four sons and three daughters, who are a very united and affectionate family. The eldest, Prince Christian, who is twenty-five years of age, has led a military career. His engagement to one of the twin Princesses of Wurtemburg has just been announced. The relations of the Crown Prince and his eldest son to the aged King of Denmark are in every sense admirable; they both unobtrusively spare him every unnecessary fatigue and annoyance, and it is rare, indeed, excepting on such an occasion as that of the marriage of Prince Charles of Denmark to Princess Maud of Wales, that they both leave the country together.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

The Crown Prince of Sweden, Oscar Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Verlemand, was born at Drottningholm on June 16, 1858, fourteen years before his father, Oscar II, ascended the throne of the dual kingdom. He was brought up by his mother, the pious and high-minded

Queen Sophia, and was, if anything, almost over-educated, for he was made to qualify both for the army and the navy; but it is significant that even the Crown Prince, to say nothing of his brothers, was not allowed to stand in the way of the promotion of ordinary officers, and the discipline to which he was subjected was



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.
(*From a photograph by Gosta Florman.*)

quite as strict as that meted out to his comrades.

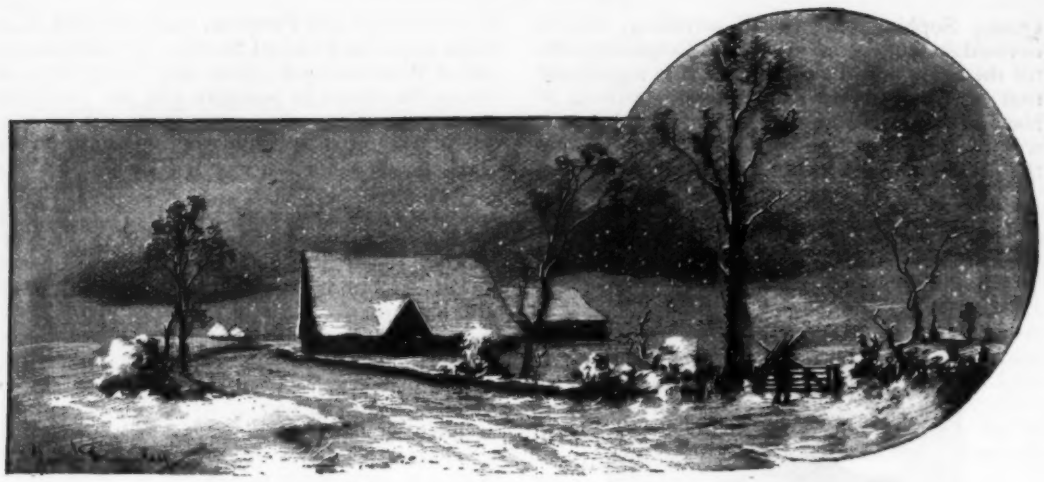
The Crown Prince of Sweden is the least good-looking of the four sons of the King and Queen of Sweden. He is a tall slight man, and very short-sighted; indeed it is said that very few of his future subjects know what he looks like without his spectacles. Up to the present time the Prince has not seen much of the world of Courts, and yet he has always been considered as a near and dear relation by the three successive German Emperors, for he married in 1881 Princess Victoria of Baden, the eldest granddaughter of William I. Miss Ebba Monk, now the morganatic wife of Prince Oscar Charles, was once maid-of-honour to the Crown Princess, who, with a liberality of spirit which did her honour, joined her mother-in-law in persuading the King of Sweden to allow the marriage. Unfortunately the Crown Princess of Sweden is extremely delicate, and she is obliged to spend a greater part of each year either in the south of France or in Italy. She is enormously wealthy, and likely to become more so, for she is now the only child of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden.

During the summer months of the year the Crown Prince and Princess, together with their three sons, the Duke of Scania, of Sudermania, and of Westmanland—three fine sturdy boys, of whom the eldest is fourteen and the youngest seven years of age—live very simply at Sophiero, one of the most splendid country seats in the world, where they are often visited by the Danish Royal family.

The Crown Prince of Sweden is known to have very pronounced views on the vexed Norwegian Home Rule question, and this makes one great bond of sympathy between himself and his father. Early in the April of 1894, the Norwegian Parliament adopted a resolution suspending the Norwegian half of the Crown Prince of Sweden's Civil List until he had given a denial of having used an expression attributed to him regarding the eventuality of an armed invasion of Norway by Sweden. The Prince, who was away when this occurred, disdained to make any answer to those who had so affronted him, but he sent a note on the subject to the Press. "I regard it," he wrote, "as incompatible with my position and my dignity either to discuss or deny the expression attributed to me. Apart from this, any such step on my part might always be interpreted as means resorted to by me to assure the possession of my Civil List. Under these conditions I neither will nor can assent to the grant. In any case, my love for Norway and my feelings towards the Norwegians remain the same." The Crown Prince's sentiments are shared by his brothers, and there is little doubt that should Norway ever actively formulate a demand for a separate form of government, the Royal family will unite in facing the emergency.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.
(*From a photograph by Gosta Florman.*)



Second Thoughts on Books and Men.

Boswell.

There are not many books of the last century that are widely known and read in ours. Probably the most popular is Boswell's "Life of Johnson," a biography of exhaustless interest, which makes us as familiar with its hero as if we had heard him roaring out his opinions at the Mitre or chatting with Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney at Streatham. In the new edition of Boswell, edited by Mr. Birrell, the editor's judgment of the author affords an agreeable contrast to the paradoxical estimate of Macaulay. No man could have written the best literary biography in the language who was the dunce and fool so vividly represented in the essayist's pages. Boswell's faults were many, and they were upon the surface; some of them excited laughter, and others called for contempt. As a man he was far from being a model, and if he had had a spirit more sensitive and "finely touched," the garrulous admissions made in his Life of Johnson would doubtless have been omitted. Mr. Birrell says truly, however, that Boswell's "crudities and oddities need not interfere with the frankness of our recognition of his superlative talent." How great that talent was—might it not even be called genius?—becomes more evident the more the volumes are studied. The life is a work of art, and like the finest portraits painted by such masters as Rembrandt or Velasquez, can never lose its charm. In his dictionary Johnson defines a pension as "an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent," and adds that, "in England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." Happily for him and for us, there came a time when he saw that a pension might be honourably received since he had given an ample equivalent for it. No man ever more richly deserved such a recognition of his labours, and we, thanks to Boswell, are, as Mr. Birrell points out, still reaping the fruits of it. It not only gave Johnson the means of exercising his noble charity, but it gave him "ease of mind and leisure to talk, and has kept us all going ever since."—J. D.

Dainty Cherry-Stones.

Dr. Samuel Johnson did not think much of Milton's sonnets. He said that the great poet could hew out a Colossus, but could not carve successfully on cherry-stones. Yet when did any thought ever convey more soothing and healing than Milton's immortal line, closing the sonnet on his blindness?—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Even from greatest works, it is only solitary lines or stanzas that are grasped by hungry souls and assimilated or stored for their refreshment. It is the cherry-stones which we carry in our pockets—and not the Colossus!

To-day, the writer's first marching order is "Be brief." Certainly, it is not the *only* order of the day. For one may be as brief as possible, but if one has nothing to say one remains superfluous. I remember a clergyman who sometimes preached only for five minutes, yet his congregation thought how long those five minutes were.

None but the prosers need to fear brevity. Certainly not the poets, whose words should all be seeds, ready to develop themselves to any extent. One can carry a whole forest of

oaks latent in a basket of acorns, ready to sprout in a fitting soil.

Thus we welcome Frederick Langbridge's little book. We feel sure that his "Cluster of Quiet Thoughts" will have just the success and the fame which that poet will care for. The little volume is precisely the book between whose leaves one may embalm one's tenderest memories and kindest thoughts, and deserves to be the companion of the busy man or woman on whose thoughts and to whose lips many of its lines will spring and bear fruit, perhaps even when their origin is scarcely remembered. They will welcome such suggestion as—

"Break not from off thy life a piece for heaven,
Or large or small:
But pour the soul of service in for leaven
And raise it all."

Or the much-needed warning conveyed in the quaint simile—

"Think not thou may'st slip in
And clink a glass with sin,
And back to work or ever thou be missed:
Full deep shalt thou carouse,
And wake with panting brows,
To find the Devil's shilling in thy fist."

Mr. Langbridge's verses will be the spiritual refreshment of the aged or the dying, who "cannot bear much at a time," but need that little of strengthening and sustaining quality. How different their lot looks from his standpoint!—

"Lay not thy pain to Satan's spite
Or twist of tangled fate,
Nor deem some wind of chance and night
Hath blown it to thy gate;
But say, 'One cometh with a gracious word:
Behold, Thy Servant heareth, speak, my Lord.'"

And this book is such a pretty book, with such sweet thoughts flitting about the beautiful side of nature, that it must surely become a favourite with young men and maidens, who are themselves where our poet is when he sings—

"The darkening streets about me lie,
The shame, the fret, the squalid jars:
But swallow's wings go flashing by,
And in the puddles there are stars."

We have not drawn into this note the names of George Herbert or Quarles. Frederick Langbridge recommends himself, and did not remind us of anybody.—I. F. M.

"The Mill on the Floss."

Says Philip Wakem, in his letter on the loss of Maggie Tulliver: "How could I be resigned to the loss of the one thing which had ever come to me on earth, with the promise of such deep joy as would give a new and blessed meaning to the foregoing pain—the promise of another self that would lift my aching affection into the divine rapture of an ever-springing, ever-satisfied want."

This passage opens up the ever-recurring question: Is any friendship worth the inevitable pain that, sooner or later, springs up alongside of all deep feeling? Does the joy ever compensate for the sorrow that comes with separation, either through the necessity of voluntarily resigning, or through death? Upon our estimate of the worth of sorrow, as well as joy, in moulding character, must depend the answer to the question. The noblest men and women have agreed, that readiness to risk its possible anguish is the measure of the capacity of the soul for true friendship.

"But *who* shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?"

Few, indeed, are they who have courage to contemplate a return so far off that only a hand reached out to beyond time can catch it. Those years that must be lived in loneliness stretch out between as an unending vista; and only slowly do we realise that

"God gives patience, Love learns strength,
And Faith remembers promise:
And Hope itself can smile at length
On other hopes gone from us."

C. E. L.

Another Passage.

"The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it; the question whether the moment has come in which a man has fallen below the possibility of a renunciation that will carry any efficacy, and must accept the sway of a passion against which he had struggled as a trespass, is one for which we have no master-key that will fit all cases. The casuists have become a by-word of reproach; but their perverted spirit of minute discrimination was the shadow of a truth to which eyes and hearts are too often fatally sealed—the truth that moral judgments must remain false and hollow, unless they are enlightened by a perpetual reference to the special circumstances that mark the individual lot."

Does this statement mean, simply, that every affection and act must be judged with reference to the special circumstances and position of him who cherishes the feeling, or does the deed? If so, it is entirely true.

Or, does it mean that, in questions of passion and inclination, there are not clear and definite laws that cannot be righteously swept aside at the bidding of individual preference and desire? If this be its meaning, it is a denial of what the whole course of the universe affirms, that the laws in the world of spirit are immutable as those that "preserve the stars from wrong," and through which the very ancient heavens themselves are "fresh and strong." One school of novelists, more modern than George Eliot,

undoubtedly holds that all binding fetters are to be swept away at the will of overpowering personal impulse; and spends much breath in anathematising the Fates that have made human longings stronger than human power of restraint. But even to the heathen, "Jupiter Stator"—Jupiter the stayer of headlong flight—was known. In ceasing to build temples to him, have we lost also the old heathen sense that there is a supernatural power that can stay the wild career of souls bent on their own destruction? If so, methinks the stones of those ruined Roman walls cry out against us. In morals, as in physics, we control the course of things, not by trying to put aside natural laws, an attempt suicidal always in its effects, but by bringing ourselves into harmony with their uniform course. We are not the helpless victims of circumstances always perversely against us, but men and women open to and surrounded by influences from above, as well as from beneath; unless, indeed, we have so given our wills over to "our own way" that no higher forces can play upon us. The Ark had but one window, and that one was towards heaven.—C. E. L.

A Busy Man's Accomplishment.

It is a wise rule to begin the day by considering what *has* to be done first; then, what *had better* be done next, and proceed straightway to do first the one and then the other. Generally one is surprised to find how quickly a thing is done, if done at the right time, and in the right way.

It is also a wise plan for very busy people to take a complete (though necessarily brief) rest in the middle of a long, hard-working day. A well-known Indian official, every hour of whose day was full of work, used to advise his young subordinates to train themselves to the power of sleeping at will. He could, he said, lay his head down on his office-desk and sleep soundly for ten minutes, when he chose, waking up thoroughly refreshed, and such a power of taking rest was a most valuable accomplishment for a busy man.—S. U.

Leisure.

In our day men are frequently forced to retire from active service long before they cease to be incapable of work. Many a man, too, gives up business with the hope, that often proves delusive, of enjoying the sweets of leisure. He thinks, as Charles Lamb thought, that to escape from the office stool, and to have the uncontrolled use of his time, is one of the greatest of earthly felicities. What a boon it seems to work or idle at will, to go where fancy takes one, and to do what one pleases! But, alas! doing anything too often means doing nothing; the man of leisure may become the victim of *ennui*, and may discover that, in losing his occupation, he has lost what gave a healthy zest to life. It is only the mind capable of feeling interest in a variety of subjects that can make a friend of leisure. If a man's thoughts have been for years centred on politics, or commerce, or some exacting but limited pursuit, the wide world lying beyond him will be an unknown country. He knows nothing of its beauty, and cannot avail himself of its resources. He is left, as it were, stranded, and is in danger either of growing indifferent, or becoming fussy, or a retailer of gossip.

The evil is obvious, and so, I think, is the remedy. The man who wishes to enjoy the sweets of leisure must take care not to live for his profession alone. He must have a favourite occupation, the pursuit of which will supply a healthy recreation. We might call this his "hobby" were it not that the word has rather an ill flavour, and reminds us of the *virtuoso* who finds his pastime in collecting curious walking-sticks, or pipes, or in buying objects of art, not because they are beautiful, but because they are rare.

But it is possible to have a worthy hobby, and in these busy over-burdened times it is good, both for health of mind and body, to find one. Our great statesmen and lawyers have always exhibited the intellectual alertness which enables them at fitting seasons to throw off the robes of office. They have adopted Sir Walter Scott's motto: "Never to be doing nothing"; their relaxation, when not physical, has been gained by a change of mental work, and thus their leisure hours have often proved as fruitful as the hours dedicated to the public service. To them *ennui* is a disease unknown; is there any reason why it should be known to us? In our smaller way we, too, may learn, in the noble words of Landor, to "warm both hands before the fire of life."

There is much space for enjoyment in this world, and no room for indolence. If we keep our eyes open and our minds awake, we shall throw off the apathy which makes the days of some people so colourless.

Quite apart from the duties of life, which are beyond the line of these thoughts, why should not every day have its pleasant pursuit, mental or physical? It is not everyone who has the happy opportunity of planting trees like Scott, or thinning woods like Mr. Gladstone; but there is no reason why for all of us the leisure hour should not be a full hour, since everyone has some special gift which he might exercise with advantage if he would but take the trouble to find it out.—J. D.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

To pour oil on troubled waters of social or domestic life is no doubt an excellent idea, but let us make sure that the oil is sweet and good. An unctuously pious reason for an evidently selfish course, a display of uncalled-for humbleness, such as Uriah Heep's, or an effusion of the greasy compliments with which he smoothed his serpent track—who desires them?

Rather let us have a bit of a breeze, any day, and ship a sea or two, than steer a course unnaturally free from friction, by the aid of such unsavoury lubricants.—J. M. S. M.

Vox Populi:

SOME LETTERS FROM OUR POST-BAG.

LETTERS CONCERNING THE MARRIED STATE.

LETTER FROM A MISJUDGED HUSBAND.

Sir,—'Tis a matter of some fifteen years since I entered the married state, and you will therefore perceive that, as your correspondent, I do not approach you with the pique of a year-old bridegroom who finds that the charms and graces of his goddess abate somewhat upon a closer acquaintance.

My wife is, to me, all that I conceived her to be when she became my chosen life's companion, but, by some strange perversity of fancy, she insists upon it that I no longer exhibit the same ardour of affection that led her to make surrender in our courting days. I attribute this misconception on her part to an increasing taste for the lighter order of fiction, in which love-making plays a disproportionate part. Heaven having blessed us with prosperity, she is enabled to take her domestic duties easily, and not being by nature a gadabout, spends the greater portion of her time in the society of the novelists, having, to my knowledge, already browsed her way through two circulating libraries.

Sir, should you be happy enough to have escaped the experience, take my word for it, that a difference of taste in literature is as fatal to family peace as a difference of taste in jokes. I am all for reading of a solid and improving nature, but the partner of my fireside is never so happy as when thrilled with the fictitious woes and moved with the succeeding bliss of some scribbler's puppets, and it is my misfortune to find myself—with a figure emphasising the advance of years, and a pate growing bald at the top—compared to my disadvantage with those slim, fictitious whippersnappers who skip through three volumes of wooing, and quit the stage while yet aglow with the raptures of conquest.

The novelists are in this matter much to blame. They make their bow to us when they have successfully launched their young couples on the matrimonial sea—ere yet, indeed, their little barques, fraught with such high hopes, have quitted the harbour, or encountered so much as a passing squall.

'Tis this distorted picture of life that makes our womenfolk discontented with an affection that need not have deteriorated in quality because in the passage of years it finds fewer decorative phrases in which to express itself. Time sobers us all; honeymoon manners sit but awkwardly upon middle-aged shoulders, and a man who cannot bring reason to support his passion may well be the laughing-stock of his kind.

If you, sir, will do your endeavour to convince my wife that, though I can no longer emulate the tricks and graces of her latest hero, I am none the less her devoted lover, as well as husband, you will do much to lighten the cares of, sir,

Your obedient servant,
A MISJUDGED HUSBAND.

LETTER FROM A CANNY WOOER.

Sir,—Being the oldest and closest friend (from whom he conceals nothing) of your correspondent "A Misjudged Husband," I am acquainted with the contents of his letter to you. While it pains me to differ from him, I am of opinion that he is unnecessarily severe upon contemporary fiction, which cannot be expected to include the whole drama of life in its limited range. Does not much of our post-nuptial unhappiness arise from the ridiculous and unnatural way in which we ourselves conduct our sweethearting? We tune ourselves to a pitch it is impossible, and would indeed be absurd, to maintain. We teach the imagination to expect what human nature with all its imperfections and inconsistencies cannot supply; and when two unthinking beings take the inevitable leap from these heights to the commonplace level of everyday life, is it a wonder that affection is sometimes fractured upon the way?

I see no remedy but an entire revision of the laws of love-making. When once we have established courtship upon a basis of commonsense, the novelists, whose business it is to reflect life, will speedily follow suit. Let but Jack and Jill once get it into their silly pates that the marriage ceremony is not necessarily and inevitably the open sesame to the Happy-ever-after Country; let them realise that that realm must be invaded and conquered at a cost of mutual patience, forbearance, and courage in the face of difficulties, and if in consequence of this prudent forecast there

are fewer bold enough to make the venture, there will also be fewer to repent it when made.

Yours to command,

A CANNY WOOER.

LETTER FROM LYDIA LEAPYEAR, SPINSTER.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The whole difficulty arises from the selfish masterfulness of man, who has hitherto held it to be his sole prerogative to propose.

We are rapidly changing all that; woman is no longer man's slave, and as his equal she is at perfect liberty to take the initiative and to make, instead of merely waiting to receive, an offer of marriage if it so pleases her. When the scruples of the prudish have been silenced, and a generation used to adapt itself to the clinging, irresponsible, helpless feminine ideal set up by the opposite sex has died out, we shall reverse rôles, and man will then learn that it is his high privilege to accept what he has hitherto held it to be his inalienable right to bestow.

Let my good cousin, "A Canny Lover," but have patience. Our day is at hand; when it dawns he will have little to complain of in the conduct of courtship. Awaiting that hour in calm confidence, I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Your sincere well-wisher,

LYDIA LEAPYEAR (SPINSTER).

LETTER FROM A MISUNDERSTOOD WIFE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Seeing a letter addressed to you lying upon the hall table awaiting the outgoing post, I can but rush to the conclusion that my husband has written to complain of me! Alas! that it should have come to this! But how can you, who are but a man also, form any conception of what I suffer from his increasing coldness? He was loth to quit me once, now he leaves me for his business in the morning with the scantiest of farewells; he returns in the evening with no warmer a greeting than an indifferent "Well, my dear, and how have you passed the day?" too uninterested to notice whether or no his careless observation evokes a reply. We spend our evenings at the same fireside, it is true, but sundered wide as the poles in sympathy. While he buries himself in some abstruse work of science, or loses his identity in the march of history, can you wonder that I find myself bathed in secret tears as I read in the entrancing pages of fiction of that sweet intercourse of wedded lives it is no longer my bliss to share?

You may hold it to be a sad confession of weakness, but, sir, we women cannot content ourselves with the knowledge that our husbands cheerfully provide us with food and drink and a roof to shelter us; would fly for the doctor were we sick, and mourn us with sincerest grief did we die. Let us be convinced as we may that no other has usurped our rightful place in his heart, we still yearn for the daily assurance of love; the outward sign that we are still in a husband's esteem the same that he preferred before all others.

The monotonous current of domestic life should be sweetened with the little attentions and gallantries that brightened the course of courtship; is it not thus that the charm of home is maintained? If I cannot reach up to my lord's level, eaten up as his mind is with grave subjects, might he not sometimes stoop to mine? It is but little matters that make up the everyday life of a woman, and on these her happiness hangs.

Would he but praise some stroke of household management, give his approval to a new gown, let me know that my glass does not mislead me when it tells me I am still comely, I could hug to myself the assurance that I had not lost the lover in the husband, and would never desire to open a novel again!

There must be other wives who suffer as I do, for all that they bear themselves so smilingly to the world; in their name as well as my own I beseech you to help us.

Yours sorrowfully,

A MISUNDERSTOOD WIFE.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A LADY WHO DESIRES TO BE ANONYMOUS.

I consider my niece a very silly person. What would the goose be at? She has a husband who indulges her whims and supplies her wants liberally, and who scarce ever pulls a wry face over a dressmaker's bill, though I myself consider her to be quite wickedly extravagant. And yet because he treats her like a sensible woman (she is nearer 40 than she cares to own, and much gone off in looks) and has more manliness than to bill and coo and talk nonsense as if he were a beardless boy in the last stage of love, she must needs cherish a grievance and carry herself with the mien of a martyr. I think, between ourselves, it is a thousand pities my nephew is so rich; had she been placed in a situation where she required to look at the other side of every sixpence, to darn her man's stockings, refront his shirts, and manœuvre daily to make the reluctant ends of an insufficient income to meet, there would have been no room in her brain for such silly maggots.

The law, I believe, permits a husband to chastise his wife with a rod no thicker than his little finger, but I should no doubt be considered—and by none quicker than by my nephew—a monster of brutality did I suggest such a salutary method of bringing her to reason.

I can but hope that as she has taken her ailments to you for advice, you will light upon the proper remedy, and, for the sake of the family, shame the foolishness out of her.

Science and Discovery



GLACIAL MARKINGS AT KINGSTON, IOWA.

BIRDS AND THE WEATHER.

The influence of weather conditions upon the migration of birds has not received the careful attention it deserves, no doubt because it is difficult to get together the facts required for a comparison of migrational and meteorological phenomena. Mr. W. Eagle Clarke, of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, has, however, investigated the matter thoroughly, with results described in a recently published Report. As might have been anticipated, only the weather peculiarities in the particular areas from which birds are moving have any effect upon the emigration. Temperature appears to play the most important part in the various seasonal movements of birds, and is the main controlling factor in all extraordinary movements, other meteorological conditions being suitable. A rise of temperature in South-western Europe in the spring induces the birds to embark on their northward journey, eventually to reach our islands. All great movements from North-western Europe in the autumn occur when there is a gentle descent of barometric pressure bridging over the North Sea from Scandinavia to Britain. Much importance has been attached to winds in connection with bird migration, but the conclusions drawn from a careful study of the subject are that the *direction* of the wind has no influence whatever as an incentive to migration, though the force of the wind is an important factor. There is, indeed, the clearest proof that birds do not emigrate when the winds are exceptionally high, though they sometimes pass into high winds and gales when *en route*.

THE VITALITY OF SEEDS.

Much has been written upon the question of the vitality of seeds under great cold and over long periods of time, but very few exact and trustworthy observations have been made in connection with it. In 1877 wheat was raised at Kew Gardens from grain which had been exposed to the intense cold experienced during the Arctic expedition of 1874-76, thus showing that the low temperature had not destroyed the power of germination. Some experiments lately described by Professor De Candolle, of Geneva, bear out this conclusion. Seeds of corn, oats, fennel, etc., were exposed by him for 118 days to a temperature of 40° Fahr. below zero—that is, 72° below the freezing-point of water. In spite of this refrigerating experience, nearly all the seeds retained their vitality. With regard to the extreme longevity attributed to certain seeds, though some gardeners have recorded the successful germination of "mummy wheat," careful experiments with grain from Egyptian tombs have failed to substantiate the results. There are, however, several good instances of the development of normal seedlings from seeds which had been

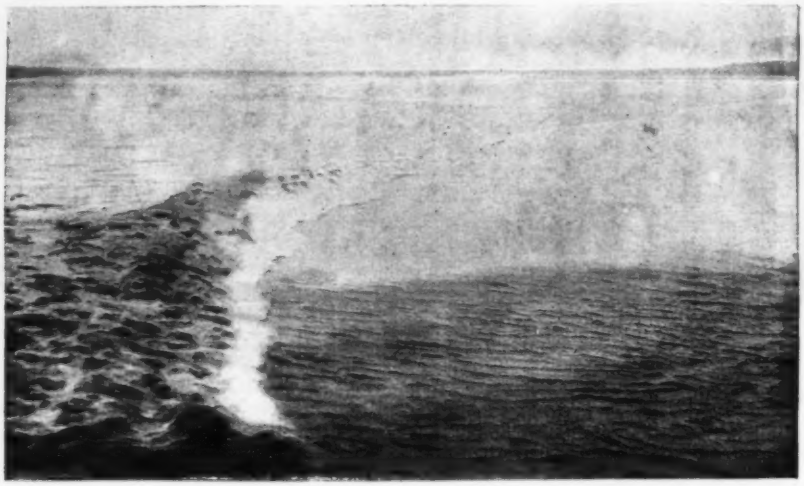
kept a great number of years. Thus, plants buried under rubbish heaps collected by the Greeks have been found to develop and bear flowers from seeds which must have been more than fifteen hundred years old.

A ROCK PLANED BY GLACIERS.

Every glacier writes a record upon the surface over which it passes. Pieces of rock become embedded in the ice at the base of the glacier, and as the frozen river flows on, they cut grooves and striations in the ground beneath. No more striking example of this action could be shown than that exhibited by the accompanying picture of a glaciated surface on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi at Kingston, Iowa, reproduced from a photograph taken in connection with the Iowa Geological Survey. The circumstances which led to the discovery of this scratched rock are described in a report of the survey. A trench was being excavated in order to form a new channel for a stream, and when the alluvial deposit and drift, having a thickness from ten to sixty feet, were removed, the limestone rock floor upon which they rested was found perfectly level and thickly scored with glacial markings. At least four distinct sets of scratches have been determined. Each one of the series consists of perfectly straight parallel grooves, the larger ones—presumably the latest formed—being about an inch in depth, while those made at an earlier epoch are nearly obliterated. There can be no doubt that in prehistoric times a glacier moved over this rock in different directions, and when the ice melted the *débris* which it carried was deposited upon the smooth floor, so that the record of the movement was obscured. The veil of loess and drift has now been stripped off, and the striated rock stands out as the clear record of a past age, forcibly bringing to mind Tennyson's words: "O earth, what changes hast thou seen!"

A GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

A fine photograph of a tidal wave, or "bore," upon the Petitcodiac River, New Brunswick, is here reproduced from the latest report of the Geological Survey of Canada. The bore is shown rushing up the river as a foaming breaker six feet high, with a velocity of six or seven miles an hour. Evidently any small boat that happened to be caught by it would be swamped. Bores of this description are generally produced when a funnel-shaped bay or estuary is so situated that it faces the front of the advancing tide-waves. A good example is afforded by our own Severn, where a wave several feet high rolls up-stream at spring tides, the accumulation of water curbed by the narrowing shores causing the tide to rise at Chepstow by as much as forty feet above low-water mark. But the best instance known to physical geographers occurs in the Bay of Fundy, into the head of which the Petitcodiac River flows. The tide-waves there run squarely between the shores of Nova Scotia on the one side and the States of Maine and New Brunswick on the other, and the narrowing form of the course causes the tides to be exceptionally high. Sir John Herschel relates that a ship has been known to strike and remain fixed on a sunken rock at high water there during the night, and at daybreak the crew have been astonished to find themselves looking down a precipice into water far below. The Canadian geologists' measurements of high and low water at various places inside the mouth of the Bay hardly go so far as this, but they show, nevertheless, that the difference between high and low water during spring tides at some places is as much as fifty-three feet, which is still the greatest known tidal range.

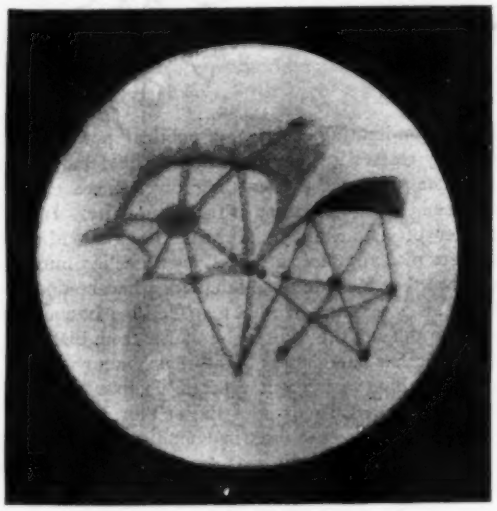


PETITCODIAC RIVER, MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK. THE BORE, AS PHOTOGRAPHED. HEIGHT 5 FEET 4 INCHES.

THE CANALS ON MARS.

Mars is again a brilliant object in the sky, and astronomers are again directing their attention

to it in the hope of obtaining more light as to the nature of the features it presents. The most remarkable markings upon the planet's surface are the so-called canals—fine dark lines, having widths from 30 to 200 miles, and lengths from 200 to 1,500 miles, running in all directions. For ten years after their discovery by Schiaparelli their existence was denied, but since 1888 the perspicacity of astronomers in regard to them has increased, and now there are many who maintain that they are real structures which have to be accounted for. The most striking of these



LACUS PHŒNICIS (PHŒNIX LAKE), NOVEMBER 1894.

canals are shown in the accompanying illustration from Mr. Percival Lowell's work on M rs (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston; and Longmans, London). In 1894, when the planet was very well visible, Mr. Lowell fitted up an observatory in the elevated position and clear air of Flagstaff, Arizona, and made systematic observations of the various markings. The most prominent feature observed at the commencement of these vigils was a great white region, 2,000 miles across, which capped the planet's south pole. In all probability this consisted of ice or snow, for it shrank as the summer season on Mars advanced, and eventually disappeared altogether. With the fading away of the polar cap, the canals began to show, as if they were channels depending upon the melting of the snow for their water. Mr. Lowell suggests that what are called canals are not artificial watercourses at all, but strips of "cultivated" land bordering streams too narrow to be observable in even the best telescopes. The dark spots, to and from which the canals seem to run, he regards as oases. It is suggested that upon these and the irrigated strips live whatever inhabitants, of whatever order, Mars is capable of sustaining, for the remainder of the surface has the appearance of desert land—the light parts in the accompanying picture—and sea.

THE VAPOURS OF METALS.

Engineering workshops and iron foundries have a peculiar smell which is often ascribed to the vapour of iron. There is no direct evidence that iron really does shed its fragrance at ordinary temperatures, but some experiments described in the November Journal of the Chemical Society affords support to that view. A steel bar magnet was placed in front of a sensitised photographic plate, but separated from it by a sheet of cardboard. All light was excluded, and the bar was left in front of the plate for periods varying from fifteen days to several months. The results obtained showed that the bar actually produced an effect upon the sensitised surface, the action being attributed to the vaporisation of the steel at ordinary temperatures, and the passage of the vapour through the cardboard. It may, however, be suggested that the effect is really due to magnetic influence, especially as M. Colson has found that iron has no action upon a gelatino-bromide photographic plate when placed in contact with it for about twenty-four hours. This investigator has shown that zinc, magnesium, and cadmium, when freshly polished and placed upon the sensitised plate, act as if they were slightly luminous. The action is believed to be due to minute traces of vapour given off by the metals at ordinary temperatures. The vapour has the power of penetrating all porous substances, such as paper, thin strips of wood, etc., just like Röntgen's X-rays. Lead, tin, copper, iron, and aluminium have also been tried, but they produced no results. R. A. GREGORY.

Astronomical Notes for January.

On the 1st inst. the sun rises at Greenwich (the headquarters of astronomy and time-reckoning in England) at 8h. 8m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 59m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 8h. 1m. and sets at 4h. 18m. The Moon becomes New at 6h. 3m. on the morning of the 3rd; enters her First Quarter at 9h. 46m. on the evening of the 10th; becomes Full at 8h. 17m. on that of the 18th, and enters her Last Quarter at 8h. 9m. on that of the 25th. She will be in apogée, or farthest from the earth, about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 11th, and in perigee or nearest us about two on the afternoon of the 25th. It may here be mentioned that there will be two eclipses of the Sun, both annular, this year, on February 1 and July 29, but no eclipse of the Moon. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 6th inst., and will about that time be visible in the evening, in the constellation Capricornus; he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 22nd. Venus is a brilliant object in the evening, moving during the month from the eastern part of the constellation Capricornus through Aquarius into Pisces; she will be in conjunction with the crescent Moon on the 6th. Mars is in the north-eastern part of Taurus, and becoming fainter; he is now in the meridian about 10 o'clock in the evening, and at the end of the month will be in that position two hours earlier. Jupiter rises soon after 9 o'clock in the evening and earlier as the month advances; he is in the middle of the constellation Leo, and will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 21st inst. Saturn is in Scorpio, and does not rise until about 4 o'clock in the morning.—W. T. LYNN.

Continental and American Notes.

Duelling in Germany.

The exciting and acrimonious debates in the German Reichstag on the duelling nuisance have been followed with the closest attention throughout the Fatherland, where people are sharply divided between thorough-going defenders of duelling and those who see its utter folly and wickedness. The result of the debates has not been altogether satisfactory, for the Government, although they have promised inquiry and reform, have done so in such a lukewarm manner that no one need expect much as the outcome of their action. The only satisfactory thing about the debates is that it has riveted public attention on the matter, and set the opponents of duelling to work with might and main for its abolition. It is quite impossible to give accurate figures as to the number of duels which are actually fought every year in Germany. Most of them do not find their way into the newspapers or the courts of justice; but during the past twelve years 1,215 persons have been before the courts charged with this offence—an average of over 100 per annum. This, it will be remembered, does not include duels among officers, nor the ordinary sabre duels among the students at the universities, the latter of which are not regarded as serious affairs. There is no use in mincing matters. So long as this wicked practice is condoned by the Emperor—nay, encouraged by him—so long will it flourish and have its numerous defenders. In assemblies of students he has publicly expressed admiration for the system of hacking and slashing followed by these foolish youngsters in their corps, and on every occasion almost when an officer or another has been convicted for duelling, even when the duel has resulted in the death of one of the parties, the Kaiser has either mitigated the sentence or set the prisoner at liberty.

Civilian and Soldier in Germany.

The case of Lieutenant Brüssewitz, a German officer in Mannheim, who recently ran his sword through an unfortunate mechanic for lurching against the chair on which the officer sat and refusing an instantaneous apology, has also been debated in the Reichstag, and has been fruitful in revealing the deep gulf separating civilian and soldier in the Fatherland. Although militarism is so rampant in Germany, there can be no doubt that with the spread of commerce and the gradual enlightenment of the masses of the people, the preponderating social and political power of the military classes is bound to suffer. The debate in the Reichstag revealed the startling divergences existing between these two classes of the community. It was a matter of astonishment to hear the War Minister declare that an officer attacked by a civilian must use the sword at his side in self-defence when he does not know his assailant. He has to defend his honour, and also to defend the Kaiser's uniform from dishonour. On the other hand, it was urged that honour was not a different thing in different walks of life, that the civilian had as keen a sense of it as the soldier, and that he was as entitled to use force in defending it from injury. A good deal of ridicule was poured on the plea that the "Kaiser's coat" had to be held in honour. It was cruelly pointed out by Democrats that these coats were all bought by taxes paid by the people. One speaker said he had heard of honour being paid to an Emperor's (Caligula's or Nero's) horse. In the middle ages Gessler's hat was honoured, but it was rather much to ask people at the end of the nineteenth century to honour an Emperor's coat. During the course of the debate it transpired that many officers were in the habit of using the most opprobrious terms when speaking of civilians. In one crack cavalry regiment a young subaltern calls his dog "Civilian," and it was narrated how a recruit, in answer to a question in the instruction hour as to what was the inner enemy of the Empire, promptly replied "Civilians," hoping thereby to please his superiors. If the anecdote is not quite true, it indicates the spirit now dominant in the army.

Reform of Court-martial in Germany.

The news that Prince Hohenlohe, the German Imperial Chancellor, has presented to the Imperial Council a bill for the reform of military trials, and that this has been done with the consent of the Kaiser, is one of the most important news items we have had for a long time from the Fatherland. A question which has deeply stirred Germans for over thirty years is now nearing solution. The court-martial laws as they stand at present are the most iniquitous in Europe. A soldier accused of an offence stands defenceless before his accusers. He is not permitted any defender. His case is stated by a military official, usually prejudiced, and it is stated always in writing. No oral examination of the accused is permitted, and, worse

than all, no publicity is ever given to the proceedings. This cruel system in a country where every man must serve in the ranks has naturally created intense feeling, and the matter was made worse by a general belief that the Emperor and his immediate *entourage* were supporting the advocates of the old system, and acting against the Imperial Chancellor. That much friction actually existed between the old and the reform party is certain. Indeed, so far did it go that more than once the Chancellor is said to have threatened resignation should the path of progress be any longer impeded. It is satisfactory to know that humane counsels have at last prevailed, and that there is every prospect of Prince Hohenlohe remaining at his post. He is a most wise and humane statesman, and his counsels are always in the highest interests of his country.

Alexander Brückner of Jena.

One of the greatest historical scholars of the century, Alexander Brückner, has passed away at the German university town of Jena at the comparatively early age of sixty-two. Brückner, whose best work was chiefly concerned with investigations into the history and development of the various Slavonic nations, was born in St. Petersburg in 1834, and in the early years of his life devoted himself to mercantile studies. In his twenty-third year he left Russia and came to Germany, where he studied at the Universities of Berlin and Heidelberg. At the early age of thirty, such was his repute, he was appointed Professor of History at the law college in St. Petersburg, and three years later to the University of Odessa. But his chief lecturing work was accomplished at the University of Dorpat, where his fame grew to be European. On the Russian Government wishing to transfer him to Kasan, he resigned his connection with Russia and came to Germany, where he settled in learned leisure in the town of Jena. His most famous works are an uncompleted "History of Russia," "Russian Ideas at the Time of Peter the Great," "Peter the Great," "Catherine II," "History of the Europeanising of Russia," and "The Russo-Swedish War." He wrote a luminous and literary German, some of his character sketches being models of perfect balance of expression.

Uncultivated Land in Italy.

The rapidly increasing emigration from Italy is giving cause for uneasiness to the wisest statesmen of that country. That the chief reason for the rapid exodus is to be found in the unfavourable conditions under which the land is held by the people there can be little doubt. In England the depopulation of the country districts is greatly owing to a desire on behalf of the villagers to better their position in a manufacturing town; but in Italy industries are still in a backward condition, and the peasant, finding his position hopeless, has no alternative other than emigration. The present Government are credited with a desire to stem the tide of emigration by introducing measures for bringing large tracts of uncultivated land under tillage. The huge district of pasture land round Rome might by proper irrigation be made the means of supporting a large agricultural population. In Sardinia vast territories are going out of cultivation simply because the peasantry, unable to pay their oppressive taxes and dues, are leaving the country in despair. The Government have their attention directed to Sardinia, and will probably bring in some remedial measure. In the same way encouragement is being given to a rich Milan company to cultivate portions of the Roman Campagna. The Fucino lake in the Abruzzi has been drained, and is now agricultural land, and extensive operations have been commenced to drain the large basin of Lake Thrasimeno. These are all laudable efforts, but whether they will be able to cope with the evils caused by bad management, insecure tenure, and oppressive taxation, is doubtful. Nearly 200,000 persons annually emigrate from Italy, and during the past five years over four million acres of land have gone out of cultivation.

Write of what you Know.

M. Hector Malot, the well-known novelist, has laid down the pen after many years of productive labour. He has taken his leave of the public in a volume of recollections ("Le Roman de mes Romans") containing some very interesting pages respecting his early efforts to live by that pen which he now thinks has done sufficient work. The son of a Rouen notary, and himself trained for the law, he came to Paris as a very young man, with the ambition to make fame and fortune as a dramatic author. At that time the idea of applying himself to any other kind of literary work had not entered his head. He brought with him the manuscript of a drama, which he vainly endeavoured to turn into money. Time passed, and his father, who had been much disappointed by his forsaking the law, but who had resigned himself to the duty of helping him to succeed as a dramatist, since his heart was set in that direction, at length wrote to him saying that as he had declined to follow the career that had been marked out for him, he should show that the one he preferred to it was able to support him. Hector Malot now realised the necessity of living somehow by his pen. He obtained an introduction to Jules Simon, who was then editing a small publication, "Le Journal pour tous," composed mainly of fiction, but with a few pages of "varieties." Jules Simon was always affable and helpful to those who called upon him under the same circumstances as Malot. He asked the young man if he had come to propose a story. Malot replied that he had not: he had come to ask for some modest literary occupation that would enable him to live while he was writing a story.

"What do you know?" asked Jules Simon.

Hector Malot was quite taken aback by this question.

"What I wish you to tell me," continued the future Academician and statesman, "is what you know of a special character that all the world does not know?"

Malot replied "Nothing," and was moving towards the door, after making excuses for troubling M Simon, when he stopped and said:

"I know botany; I mean that I know a little about it."

"That little will suffice for what I am going to propose to you. Have you a franc?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, with this franc you will go to the flower-show that opens to-morrow in the Champs-Elysées, and will write an article about all that you see of interest there. As you understand plants, you are not likely to mistake roses for pinks. Your article may bring you forty or fifty francs."

The flower-show article was the beginning of Hector Malot's success in literature.

The Toronto Exhibition.

John Cabot planted the banner of St. George on the eastern-most point of Nova Scotia on June 24, 1497. The English flag still floats there, and in June, 1897, there is to be an exhibition at Toronto to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Cabot's landing. The idea of holding a celebration of the anniversary originated with the Ontario Historical Association, which, with the Canadian Institute and the Royal Society of Canada, is now organising the exhibition. The Toronto Exhibition is to be on a much more modest scale than the World's Fair held at Chicago in 1893 to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The guarantee fund at Toronto is not to exceed £50,000. The exhibition is to be chiefly historical. There will be a great collection of documents, maps, pictures, prints, and coins, and of weapons, implements and costumes, illustrating the various stages of the development of Canada. These are being gathered with great energy and discrimination in the Old World as well as in the New; and the exhibition promises to be of exceptional value and interest. In connection with it there will be a Congress "on the history and nature of the principles of government as applied to the constitution and government of the British Empire." The year 1897 is likely to be an exceedingly memorable one for Canada. Toronto will open its magnificent new City Hall, the Cabot Exhibition will be held there, the British Association will visit Montreal and Toronto, and it is possible that before the year comes to an end Newfoundland will come into the Dominion.

Varieties.

Henry Trimen of Ceylon.

The death was lately recorded of a naturalist of high distinction, whose services are worthy of special notice. "The Flora of Middlesex," by Trimen and Dyer, first appeared in 1869; Henry Trimen being then in the Botanical Department of the British Museum, and lecturer on botany at St. Mary's Hospital. W. Thistleton Dyer, who has since risen to eminence at Kew Gardens, was at that time Professor of natural history at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. Mr. Trimen in later life, after publishing various works and contributing many articles to scientific journals in England, was appointed to the curatorship of the Botanic Garden in Ceylon. His "Flora of Ceylon" is a standard work, and he will be long remembered as the introducer of many plants useful in commerce and interesting to men of science into the island where his last years were spent.

With regard to "The Flora of Middlesex," it is a book which will be of permanent value, not so much for the lists of plants with their descriptions and habitats, but for the immense amount of matter in the Introduction about the geology,[1] physical geography, and climate of the Thames district. An appendix to the volume gives historical and biographical sketches of the botanists and herbalists who explored the metropolitan county, from the days of Turner, Gerarde, and Ray, down to Curtis, Sowerby, and Sir William Hooker. There are more recent books about the Middlesex Flora, but none with the antiquarian interest and romantic biographies of the botanists and herbalists of the times of John Ray, Watson, and Petiver.

Ayrshire Fossils.

Of the multitudes who visit Ayrshire there are few who care for anything beyond what concerns Robert Burns. But for pilgrims with scientific as well as literary taste a word may be said for the museum at Kilmarnock, one of the richest in specimens of zoology and geology in any county. The parish minister, the Rev. D. Landsburgh, has long been known among naturalists, and the museum of the town is full of remarkable fossils discovered and named by him. From quarries near the museum magnificent specimens of fossil lycopodiums and palms have been obtained, some of them from above a hundred feet below the surface of the soil of to-day.

Macaroni.

In Old Colony days the word macaroni was the colloquial for what we now call swell, dude, or masher. Hence in the familiar song—

"Yankee Doodle came to town
On a little pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it—macaroni,"

i.e. am not I a swell?

Death of a Niece of Maria Edgeworth.

The recent announcement of the death of Miss Anna Frances Beddoes, daughter of Dr. Thomas Beddoes, and niece of Maria Edgeworth, at Clifton, aged ninety-five, takes the mind back to very old times. In 1793 the Edgeworths were residing at Clifton. Dr. Beddoes came to Clifton with the view of settling there as a physician. Mr. Keir gave him a letter of introduction to Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who admired his abilities and his character,

and was helpful in establishing the Doctor in a good practice. In the autumn of that year Mr. Edgeworth heard of the disturbances breaking out in Ireland, and thought it his duty to return at once to the family estate at Edgeworth Town. Dr. Beddoes had become attached to Maria Edgeworth's sister Anna, and got permission to follow her in the spring to Ireland. They were married at Edgeworth Town in April, 1794, as Maria Edgeworth tells in her Memoirs of her father. Mr. Keir, who gave the introduction, was one of the famous band of friends and companions in invention with whom Mr. Edgeworth was intimate, among them being James Watt, Erasmus Darwin, Wedgwood of Etruria, and William Strutt of Derby, the first of a family that has risen to fame, like that of the first Darwin. A Memoir of Maria Edgeworth appeared a few years since, and was received with much favour; but it is strange how little was said, or apparently known, of her own Life of her father, a book of romantic interest, and full of important facts relating to English as well as Irish history before the Union, and through the early part of our century. He died in June, 1817, and was buried in the family vault in the churchyard of Edgeworth Town. Maria Edgeworth was born at Bath in 1744. Her father was married several times, his first wife, Jane Lovell, being daughter of a Welsh judge, Sir Salathiel Lovell, the Recorder of London at the trial of the seven bishops in the reign of James II.

Launching a Cornish Lifeboat.

It is a singular thing that, while almost every undertaking, even laying the foundation-stone of a building, is inaugurated by a prayer or invocation of Divine blessing, the launching of a new ship, of any size, from a huge iron man-of-war to a small lifeboat, is celebrated only by the heathenish custom of throwing a bottle of wine, generally by the hands of a lady. A worthier service was witnessed lately at the launching of a lifeboat in Cornwall. The signal of "All right" having been given, the Rev. Mr. Carnsew (his name is worthy of honourable record) stepped forward and offered the following short prayer, everyone uncovering:

"Almighty God, the Lord of all power and might, we acknowledge that Thou alone canst rule the raging of the angry sea; and that without Thy aid all human appliances and endeavours, all the skill and courage of men, are of no effect. We beseech Thee, therefore, to bless with success the efforts which may hereafter be made by means of this boat to save the lives of any who may be cast away on this shore, and be in danger of perishing. Guard and protect also, we beseech Thee, those who may be called upon to proceed in her to the rescue of the shipwrecked. Grant that they may put their whole trust in Thee in any perils they may encounter, and give Thee heartfelt thanks for any deliverance Thou mayest be pleased to give them. We invoke Thy blessing on this and all works wrought in Thee, and beseech Thee humbly to hearken to our prayer, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord."

The hearty "Amen" which was uttered bore witness to the approval of the vast audience. At the naming of the boat—the "Elizabeth Moore Garden"—the customary bottle was broken, but the prayer to the Lord of earth and sea was an event which might well be introduced on all occasions.

Foreign Competition in Trade.

The constant complaints of England being ousted by the traders of Germany and other foreign countries are no new matter. As long ago as 1603, Sir Walter Raleigh published "Observations concerning the Trade and Commerce of England with the Dutch and other Nations," in which he said that the Dutch were everywhere outstripping the English, especially in carrying goods for sale: "By the structure and roominess of their shipping, holding much merchandize and sailing with fewer hands than our ships can do, the Hollanders gain most of the foreign freight, while our own ships lie still and decay, or else go only to Newcastle for coals." In a similar way the Germans outstripped the English in the sale of woollen stuffs in the East. The English traders sent always the same sorts of heavy goods, but the Germans sent lighter and brighter cloth, suited to the climate, and much cheaper, so that the English traders were outstripped. In our own day, when steamers have taken the place of ships, the want of knowledge and of common sense leads to our being superseded by foreign competitors. Our consuls send useful reports, but our manufacturers and traders are slow to act on the advices.

From another Point of View.

Sir W. Scott tells this anecdote, repeated by Claverhouse to the Earl of Linlithgow. He (Claverhouse) had been in search of a weaver who used to hold forth at conventicles.

"I sent to seek the webster; they brought his brother for him. Tho' he, maybe, cannot preach like his brother, I doubt not but he is as well principled as he, therefore I thought it would be no great fault to give him the trouble to go to jail with the rest."

As a pendant to this take the following:

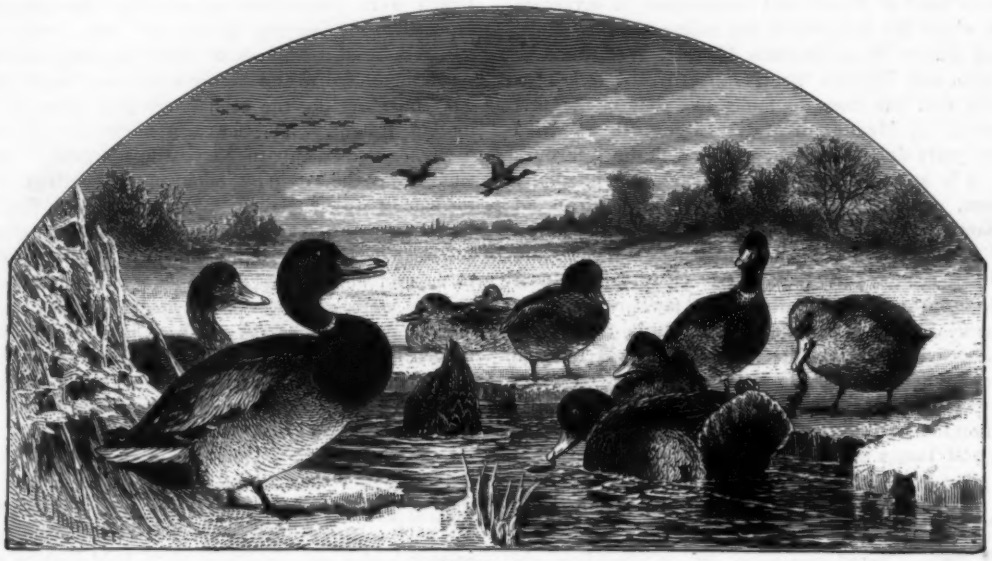
An angry laird in feudal times ordered a retainer who had offended him to be hanged. The man naturally rebelled at the sentence, whereupon his wife—

"Man, can ye no' gang an' be hanget peacefully, an' no' anger the laird!"—K.

Spices as Protectives in Epidemic Diseases.

An Edinburgh graduate in medicine, Dr. J. Carne Ross, now physician to Ancoats Hospital, Manchester, and well-known in the City, has published a notable pamphlet on the use of spices in certain diseases. The statements of his own experience, both personal and with patients, are very remarkable, and worthy of the consideration of medical men. Having himself had repeated attacks of influenza, Dr. Ross resolved to try large doses of decoction of cinnamon, half an ounce every forty minutes, and after about two and a half hours, the severest illness, in 1892, was thoroughly conquered. The temperature had been 101°, with rigors, malaise, pains, and total prostration. In a few hours he was as well as possible. He tried the same treatment on several patients, and then in various cases of scarlet fever, measles, and other

maladies, with great success. He attributes the power of the spice to its sterilising influence against microbic disease. The details of his cases are given, and he also states some curious historical facts. "No one can read the records of the household expenses of our ancestors without being struck by the enormous quantities of spices that they consumed. At the marriage feast, for instance, of the Earl of Carrick, son of Robert Bruce, about 200 lbs. of cinnamon were used, besides other spices." Is it not possible that the use of spices in large quantities was the echo of some forgotten knowledge? May not some wise man, some Jewish or Arabic physician, have suggested the use of spices as a protective against disease, and not merely a stimulant to the appetite? At all events, Dr. Carne Ross has found in the use of spices an effective remedy in some of the worst diseases in modern times.



FROZEN OUT.

The Fireside Club.

TEA AND TALK.

Now that winter is upon us again, and our social gatherings of an afternoon are removed from the precarious climate out-of-doors, to the serene firelit weather of the drawing-room, it remains for some courageous innovator to bring about a simple, but much-needed reform. Why, in the name of common-sense, when we, the Smiths, Joneses, and Robinsons of our country town, or village, or London suburb, wish to meet each other, and exchange news, and holiday experiences, and opinions on things in general, in a word *to talk*—why should Mrs. Smith think it necessary to inform the rest of us (as we shall in turn inform her), in the third person, that she will be At Home on such a day, engaged in listening to music, or making it, and leaving it to be understood that we may come and listen, and look on, if we please?

Is the pleasure of good talk so slight, or so uncertain, and a taste for music so general, that the one must always be required as an excuse for the other.

Why does not Mrs. Smith put "*Tea and Talk*" in the corner of her invitations, since these are, honestly speaking, what we shall really look forward to enjoying?

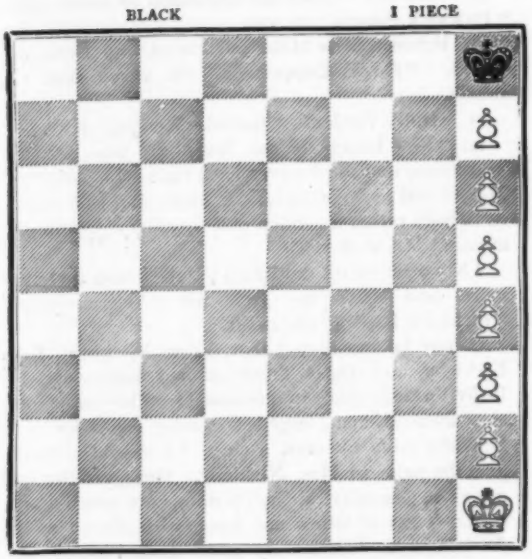
If she would but consider how difficult it is for the mere man to listen gracefully and with an air of interest to the inane drawing-room song, which suddenly interrupts conversation, and freezes the ladies into attitudes of polite silence. The ornamental sex have always the morally supporting consciousness that they are worth looking at, as well as listening to, and the physical support of all the available chairs and sofas, which things, no doubt, enable them to play their part of interested connoisseurs better. But why should it be necessary for either men or women to pretend such interest? Remembering the many great men and women, from Madame Sévigné to Stevenson (to go no farther afield), who have avowed their keen relish for what Dr. Johnson called "a good talk," surely we must agree with Stevenson when, in the opening sentences of a brilliant essay on "Talk and Talkers," he declares that "there can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk—not only to cheer the flight of time among our intimates, but to bear our part in that great international congress, always sitting, where public wrongs are first declared, public errors first corrected, and the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, a little nearer to the right." Considering this opinion, dear Mrs. Smith, will you not take courage to keep music in its proper place, and issue your next invitations for an afternoon At Home with nothing in the corner but "*Tea and Talk*"?

J. M. S. M.

CHESS PROBLEM.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

BLACK 1 PIECE



WHITE 7 PIECES

Produce this position in an ordinary game in the smallest number of moves. White to move first.

The first three solvers will receive Book prizes to the value of Half a Guinea, the book to be chosen by themselves.

Solutions must be sent before March 20.

Any solution of a greater number of moves than that of the author's will not receive a prize.

AN EVENING WITH GEORGE ELIOT.

(*Give chapter and book for each answer.*)

1. What place "lay low among the bushy trees and the rutted lanes, aloof from the currents of industrial energy and Puritan earnestness?"

2. Who said "There, my daughter, is the image of a Supreme Offering, made by Supreme Love because the need of man was great"?

3. Who is described as being "like the patriarch Joseph, for his great skill and knowledge, and the kindliness he shows to his brother and his parents"?

4. Of *what church* is the choir described in this passage: "Then followed the migration of the clerk to the gallery, where, in company with a bassoon, two key-bugles, a carpenter, understood to have an amazing power of singing 'counter,' and two lesser stars, he formed the complement of a choir, occasionally known to draw hearers from the next parish"?

5. Who was in the habit of "making tender little beaver-like noises" and stealing lumps of sugar from the tea-table to give to children?

6. Who is described as "A Nereid in sea-green robes and silver ornaments"?

7. To whom does this description apply?—"That plain, middle-aged face with a grave penetrating kindness in it, seeming to tell of a human being who had reached a firm, safe strand, but was looking with helpful pity towards the strugglers still tossed by the waves, had an effect on —— at this moment as if it had been a promise. The middle-aged, who have lived through their strongest emotions, but are yet in the time when memory is half passionate and not merely contemplative, should surely be a sort of natural priesthood, whom life has disciplined and consecrated to be the refuge and rescue of early stumblers and victims of self-despair."

8. Who is referred to in the following passage, and for what did he mourn?—"And all the evening as he sat in his loneliness by his dull fire, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and clasped his hands, and moaned very low"?

9. Who said:

(*a*) ". . . . it seems as if I could sit silent all day long, with the thought of God overflowing my soul . . . as the pebbles lie in the Willow Brook."

(*b*) "There's folks as find pleasure in undervallin what they know but little about."

(*c*) "It's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and waking, and the rain and the harvest . . . one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing, how or where. We may strive and scart and fend, but it is little we can do arter all . . . the big things come and go wi no striving o' ourn, they do, that they do."

(*d*) "Yes, yes, I know how it is with husbands . . . they're for putting one's dinner off till after tea, if they've got wives as are weak enough to give in to such work."

(*e*) "There's no pleasure in living if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel."

(*f*) "I don't think I am well, father, said —— I wish you'd ask Mr. —— not to let me do Euclid —it brings on the toothache, I think."

10. On what occasion and in what place did "the man with a flannel shirt" address the people in these words?—

"But I tell them this: the great question in the world is, how to give every man a man's share"; the speaker went on, "not a horse's share, not the share of a machine fed with oil, only to make it work and nothing else."

11. Who met and dined at Cartwright's?

12. Sketch shortly (within 200 words) the character of Tertius Lydgate, in "Middlemarch."

Two Book prizes, to the value of One Guinea and Half a Guinea respectively, will be given for the two best papers in answer to these questions—the winners to choose their own books.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

(*Answer each question in a short descriptive paragraph.*)

1. Who governed a country he had conquered? He bore a name famous in science and war.

2. Who was painted by a famous artist, holding the keys of the fortress he defended in his hand?

3. Who fell in battle and at his own desire had these words carved on his tomb—"Here lies a man who tried to do his duty"?

4. Who, dying on the field of battle, sent help to another, saying, "His necessity is greater than mine"?

5. What general served as a volunteer when he might have commanded the army?

6. What great soldier, killed in a desperate combat, famous for his courage and power of leading men, is now regarded as a saint in the country where he fought, a shrine having been raised to his memory?

THE WHOLE.—One who, in a heroic message to his country, touched the highest note of patriotism, and fell in the hour of his greatest glory.

Two Book prizes are offered for the two best papers in this Competition.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

THIRD OF THREE.

1. No soldier thou, and yet thy weapon freed
   A conquered monarch in the hour of need.
2. Plays cat-like with his victims, cares not why
   They suffer, if, in suffering, they die.
3. Unlovely and unlearned, 'tis thy fate
   To spurn thy like, and find a different mate.
4. This was for recreation only meant,
   One said, with spleen,
   The other's cunning used it with intent
   His love to screen.

WHOLE.—We see you make a generous gift,
The fruit of sixty summers' thrift.

(*Find the words signified, and give Act and Scene for each allusion.*)

ANSWERS TO THE DICKENS QUESTIONS.—Many papers were sent in, varying in length from half a half-sheet to six sheets. We put Mr. Barraclough's paper first and Mr. M. B. Hall's second in merit. These gave the fullest and most effective quotations where such were required. The Rev. C. W. Holdich and Miss Wardle came in closely third and fourth, followed by many excellent papers from other hands. The answers, in brief, are:

1. Whackford Squeers, schoolmaster. "Nicholas Nickleby," ch. xii.

2. Reg Sliderskew. "Nicholas Nickleby," ch. li.

3. Nicholas Nickleby. "Nicholas Nickleby," ch. xxii.

4. The evils exposed in "Oliver Twist" are the abuse of the Poor Law, and Workhouse mismanagement. In "Bleak House" the delays of the law, particularly in Chancery suits. In "Nicholas Nickleby," the cruelties practised in unsupervised cheap boarding schools. In "Martin Chuzzlewit," bogus insurance companies, and the abuses practised by unqualified sick-nurses.

5. Mr. F.'s Aunt "was an amazing little old woman, with a face like a staring wooden doll too cheap for expression," etc. *See* "Little Dorrit," ch. xii.

6. Mr. Pecksniff. *See* "Martin Chuzzlewit."

7. Mr. Curdle. "Nicholas Nickleby," ch. xxiv.

8. To Clara Peggotty, as "an offering of affection." "David Copperfield," ch. x.

9. When Mr. Winkle had pretended he could skate. "Pickwick Papers," ch. xxx.

10. Between Miss Mills and David, and Dora and David. "David Copperfield," ch. xxxiii. and ch. xxxviii.

11. Dolly Varden. "Barnaby Rudge," ch. iv.

12. "—— Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your Walentine, and think over what I have said. My dear Mary I will now conclude." "That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there vos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'." "Pickwick Papers," ch. xxxiii.

It may be mentioned that Agnes Wickfield, Kate Nickleby, and Betsy Trotwood had many votes for Dolly Varden's place in question 11. One competitor, as a medical man, urged a strong claim for Mrs. Nickleby's life likeness, saying, "I should certainly give the palm to Mrs. Nickleby. Her garrulity and power of generally mixing up things are much like a certain class of ladies one meets with almost daily." As villainous contrasts to good Tom Pinch, Jonas Chuzzlewit and Harold Skimpole have many supporters.

No prize was given for the MARLBOROUGH ACROSTIC; it was only intended to rub up our History a bit. So the writers of the many solutions and characters received must take their research, this time, as its own reward. Of the number sent in, Miss Sefton's was the best. Remarkably concise and yet full, perhaps a trifle severe. Here are the names required in December's Geographical Acrostic, of which the subject is Greater Britain: 1. Gibraltar. 2. Rhodesia. 3. England. 4. Australia. 5. Toronto. 6. Essequibo. 7. Rotumah. 8. Bombay. 9. Rangoon. 10. Indus. 11. Tasmania. 12. Aden. 13. India. 14. Nova Scotia.

The names for the SHAKESPEARE ACROSTIC given in December are:

1. Snug . . . "Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii., sc. 1.
2. Horatio . . "Hamlet," act iii., sc. 2.
3. Yorick . . "Hamlet," act v., sc. 1.
4. Laertes . . "Hamlet," act v., sc. 2.
5. Orlando . . "As You Like It," act iii., sc. 2.
6. Corin . . . "As You Like It," act iii., sc. 4.
7. Kate . . . "Henry V.," act v., sc. 2.

And the whole is Shylock, "Merchant of Venice," act ii., sc. 5.

There is a full register of successful solvers' names for this and the November Acrostic.

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more than one prize in each class during this year, but may be commended.
II. Editor's decision final. No private correspondence possible.
III. Every competition sent in, whether for a prize or not, must have name and address attached, and be distinctly written. All must be received by the 20th of the month, having "Leisure Hour Competitions" written outside envelope. Answers appear here, and the prize list will be found among the advertisements.



[A. J. ELSLEY.

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BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.]

SOFT PERSUASION.

THE STORY OF HANS PEHL.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA."



WE DREW OUR SWORDS AND KEPT CAREFUL WATCH.

CHAPTER X.

I MUST have lain for some hours quite unconscious, for when I awoke it was night, and the moon was shining brightly on the earth. I noticed, moreover, at once, that I was not alone, and that I had been removed to another part of the field outside the entrenchments, and away from the heaps of dead which surrounded me when I fell. It was only slowly and gradually that I realised where I was, and remembered all that had passed. My wound had become stiff and painful, and the feeling which overpowered me was one of intense misery. A rough blanket had been rolled around me, and some damp straw supported my head. I knew I had been kindly treated, and that those dark figures moving about busily in front of the blazing fire were friends. So, raising myself on my elbow, I

struggled hard to collect my scattered faculties. All around the great fire in the centre, rough coverings on poles had been erected under which wounded men lay. Those like myself who were only slightly hurt, or for whom no room could be found in the hastily improvised shelters, lay under the open sky. I heard the groans of the sick and wounded, and saw the busy attendants treating them in a kind fashion indeed, but in a way which showed that they possessed little surgical skill.

Some of the wounded were terribly mangled, and were fast departing from the ills and pains of this world. As I looked at the glazing eyes of a man who lay close to me, I heard him muttering in his Swedish tongue about his wife and children, and my heart filled with compassion for him dying so far away from their tender care. His wife's name was Christina —"Christel" he called her.

A Swedish sergeant came over and sat down beside me, and from him I heard that after the fight was over Wallenstein's panic-stricken troops had scattered in all directions, some retreating south towards Bohemia, others making off towards the west, and small bands, chiefly of troopers, dispersing in any direction where they thought a road of escape could be best found.

Our brave troops, over whom Duke Bernhard, I learned, had now assumed supreme command, were encamped on some rising ground a little distance away; and when my Swedish friend pointed out the direction, I could see their bivouac fires twinkling on the hill-side. But I soon wearied of the friendly chat of the Swede, and indeed, I heard but little of it, as my thoughts were of other things: of the great King who had died beside me in the plenitude of his glorious manhood, of the dear ones at home in Langenstein, of the terrible apparition of Ott Bensch madly charging with Wallenstein's cavalry, of my lord and Count Robert, and what had befallen them. Those were the mixed thoughts that kept my brain throbbing through all the monotonous flow of the good sergeant's talk.

I determined in my own mind that as my wound was only slight, and as I would be able to move about in a few days quite comfortably, I would seek leave to return to Langenstein, where my presence might be serviceable in helping to guard those whom I loved from the dangers which I felt surrounded them. If I found my lord in the camp I would also tell him of having seen Ott Bensch on Wallenstein's side, and that therefore the steward had become an avowed enemy, whose knowledge of the country must be of special value to the Bohemian. Would my lord believe me, I wondered.

So after three days' rest, in which my wound healed so rapidly that I could at last dress and undress without much pain, I left the field hospital and walked to the camp. I met some old friends, and from them I heard the way to General Larssen's quarters. The general was kind enough to say the most affectionate things to me, praising without stint my conduct in the battle. A troop of horse, he said, would be placed under my command at once, and he would make it his business to report my bravery, as he was pleased to call it, to Duke Bernhard. It was from General Larssen, also, that I heard of the death of Count Ulrich, and of the gallant exploits by which he distinguished himself on that fatal day, but, somehow, I was not so saddened at the news as I ought to have been, which shows, I fear, that I was selfish-minded and vindictive, as the cause had indeed lost in him a brave and skilful captain, and I had only lost an enemy.

It was with great regret that I heard of my lord's absence from the camp. Duke Bernhard had directed that Count Robert's regiment, in which my lord was now second in command, should hotly pursue Wallenstein's retreating cavalry. He had left the camp two days previously, and was riding hard towards the west after the flying Bohemians and Bavarians, who formed the bulk of the enemy's troopers.

Hearing this, I resolved to tell my kind friend that I felt it my duty no longer to stay in the camp, especially as no immediate operations were contemplated, and I told him as much of my history as was necessary to explain my resolve to proceed to Langenstein. The general heard me through, and told me that he would place no obstacles in my way, and to show his appreciation of what I had done—services which I honestly believe deserved no such recognition—he gave orders that I should be supplied with a good horse and with side arms and pistols; and, drawing out his purse, he pressed into my hand money more than sufficient for all my wants for many a day. He then took an affectionate farewell of me.

After an hour or two spent in pleasant talk with old camp friends, I was beyond measure surprised at seeing my horse. It was a superb black animal with one single white spot on its forehead, with full, fiery eyes, and with arching neck and sweeping tail, and as I mounted and felt the brave beast bound under me, I was elated at my good fortune, and at the kindness of my friends.

With the hearty good wishes of my friends in my ears, I rode out of camp next morning, hoping to reach Langenstein at the end of the third day's march. It was a gloomy, foggy morning, with threatenings of rain in the air, but Orlando, as I called my gallant steed, carried me swiftly along the miry road with proud tossings of his mane and champing of his bit. The landscape was dull and uninteresting—no trees, no hills, no houses, no people. Towards evening I reached a deserted hut, in which I decided to pass the night. Some hay packed away in the loft I made free with, both for Orlando's inward satisfaction and also as a bed for my aching bones. I took Orlando into the hut with me, fastened the door, made my frugal meal, and after commending myself, Käthe, and my dear mother to the tender keeping of our Almighty

Father, I lay down on the hay and slept soundly till break of day.

The second day was also without incident, through dull, unending vistas of muddy road and brown, bare country, on which patches of snow lay. I wished to reach the little village of Neuren that night, a place which I had often visited in former days, where I was known, and where I would be likely to hear news from Langenstein, as it lay only a day's march from my lord's village.

But I was fated not to reach Neuren without great difficulty and danger. The threatening weather of the first day's ride from camp had grown worse on this the second day, and towards midday the squalls of the morning had burst out into a terrific storm, accompanied with a deluge of rain. This continued uninterrupted for hours, and I grew anxious lest the wide Teger, which lay between me and my resting-place, should be swollen to such a strength by the rains as to be impassable. The storm and the heavy roads were also telling on Orlando, who began to stumble badly and show signs of distress. But towards evening the storm abated, the torrents of rain ceased, and later, the moon, reddened by the last traces of the storm, arose behind the gaunt cottages of Neuren, which showed their dark outline against its pale, cold light. In front of me, just below a slight slope, the Teger rolled its heavy orange waters sullenly and swiftly. North and south of the village were black masses of trees tossing their heads against a stormy sky, over which raced great copper-coloured clouds. Around me were a few stunted bushes bending in the breeze, and seeming like ugly dwarfs stretching forward to clutch their prey.

The river looked terrible, for though it flowed so wide and deep and full, it flowed silently in great circling eddies and swirls that frightened me. What to resolve I knew not. I could not remain all night on the bank on the chance of the waters subsiding, nor, if I remained till morning, could I hope for any help from the villagers—no boat could cross that terrible current. Besides, as I deliberated, it had begun to rain again, and it was quite likely that the river would swell still further. Thoughts of vicinity to Langenstein and this maddening delay were insupportable, so, urging my shivering Orlando to the brink, in I plunged, forgetting everything, risking all in that mad leap into those seething waters.



A FEW PACES MORE, AND THEY WERE SAFE.

With a loud snort Orlando raised his head above the surface, where I managed to retain it by using all my strength. I kept the brave beast's head to the opposite bank, but we made little progress against the rolling deluge. There was a roaring in my ears, and I felt that my strength and Orlando's was growing less. The horse's head sank again and again notwithstanding all my efforts. I felt that my last hour was come, and was resigning myself in despair to my fate, when suddenly I knew that Orlando had touched the bottom, and that we were safe. We had

cleared the deep bed of the stream, and were now on an inundated flat, over which the water coursed swiftly, but of not sufficient depth to be formidable. A few paces more and Orlando stood in the water up to his knees, shook himself and neighed—the gallant animal's way of expressing his thankfulness that the danger was past. It was easy wading over to the opposite bank, and when I at last reached dry land I slid off Orlando's back, and sank to the ground with a sigh of relief and thankfulness, which my steed fully understood, as he rested his nose on my shoulder and whinnied ever so gently.

We had been only about five minutes in the river, and yet it had seemed an age. It had been long enough, however, to carry me far out of my course. Leading Orlando, I tramped back to Neuren, where I arrived dripping, dirty, and famished, and was greeted by the howling of an army of hungry curs which prowled around the huts of the villagers. I knocked loudly at the door of the first inhabited house I came to, and, as I knocked, louder grew the chorus of yelping curs.

It was not long before I was surrounded by the villagers, who turned out to see what all the disturbance was about, but no one seemed to recognise me until I told them who I was. Finally, the door of the hut at which I knocked was unbarred, and the owner of it peered with frightened eyes round the partly opened door. When he knew that I was on a peaceful errand, and that I only wanted shelter and a fire at which to dry myself, also care taken of Orlando, he gave me a gruff and friendly welcome; and before another hour was over I was lying warm and dry in front of a blazing fire, and hearing the villagers' tales of the woful events which had been happening on all hands, and in which I was soon to discover I had a terribly painful interest.

I learned that immediately after the battle small detachments of Wallenstein's vanquished troops had hurried through Neuren with the desire to get into safe winter quarters before the severe weather or Duke Bernhard's troopers overtook them; but what was my horror to learn that among these retreating soldiers was one body commanded by a fat, ill-looking man, who was reported to me as possessing a perfect knowledge of the country, and which, instead of pursuing the usual line of retreat to the west, had taken the road to the south which led by Langenstein. From the words which the stout soldier let drop the peasants gathered that it was his intention to seize the castle, and hold it until a larger body of the Austrian troops could come up, or, in the event of that proving impossible, to plunder it of all its valuables, and then to rejoin the main body of Wallenstein's forces as soon as a convenient opportunity presented itself. It was fearful news to hear that the stout trooper and his followers had ridden to Langenstein four days ago.

I knew I was powerless alone, and in this great strait I offered up a fervent prayer to the Almighty Father that He would show me some way of succouring my dear ones in peril, if it were not now too late, and that He would frustrate and confound the plans of that vile man Ott Bensch—for I had no reasonable doubt in my mind that the fat trooper with the vile face could be any other than the renegade steward. Four days ago! It was a maddening thought. Those cruel men with all the lusts of war and all the hatreds caused by defeat burning in their veins!

My commands at daybreak were abrupt, and before many minutes were over Orlando, who did not seem to have suffered from the events of the night, was standing saddled at the door of the hut. I had formed no plans—my mind indeed was in no state for forming plans. All I knew indeed was that Käthe and my mother, and perhaps my lady also, were in terrible danger, and that it was my duty to be with them and to share in whatever fate might befal them. Orlando was urged to the top of his speed and strength on that day's ride, and I fear I cruelly treated my beast, for when he stumbled, tired and worn, I drove my spurs into his smoking sides in my impatience. I don't know if the poor beast understood the kiss I gave his glossy neck when I repented me of my cruelty.

Only once, towards midday, did I pause for an hour, and it was here, when about to resume my way, that a tattered shepherd, driving a couple of haggard goats, met me, and broke the fearful news. He could give me no exact particulars and no names, but he confirmed my worst fears. The troopers had indeed made for Langenstein, and the castle was now in their hands. Their leader was indeed Ott Bensch. They had rioted about in the village, and had slain many of the peasants because they either could not or would not supply them with food. Moreover, they had set fire to several cottages, and had driven many of the villagers out into the woods, where they must doubtless perish from hunger and cold. The troopers were fortifying the castle, intending to hold it, said the shepherd, until the spring; and Ott Bensch, accompanied by two of his men, had left for somewhere, carrying with him two women, and, it was also said, much plunder from the castle.

It will be easily believed that this terrible narrative increased still more my frenzy. The wretched shepherd leaning on his staff must have thought me mad, as I galloped away without a word of parting, and with a face, I believe, like a fiend. The minutes seemed hours, the hours days.

At last! My heart was beating violently. Away in the distance I saw the huge Holwitz rock in the grey gloom of the afternoon, and presently I was among the familiar scenes of my childhood. I could see there was a startling change, but I did not realise it fully until I drew nearer. Cottages that I knew in my boyhood as the abode of my friends were soaking heaps of black cinders.

But I hurried on to see my mother at the parsonage. The church stood gaunt and great

before me: the old home was on the other side of it. I turned sharply round and started back. Four black walls open to the gloomy sky—that was all.

"Mother," I shrieked, "where art thou?"

I sprang off my horse, and ran to the ruined walls—only blackened beams and singed rags. I looked up at the rock, around at the cottages that remained. One cottage, in which an intelligent man lived—a carpenter named Eiche—remained intact, and thither I ran, letting Orlando take care of himself. I almost hammered in the door.

"Oh, Master Hans, is it you or your ghost?" And poor Eiche buried his face in his hands out of very pity for me, I think.

"For heaven's sake, Eiche, tell me what has happened. Where is my mother? Tell me quickly. Where's Käthe?"

"Don't you know anything, Master Hans?"

"Nothing, man, but what I have seen. Out with it, for the love of heaven."

"Well, you see, Master Hans. We heard about the great battle, but we had hardly time to rejoice at the good news when in came spurring twenty-five dragoons. We did not know what to make of them, but when we saw Herr Ott at their head we believed they were friends. We did not believe this for long. Their language was awful as they trotted through the village. They climbed up the rock from the village, and in another hour one of my lord's serving men, Hermann, startled us all by saying that Herr Ott and his dragoons had taken command of the castle, and that my lady was almost terrified to death when she heard that the steward had joined Wallenstein's side, and held the castle on behalf of the Bohemian."

"But my mother and Käthe?"

"I'm coming to that, my poor Herr Hans. Before long some of the troopers were down here, Herr Ott among them, ordering, bullying, swearing. They made straight for the parsonage, and I believe they did so because you, Master Hans, and Herr Ott never were friends, you know. I don't know what passed, but we presently saw your mother and old Henrietta run out of the house, and in a minute or two smoke and flames were issuing from the windows and doors. Henrietta told me yesterday that Herr Ott told your mother he was going to quarter four dragoons on her, and that she was to see to it that they were well cared for. She gave some spirited answer that she would never submit to any such disgrace as to care for his servants, or something like that. Herr Ott then told her to leave the house at once. She came to this very cottage, Herr Hans, and in an hour she had a fit of the falling sickness, and in another hour she was dead. Did you not see that your father's grave in the churchyard was no longer grassy? We buried her that very evening."

I groaned aloud in grief and horror, and my head sank on my hands on the rough table at which I sat.

"Tell me, Eiche—that is not all—Ott Bensch has left the castle?"



EICHE, TELL ME WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

"Yes, they say he went to Leipzig with two or three troopers."

"And the two women with him?"

"Yes, Fräulein Käthe and one of the castle women."

CHAPTER XI.

IF I had doubts what course to follow before I arrived in Langenstein, if I had begun to feel myself helpless in the face of difficulties and dangers which I knew not how to surmount, these doubts were now set at rest. My course, I felt, was now perfectly clear. With Ott Bensch at the Schloss barring its gates against me, and with my life not worth a straw in his hands, what could I do? But Ott Bensch in Leipzig, that was another affair. There I had friends; there he was among his enemies. I vowed vengeance on the villain. I swore in my wrath that I would have no mercy, for he had had none. That was forty years ago. The wounded heart of that weary time is long since healed, but the sores break out afresh every time I think of my loved mother turned out of her home and going to die in Eiche's humble hut, every time I think of Käthe so gentle and so true in the clutches of that merciless tiger.

But I knew I had to deal with a man whose cunning was equal to his ferocity, whose plans were well laid and well executed. Now, for the first time, it was perhaps some source of satisfaction to me to know that the scoundrel really loved Käthe in his own way. I believed he would not offer her any violence in any form if he could avoid doing so; but I was equally certain that he would try to move heaven and earth, that he would hesitate at no villainy, however profound, to prevent her becoming the wife of another. Surely I had evidence enough of this already.

On the wise advice of my good friend Eiche, I agreed to stop over the night in his house. I had a glimpse of myself in the little cracked mirror hanging on the wall, and I saw I was indeed haggard and ghastly pale. I wanted rest. The good Eiche! How kind he was to me. I have since christened ten of his great grandchildren, and the little gift which the villagers are accustomed to give the pfarrer on these occasions I have always returned to the Eiches, in grateful memory of that night.

Eiche, at my desire, went in search of Orlando, whom he found quietly cropping the grass on the roadside. The good steed was safely hidden away behind the cottage, for we feared lest one of Ott Bensch's dragoons might be lurking about, who, on discovering the horse, would not rest until he had discovered its master as well.

It was early morning, raw, cold, and dark, when I was awakened by Eiche's wife stirring about. I knew I must be well on the road to Leipzig before daybreak. All my plans would be ruined if the hostile garrison at the Schloss got to know of my presence in Langenstein, and detained me until they learned Ott Bensch's will concerning me. So while I hastily dressed, Eiche got Orlando ready, and his good wife tied up some barley cakes in a cloth as provision for the road. But before I left the village I spent some minutes in the dark beside that freshly made grave, and my bitter tears—alas! my vain tears—fell on the soaked clay at my feet. When next I saw that grave the summer grass was waving over it, and when I smelt the sweet flowers among the grass, the thought entered my mind that the dear Lord after all had used the orphan's tears in his own beautiful and wise way.

Leaving the village I sought out the least frequented way, and was soon over the bridge and out on the great highway to Leipzig. In another hour the sun was beginning to light up the winter landscape, and I looked far away back at the great Holwitz rock and its irregular lines of turrets and walls, touched with the first rays of the eastern sun. I had hitherto hardly given a thought to my lady, imprisoned there in her own castle among all that Bohemian scum, but now I mourned for the tender gracious lady alone and sick, her beloved son away, Käthe, whom she also loved dearly, away; and not a soul to comfort her in her affliction. But what could I do? I spurred on Orlando, and the noble beast responded in gallant style in long graceful strides along the road, and in tossings of mane and tail.

The long ride to Leipzig was accomplished without adventure or mishap. At night I rested in villages I knew, where the people were kind enough when they heard that I had fought at Lützen on the right side, and knew that I could tell them how the great King had died. During that ride I think I must have formed a score of plans of action, not one of which I afterwards followed to the letter. At last, on the afternoon of the third day from Langenstein, I rode through the village on the outskirts of Leipzig, and just as the sun was sinking I arrived before the South Gate of the old Saxon city.

In my student days, which seemed to me so remote, although it was only a little more than three months since I had attended the last of the learned Doctor Knabe's lectures on the fallacies of Duns Scotus, I had known a godly smith and cunning worker in wrought iron. His name was Lenz, and his workshop and comfortable dwelling lay just



A CUNNING WORKER IN WROUGHT IRON.

round the corner of the street where my lord had his lodging. It was to this worthy man's house that I bent my way through the well-known streets. Leipzig in those days was not a pleasant place. As I rode along, the narrow

streets were nearly deserted, and housewives from the top windows of the towering houses thought that as the streets were almost empty of foot passengers they might safely throw out their refuse on to the pavement. Twice or thrice on my way to Lenz's smithy I most narrowly escaped these unsavoury deluges, and my evident distress at my vicinity to these downpours was the cause of no little amusement to the round-faced burghers sitting smoking at their shop doors.

Before the door of friend Lenz I drew in rein. The smith in his huge leather apron was extinguishing his fires, and his two dirty apprentices were pulling up the shutters, when their attention was drawn to the strange horseman at the door. I dismounted and entered the smithy, bidding one of the lads to hold Orlando.

"Too late, master, too late," said Lenz, "the fires are out; thou must bide till morning, when I'll gladly shoe thy black nag. Why, man, surely I know thy face! Where have I seen it? These stirring times one needs a long memory for all one sees and hears. It can't be! Why, yes, it's Master Hans Pehl! Where hast thou been, man? Thy looks, friend, are not much in thy favour. Not turned highwayman?" And the smith gave a great guffaw as he grasped my hand with a grip like that of his own vice. "Come into the room, the Frau will be glad to see thee. Franz, you rascal, take Master Pehl's horse round to the yard and shut the smithy. Here, Frau, is an old friend come back to life. That's right, give him another. Get supper and two bottles of the best the banks of the Saale can produce. Now, lad, get a wash. Franz will look after that grand steed of thine."

These were beautiful words; this was an oasis after weary wandering in the wilderness.

After supper, Frau Lenz having retired for the night, I told the good smith of all my adventures, all about the recreant steward, and how he had come to Leipzig with two or three troopers, having kidnapped my love and one of the women from the castle. "You must give me advice," I said in conclusion. "What do you think I should do?"

Lenz ran his horny stained fingers through his grizzled hair, and stood at the fire on the hearth. At last he broke his long silence.

"Well, friend Hans, this Ott Bensch is on thy showing a most precious rascal, and I'll gladly help thee all I can to run the fox to earth. But that's just it; he's a fox, and his hole is certain to be deep. Leipzig is big, strangers are coming and going every day. There is no use telling the watch and inviting their aid—they're a lot of drunken old fogies who can hardly call the hours of the night rightly. But thy tale has taken a long time in the telling, and if we are to set about this business properly we want time to think it over. So I'll just go and join the Frau, and perhaps a night's rest will rid thee of those black rings round thy eyes. I'll waken thee betimes."

Lenz could not be induced to remain out of bed longer, so I was forced to lie down also, and truly I was so fatigued that in a minute I was fast asleep, and only wakened when my friend shook my shoulder, telling me it was already broad daylight.

"Master Hans," he said at breakfast, "thy Ott Bensch is doubtless a Papist, and what thou tellest me about his former secret visits to a priest in hiding here is a likely story enough. Would thou know this priest if thou saw him?"

"I never saw him, to my knowledge."

"Well, there is an inn here near the North Gate, in a part of the town bearing a very ill repute, and they say that most of the guests there are shady persons who shun the abode of decent folk, and that with good cause. Moreover, I know that a pretty good handful of Papists live out there, as not a few have been lately arrested for seeking to steal arms from the watch, and are now lying in prison on that account. Suppose we go over to that inn this evening, just about sundown. Thou canst take thy side arms with thee, but I advise thee not to swagger about more than thy good manners permit, for there are some rough customers yonder who'll try thy temper, lad!"

I saw nothing to object to in this; so after wandering about the town all day long, with my eyes and ears open, it is true, but without any settled plan, I joined Lenz when his day's work was over.

Neither of us took much pains with our dress, for the rougher we looked the better for our purpose. I forgot not my sword and pistol, and Lenz concealed a dangerous weapon of his own fashioning—a short steel handle with a heavy round head to it, a murderous instrument at close quarters.

We bent our way at dusk through tortuous streets, the overhanging houses nearly meeting overhead, and showing only a narrow slit of dark sky in which the stars had begun to appear. I do not believe Lenz had any settled plan—he certainly told me of none—but he reckoned that perhaps we would have a chance of meeting some of Wallenstein's scattered troops, and that a little judicious inquiry and a liberal supply of strong beer might be the means of obtaining some valuable information.

"This is the place," whispered Lenz, as we stood beside a tumble-down wooden and brick house, four storeys high, and in the middle of heaps of malodorous garbage lying in the street. A rusty sign, bearing in half-effaced letters, "To the Green Goat," creaked unpleasantly over our heads. As we entered we did not relish our host's welcome. It was surly and short. Neither did we like the looks of half a score of semi-drunken ruffians who sat about in a vile thick atmosphere mixed of tobacco smoke, beer, frying sausages, and garlic. We sat down in a corner remote from the fire and called for beer. Our entrance did not seem to affect the company much. They were listening to a dubious tale from a close-shaven, greasy man, dressed as a small trader, whose features bore some resemblance to a face I had seen some-

where, but which I could not recall, and greeting his sallies of coarse fun with boisterous laughter. The dirty mock-hero of the tale was a Lutheran Pastor, and from the way in which he was referred to I easily gathered that the company were Papists. One man sat a little apart from the rest. He had his back towards us; his hat was pulled down over his eyes. He was either fast asleep or dead drunk, or both. But there was that about his figure which reminded me of something I had seen before. I could not make a closer examination without attracting more attention than was just then desirable. For the greasy man, his tale ended, turned his gaze on us.

"Thirsty wayfarers, I'll wager," he said, pointing to us mockingly with his thumb. "Well, we'll give them a toast."

He rose from his seat, followed by his friends, and turning round to us, and lifting high his great tankard of beer, cried out:

"Success to the Cause, and may all our enemies be confounded!"

Lenz showed no hesitation, rose to his feet, and drank his beer in one mighty draught; but I remained seated, for I neither relished my company nor their toast.

"Get up, man," whispered Lenz. "Don't quarrel. What difference can it make? May all our enemies be confounded, of course."

But the spirit of obstinacy got the better of me, and I neither rose nor touched my tankard, but turned a defiant look towards the leader of the gang.

"That's a capital toast," I said; "but I have a better which I wish you to drink. Success to the right cause, and may all Austrian Papists be confounded!"

As though a grenade had burst among them they sprang towards me. Three or four of them who carried swords drew them like lightning.

But at this moment an unexpected diversion in our favour was caused by the man who had been asleep. He raised his head a little, but without turning in our direction, and hiccoughed out his approval of my toast.

"Quite right," he muttered; "and Spanish Papists as well, and the Italian ones with the Pope. They're all the same," and he shook his head with drunken gravity, and let it fall again on his breast. I was certain I knew that voice.

Somehow this speech tickled the greasy shaven man so much that he burst out laughing, and his hilarity seemed suddenly to affect his friends. But the landlord, who stood moodily by, had evidently had sufficient of our company.

"See here," he said, addressing me. "We have had enough of you and your friend. Take yourselves and your toasts to some other inn where your friends will welcome you. Just clear out sharp, or you may get some inches of steel run into your ugly bodies by one of these gentlemen here. Sharp, pay your reckoning, and be off before worse comes of it."

As it would have been worse than foolhardy to provoke a quarrel with those lawless men, several of whom were well armed, we paid our bill, which the host took care to double, and slouched out, Lenz and I, in no very dignified fashion, amidst yells of derision from the bandits. The heavy door banged-to behind us.

Once out in the street Lenz turned to me with a merry look in his eyes.

"Well, Master Hans, that was no successful adventure of ours, and I'm not so sure that much of its failure is not owing to thy very unbiblical way of refusing to be all things to all men. I warrant there be many in our place would have made no difficulty about drinking that toast—with reservations, of course. Still, I think I discovered something. I have a notion that that dark shaven scoundrel is one of their priests—perhaps Master Ott Bensch's favourite father confessor. Under his greasy headpiece I noticed traces of the tonsure. So I fancy we had better not let him out of our sight."

"And I also, friend Lenz, have made a queer discovery. You noticed that tipsy fool in the corner by himself? That was Peter, my lord's man, of whom I told you. Now what is he doing here in this company? We must get hold of Peter, who is an honest fellow, if a sad tippler."

I had uttered these words when the noise of an altercation behind made us turn round. The door of the "Green Goat" was again open, and by the meagre light of a sickly oil lamp at the corner we saw a crowd of struggling men who seemed engaged in raining blows on some one on the ground. Before we could make up our minds what to do, the man on the ground was kicked into the gutter in the middle of the street, and the rest had returned into the inn laughing and swearing.

The groans of the man reached our ears, and I felt sure it was Peter who had been thus summarily ejected. Back we went to his assistance. There was no doubt about it. The groaning wretch wallowing in the mire was none other than poor weak Peter. He was all bruised and bleeding, but no bones seemed broken, and the sound drubbing he had received had fairly sobered him.

"Hans! Is it you, Hans? Who would have thought to see thee here, and thou a divinity student! Mend thy ways, Hans; thou art in an evil way."

We raised the soiled and limp figure, and, much to the injury of our own clothes, we led him along between us towards Lenz's dwelling.

"What ruffians those are! I'm sore all over. But I deserve it all. I had been pretending to be one of them, and to-night I forgot myself and cursed the Pope and all his works, and then they took my purse and kicked me out."

"But, Peter, what brings you here?"

"My lord brought me here. He is gone to the Rhine, and would not take me, as he said I

had fallen into low ways, and he wanted a respectable servant. So he gave me some money and told me to get back to Langenstein."

Peter began sobbing. "And then by accident I got to the 'Green Goat,' and I saw that the company there were able topers and merry fellows, so in a weak moment I said I was one of them. But they're a mighty set of rascals, and the Bishop is the biggest rascal of them all."

"Who is the Bishop, Peter?"

"He is a priest in hiding. We nickname him the Bishop, and he has secret dealings with Wallenstein's people and with the Spaniards. Oh, he's a precious rascal!"

"Does he live about this neighbourhood?"

"Quite close to the 'Green Goat,' a little farther along the street, in the big corner house; he has it all to himself. The other night, passing his house quite late going home from the 'Goat,' I had an awful fright. I stumbled against a big fellow coming out of the corner house, who swore at me for an awkward fool who could not walk home straight; and will you believe it, Master Hans, but if that was not Ott Bensch it was his ghost."

"He came out of the Bishop's house?"

"Yes."

Lenz and I looked at one another significantly. We began to see our way a little more clearly.

We had now arrived at the smithy. Some straw was placed in a warm corner near the furnace for poor Peter, who had hardly lain down before he was fast asleep. But Lenz and I were not sleepy, and we talked things over far on into the night.

CHAPTER XII.

THE first result of our council of war—for Lenz and I had determined on attack—was that we were out of bed betimes next morning making preparations for action. There was still much to be done. Peter awoke contrite and thoroughly ashamed of himself, giving me a solemn promise, which I never asked from him, that he would avoid in the future Dutch spirits and confine himself altogether to beer.

While Lenz was occupied with some customers, Peter and I enlightened one another on many matters as to which we were hitherto ignorant or had only imperfect knowledge. There was little in Peter's narrative that I did not already know, except that part about my lord's doings, the strange series of mysterious events which were beginning to unfold themselves, and of which he, with Count Robert, formed the central figure. It is, indeed, a strange tale, and when I have leisure I will write it down as I know it, for the instruction and warning of those who may read the story.

It is well I should do so, for round my lord's memory a number of remarkable legends have clustered, some of them resembling the truth, others lies, and, despite the harm he tried to do me, I still believe that he was at heart a good man. It was when he was on his death-bed that he told me all; only I knew the strange tale. But in this present narrative my lord and his mysterious friend will no longer appear. We know he went to the Rhine provinces with Count Robert's regiment, and there, for the present, we must leave him.

Peter listened with open mouth to the tale I had already told to Lenz, and could hardly believe what he heard of Ott Bensch at Lützen, of his capture of the Schloss, and his flight to Leipzig with Käthe and one of the castle women. His instinct told him that the woman who accompanied Käthe was Martha, the handsome wench who so admired Peter, and who was, as I now perceived from Peter's gathering wrath, very much admired in return. The honest groom willingly consented to join Lenz and me in any plot for the discomfiture of Ott Bensch, for we were all agreed that Bensch in our power, or got rid of, the task of discovering Käthe would be rendered comparatively easy. Nor had we longer any doubts as to the whereabouts of the ex-steward.

I was well aware that he had known a certain priest in Leipzig. Peter's story made it certain that the greasy man at the "Green Goat" was this priest, for did he not live in a house all by himself, in a questionable part of the town, and was not Ott Bensch seen by Peter coming out of this very house? That Bensch lived there I was now certain, and that he was using this big uninhabited house as a prison for Käthe in which he could work out his own purposes, no longer admitted of reasonable doubt.

As I brooded over the matter while waiting for Lenz, I wondered at the singular chain of events now unfolding themselves, and how a merciful and just Providence was directing my footsteps in the track of the man who had till now been the curse of my life. That I was on his track I was certain.

The good smith, Peter, and I did little that forenoon but discuss the work of the coming evening, for we had resolved to postpone action until it was dark. The only measure we took was to despatch Peter to the neighbourhood of the "Green Goat" with instructions to keep himself well in the background, but to note well anything suspicious which might transpire, and report what he had seen when we should join him after dark. Peter wore a pistol in his belt and a good sword at his side, which he well knew how to use on occasion; and as I believed in his solemn vow to abstain from Dutch spirits, I felt that I could rely on him.

When the smithy was shut, and the apprentices gone to their room for the night, Lenz and I armed ourselves as on the previous evening, and made for that quarter of the city by the North Gate.

It was a dark night, but more surely to avoid observation we held tight to the walls of the

high houses, my sword loose in its scabbard, Lenz carrying his deadly mace in one hand, and in the other a bag of tools which he thought we might lack during the night. Two men of the watch whom we passed looked suspiciously at us, as they well might, but did not molest us.

At last we approached the house opposite the "Green Goat." Sounds of revelling reached us from the inner room, and we hoped that the Bishop so-named was one of the revellers, for he was a stout rascal, and his presence in his own house was not desirable that night.

We had gone some fifty ells past the "Green Goat" when we noticed a muffled figure standing in one of the dark cavernous gateways. Instinctively my hand went to my sword handle. But it was no enemy. It was our friend Peter on the watch, and waiting our arrival.

He drew into the depths of the archway, and we followed silently.

"Well, Peter," I whispered. "What news? What hast thou seen? Why, man, thou art all in a tremble. Thou hast not been drinking again?"

"She's there!" He pointed with his finger in the direction of the priest's house.

"Who? Käthe?" I asked, excitedly seizing him by the arm.

"Martha," he whispered. "As I was passing the corner house, the Bishop's, not an hour ago, it was not quite dark, and at the top window nearest the corner of the street—I don't know what made me look up just at that moment, but there was Martha passing across the window holding a light in her hand. Sure of it? Of course I am. In an instant all was dark again. I waited some minutes, but she did not return, and I noticed that the window was barred outside; why I don't know. Surely no thieves could climb up so high."

"What company have they at the 'Green Goat' to-night?" interrupted Lenz.

"Pretty much, Master Lenz, what they had last night. The Bishop left his house a little after sunset, taking the key with him, and went to the 'Goat.' Do you know, Master Hans, I have been looking at that Bishop pretty closely, and if I am not making a very big mistake, he is the horse dealer who sold my lord the horses with which we left Langenstein."

That was it! It suddenly flashed on me that Peter was right. Now I remembered him. Doubtless among the gang surrounding him at this moment were also the scoundrels who set fire to the barn at Merau. I had not, however, scrutinised their faces sufficiently to be sure of this. Well, I determined that as soon as our business was done with Master Ott Bensch, and we succeeded in moving my love into a place of safety, I would turn my attention to the greasy priest and his company of cut-throats. But one business at a time.

Peter had seen no sign of Ott Bensch, and all day long no one had entered or left the Bishop's house save the Bishop himself at sundown. We gathered therefore that in all probability the renegade steward was in the house.

It was only a stone's throw to the corner house from where we stood whispering together. Thither we went, Lenz in front, Peter behind. It was now pitch dark, the oil lamp at the corner of the street had gone out. In one or two windows along the face of the houses in the street we noticed a sickly light, but in the priest's house all was darkness. We were the only people stirring, for no one liked to trust his life and property to the cut-throats who prowled among the purlieus by the North Gate.

We stood at last opposite the frowning gate of the corner house. Three stone steps led to it, and overhanging it was a sort of balcony projection of curiously carved wood with latticed windows.

We decided that it would be most unwise to knock. It would not only alarm Bensch if he were inside, but the neighbours as well. I was eager and trembling with excitement. Unitedly we pushed with all our might against the strong oaken door, but it resisted our efforts. Our strong push, however, had revealed to Lenz that the door was only fastened at the lock, that it was not otherwise secured by bolts either above or below.

While Lenz took from his bag various little iron instruments and bits of wire, Peter and I drew our swords and kept careful watch on the street leading from the "Green Goat." I believe we had fully determined to kill the Bishop had he appeared at that moment, rather than have all our plans frustrated. Lenz was a master workman, but he found some difficulty with the lock—it was evidently a very involved piece of mechanism. At last, after half an hour's patient fumbling with his wire and steel probes, a quick sudden jerk of his hand, and a gentle push from his shoulder, we saw the heavy door open into the black cavern of a hall, where not a glimmer of light made its way. We silently entered, noiselessly closing the door behind us; but as the lock was hopelessly spoiled we placed the two heavy wooden door bars in their sockets, thus effectually excluding the Bishop should he arrive before we wanted him.

Once inside and the door fastened, Lenz had again recourse to his bag, from which he drew a small lantern, which he speedily lighted. It gave but a dim light, but it was sufficient to show us that we were at the bottom of a flight of broad stairs leading to the upper storeys. We lighted an iron lamp attached to the wall, and were glad to see that it threw a good light up the stairs. All our movements were conducted with the utmost silence. I don't believe a cat could have heard us. The house was silent as a tomb. Slowly we ascended the stairs, pausing at every few steps to listen. Peter went in advance carrying the lantern, which, as we gradually ascended, became indispensable. We examined the doors carefully on each landing, Peter holding the lantern to the lock, Lenz peering at it with skilled eyes.

It was the smith's opinion that these locks had not been opened for weeks, perhaps for months. The bolts were all rusty, he said, and showed no trace of having been recently drawn. If this was true it agreed with Peter's information that the captives and their keepers were on the top storey.

We reached the bottom of the top flight of stairs, which we noticed was narrower, steeper, and less substantially built than the other two. Peter had no sooner set his heavy foot on the first step than it gave a loud crack, which resounded like thunder through the still house. There was nothing for it, however, but to proceed, and step after step, with three heavy men treading on them, gave forth such creaks and groans as would have wakened the Seven Sleepers of the old tale. We had reached the landing and were listening. In front of us and to right and left were three doors; a moment's scrutiny, and Lenz declared in a whisper that these doors were all in constant use. My heart beat violently, painfully. Here we were, the three of us, standing on the narrow landing—a stout railing behind us, over which we could see down into the dimly lighted hall. Lenz raised his heavy mace and gave three sounding blows at the door before us. Peter and I stood to right and left of him with our swords drawn and our pistols cocked in our left hands. We had hung our little lamp on a nail fastened in the wall beside the middle door.

There was no reply to Lenz's loud summons, and I should have concluded that it either had not been heard, or that it was not the purpose of those inside to answer it, had I not heard faintly the striking of a flint and steel and the sudden rush of feet across the room to my left.

"Your voice is unknown," I whispered to Lenz; "demand entrance."

Lenz raised his voice:

"We demand admittance. If you delay we are strong enough to force an entrance. Open this door!" and Lenz thundered again with his heavy mace.

A strong tread was heard inside approaching the door, and a voice that made the blood course slower through my veins answered:

"Who are ye who demand admittance to houses not your own? Thieves, of a certainty. My answer is that the first man who enters here unbidden gets a bullet through his head for his pains. Who are ye, I repeat?"

"That's Ott Bensch," I whispered to Lenz.

"Who are we?" answered the smith. "Not friends of thine, Master—of that be sure. We wish thee no good; but if thou hast any regard for thy life thou wilt open this door and deliver up the two women whom thou hast stolen. Do this quickly and quietly, and we will spare thy useless life; refuse, and the consequences be on thy guilty head."

"I know nothing of two women. This is not the house in which to seek women. This——"

Lenz had grown impatient. With mighty blow after blow he began to smite the stout lock, thus drowning Bensch's words, but we heard the villain uttering fearful imprecations amidst the rain of Lenz's vigorous blows, and what set all our hearts painfully beating, the cries and shrieks of women, followed by what seemed the violent overturning of tables and chairs.

Suddenly at that moment there was a loud hammering below at the street door. The Bishop had returned from the "Green Goat," and we knew that no time must be lost. Lenz heard the noise and redoubled his own exertions. With a crackling, smashing sound the lock gave way—nothing could stand Lenz's terrible onslaught. He kicked open the door, and in that moment we heard the sharp rattle of a pistol, and Lenz fell back into the landing with a groan.

With a spring like a tiger's the huge bulk of Ott Bensch was upon us. Peter, who was a most skilful swordsman, darted back, and the full weight of Bensch came heavily against me, and his mighty hand caught me by the throat and pinned me against the wall entirely. He glared for an instant into my face, and staggered back in his terror and astonishment.

"Thou here, thou dog!" was what he uttered. "Curses on thee!"

They were the last words he spoke that night, for Peter's pistol was clapped against his breast, and at its report the huge form of the steward staggered back and back, reeling round and round until he fell with a loud crash. From the moment of our entrance until Bensch's fall hardly five seconds had elapsed.

"See to that scoundrel," I cried to Peter; "if he moves hand or foot run thy sword through his body." This was brutal of me, but I was in a frenzy, and I hope God has forgiven me, for I have sought forgiveness with tears.

The cries of women continued from the adjoining room, and I sprang to the door. I flung it open. There was Käthe, my darling, stretched prone on the floor, and Martha kneeling beside her, both of them weeping and groaning and almost insensible from terror.

I raised Käthe in my arms and strained her to my heart.

"Käthe, Kätchen!" I cried; "it is I, Hans. All is well, my love! Open thy eyes."

She slowly opened them, and wildly clutching me round the neck she covered my face with kisses.

"O Hans! back again! They told me thou wert dead, that thou hadst been killed at Lützen. Thank God, thank God! Take me away, Hans. That terrible brute! Where is he? Hast thou killed him? O Hans, my love, thou art alive!"

I bade Martha follow us, and I bore Käthe out of the room. Peter was standing guard over Ott Bensch, who lay insensible as he had fallen, but on seeing Martha he forgot his charge and ran forward and embraced her, uttering incoherent words which probably Martha understood.

"Leave that wretch there," I said to Peter; "let us see to the smith."

Käthe, who was now sufficiently recovered, begged to be allowed to walk. Together we went out to the landing. But the smith was gone. The knocking at the street door had also ceased, and we heard instead the sound of voices from below. Looking over the railings of the landing into the lighted entrance we saw the smith, covered with blood, his mace in hand, standing guard over the prone figure of a man whom we took to be the Bishop.

Together we hastened down. Ott Bensch's bullet had at first stunned the smith, and had, indeed, shattered his left shoulder, but he was a man of singular strength, and had speedily gained consciousness. Seeing that Bensch was safe, and fearing that the priest, unable to gain admittance, would return to the "Goat" for his companions, brave Lenz had stumbled somehow down the stairs, had opened the door, and on the Bishop's entry had simply felled him like an ox with his uninjured arm.

We went out into the street, Käthe leaning on my arm, Lenz going before, Peter with Martha behind. My heart was full of unutterable gratitude to God, for though there had been violence and bloodshed—too much of it, alas!—I felt that wrong doers had been punished, and that right had had the victory. But the poor smith! We slowly made our way to his house, following another road to avoid the "Green Goat," when the women were placed in charge of good Frau Lenz, who kissed my Käthe again and again with all a mother's tender affection, dividing her time between the still frightened girl and her sore-wounded husband. Peter I despatched for a surgeon to tend the smith's shoulder, and I myself went to the captain of the watch to report what had been done; for now that the worst was over, I had no objection that the watch should look after the malefactors, and bring them to justice.

. . . . . .

Thus end the adventures which I set out to narrate, but if I add a few words telling of what happened afterwards, I think my story will look more completed. It was not long before my dear friend Lenz was well again. He was nursed by his wife and Käthe, who could not sufficiently show her gratitude for all the good smith had done and suffered on her behalf. The worthy fellow subsequently rose to be captain of his ward, and was held in high esteem by his fellow citizens.

The wound which Ott Bensch received was after all not fatal. He and the Bishop and all the gang of the "Green Goat," including the host, were tried as traitors. I was present at the trial, and beheld the row of rascals as they were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in the city jail. Closely scanning the Bishop's features, I was certain he was the horse dealer, and among his companions were three vile-looking rogues who were none other than the men who burned the barn at Merau.

Bensch died in jail—he never wholly recovered from the terrible wound in his side. The priest was eventually liberated in exchange for a prisoner of some eminence who was in an Austrian jail, and finally left Saxony for Spain.

As for Peter and Martha, theirs was a comical wooing, but it ended happily. Peter set up as a pedlar in one of the back streets of Leipzig, and saved money, and afterwards bought a nice little business near the South Gate. He still lives, a hale old man, and when I was in Leipzig two years ago we had a pleasant chat over bygone times. He shuns Dutch spirits as poison, and his Martha takes care that he has no excuse for returning to them.

As for Käthe, my treasure, my angel. She sits opposite me now as I write these concluding words. She sits in her own chair in the deep window of the new parsonage. Her hair is snow white, but there is hardly a wrinkle in her serene fair face. Our youngest grandson is on her knee, and she is pointing up to the old grey towers on the Holwitz rock telling a tale of when she was a girl there, and grandpapa came to say good-bye before going to the wars, and how she gave him a red ribbon to wear in his hat and shield him from all dangers.





A NORTH ATLANTIC SKETCH OF TO-DAY.

IT is 4 P.M. and bad weather on board of the Royal Mail Steamship *Blank* of the Transatlantic Omnibus Company, Limited. A hard gale is blowing from the south-west with a constant drizzling rain which mingles with, and is almost unnoticeable amongst, the flying sea-spray. The great seas keep the ship continuously rolling and plunging heavily, so that, with a speed but of sixteen knots in place of her moderate weather speed of nineteen, the forward part of the ship is almost unapproachable, by reason of the tons of white water that come bursting and roaring over the forecastle with every forward dive a little heavier than the average. And the spray flies lower-masthead high aft over all, drenching the main bridge forty feet above the water line, and making the wet and shiny oilskin-clad officers on watch, and the look-out man, all bow simultaneously, almost automatically, behind the grey, wet-shrunken, taut-stretched canvas weather-screens; burtling against the great funnels which will glisten white with salt in the next fine weather; flying down the stoke-hole and engine-room ventilators, making the fireman and greasers swear, and things generally sloppy and moist, even in front of the roaring furnaces that are doing all the work.

Eight bells has just been struck upon the little bell in the upper wheel-house by the quartermaster at the wheel, and the big bell on the forecastle has just responded with an uncertain clanging, struck by the hand of a man in an ancient sou'wester turned up at the back, a pair of well-worn oilskin pants (double calico only on the knees—single, all the rest), torn and frayed at the bottoms, and a pair of slop Blucher boots in a spongy condition, by reason of much paddling about in salt water; likewise a blue guernsey with T. O. C. worked in white worsted on the front. His effort was intended for "eight bells," but the ship took a violent lurch to leeward just at the moment and interrupted the process, sending the striker hurrying beneath the forecastle for shelter from the frequent heavy sprays, any one of which would be quite sufficient to wet him comfortably through just as he is going below after managing to keep a moderately dry skin all the watch—which would be vexing and cause him to make many shocking remarks, as is the custom of sailors when vexed.

The watch on deck since noon, just relieved, are progressing—it is a good word in this connection—along the lee side of the main deck, forward to their quarters beneath the forecastle, by means of a variety of clingings, ambles, slides, runs, and staggers, rendered necessary by the constant and violent lurching and plunging of the ship. Those with oilskins on can afford to disregard the spray that flies along the lee side from forward after every plunge, while those without have to dodge it and watch for opportunities as best they may. Sailors get skilled at that sort of manœuvring. Those with rubber boots can walk in more human fashion than those shod with leather or wood, for rubber has a happy capacity for holding on well to a wet and slippery deck, when other materials would slip away with their wearers if they did not cling on to something.

The weather side of the ship is deserted—left to the domination of the salt water, which ever and anon comes breaking aboard with a thump and a hiss, and much swashing about, flooding the deck and pouring in volumes over the side again through the scupper holes and the cord-nettings of the side rails. The passengers, such few as are in evidence at all, are congregated well aft under the lee of the structures that occupy the middle part of the ship—the saloon, galleys, engine-room, fiddles, etc.

On the main deck the steerage passengers, a motley, dejected, and sea-sick community, sit or lie about in the damp sizzle of lee-spray which is a feature in swift ships when a strong side wind is blowing. Frowsy-looking and unkempt after eight hours of bad weather, with

wet feet and clammy garments, men, women, and children huddle together in the best-sheltered places, unwilling to get wetter than they already are, and still more unwilling to go below to their uncomfortable steerage quarters, where the smells and confusion caused by the motion of the vessel and the topsy-turveydom of things in general would make them still more sea-sick.

On the saloon deck the chairs lashed along the lee side to the hand-rails amidships are sparsely occupied by a few serious and sea-sick first-class passengers, very much wrapped up, and preferring the recumbent attitude to any other. For sea-sickness craves above all things a recumbent attitude and fresh air. The men averse to smoking and not remarkably talkative; no one feeling any great appetite for the hot-meaty and sugary food preparing under high-pressure difficulties in the galleys, and many an absolute indifference to the same, while the usual proportion, regardless of all things in the earth, sea, or elsewhere—recognising nothing save their own extreme misery—make the air hideous and their surroundings abominable, and help to sicken their neighbours by sheer force of sympathy. Sea-sickness is a very unpleasant thing indeed.

To the bridge ascends the chief officer to relieve the second—oilskin-clad, sea-booted, sou'-westered, and looking very much of a clumsy sea-monster as compared with the same gentleman seen under favourable circumstances in harbour, but well suited to the present conditions, which are wet, windy, salt, and unsteady in the extreme. He shuffles quickly up to the weather end, where the best protection from wind and water is to be had, and makes the usual poor imitation of a naval salute—a motion of the hand towards the head, which represents bridge-relieving etiquette in most large steamers. His manner is weary and uninterested, and he appears as if he had just been roused up and dressed in a hurry after getting about half as much sleep as he really required—which is indeed the case.

"H'm," says he. "Blowing still. Got the storm-doors closed?" "Yes, sir," says the second officer, and begins to detail the various items necessary for his relief to know. "Watch are securing the after boat, starboard side—the rolling spar broke. Nearly finished now. Billy lashing it to one of the midship ring bolts. There's water going down one of the ventilators on the weather side of the main deck, and flooding one of the cabins. Don't care about sending anyone along there just now, to plug it—there's too much sea. I've told the carpenter about it. The glass is tumbling down like anything—gone down two-tenths in the last hour and a half. Course is W. by S.—keeping her up a quarter for leeway—that's W. by S. ¼ S. Nothing in sight. Logging her sixteen knots."

"All right," answers the chief, and yawns voluminously, the while they both cling on to the brass rail and huddle close up under the weather-cloth, by reason of a vicious thump upon the port bow, and a soul-sickening lurch of forty degrees to leeward, followed immediately by a huge angry spray that is nearly solid water and comes rushing over all at the rate of forty miles an hour. The second officer waits a few seconds, making a few emphatic and uncomplimentary remarks about the ship and her behaviour, and then, watching his opportunity, "slithers" away towards the lee ladder, disappears down it, and away to his room. There, probably, if we followed him, we should find that he first throws off his wet oilskins; then, jamming himself down on the settee with his back against the bulkhead and one foot against the side of his bunk, to keep himself from being thrown about, he pulls his sea-boots off. Next, pouring a little fresh water into the hand basin, he washes the crusted salt out of his eyes and beard, dries rapidly, fills and lights a wooden pipe, and lastly lies down and chocks himself off on the settee as best he may, where he presently falls asleep with the pipe in his mouth. Leave him there, poor chap! He won't sleep long. At twenty-five minutes past five a quartermaster will call him, and he will put on his cold, wet oilskins and boots again, and go up on the bridge to relieve the chief for tea.

A long shrill whistle sounds from the bridge—a call for the boatswain, who answers from some remote place under shelter, with a little squeak on his pipe, and presently makes for the bridge. "Get the watch along and furl those bridge-end screens," orders the chief officer, "before the sea knocks 'em out of her," he continues to himself. "And hurry them up," he bawls after the boatswain, who is struggling along in the wind and spray below the bridge, with his sou'-wester blown all awry, and the bottom of his oilskin coat slatting his legs like a whip, in spite of the "soul-and-body" lashing of spunyarn tied round his middle. Five minutes later the watch—seven or eight men of various sorts and sizes, all more or less oilskin clad, wet, worn, and clumsy of appearance—come up and cast adrift the lashings and lacings of the bridge-end screens, and, after a hard struggle, manage to snug them down and secure them; while the constant heavy spray nearly drowns them, and the roar of the wind is such that no man can hear his neighbour's voice unless the latter shouts in his ear. And ever and anon a huger sea than the average, crested with many white tops at once, and all threatening to merge into one and break just at the right moment to strike with damaging effect, comes rolling along and thrusts the great ship over with a jerk, till the little clinometer on the "Sir William Thomson" binnacle flicks past the 45° mark and knocks against the side of the cover, and the starboard side of the main deck is flooded fore and aft with lee water, and a chair here and a barrel there, and something else yonder, breaks adrift and gets washed overboard, or starts banging about from side to side with each succeeding roll until caught and lashed or otherwise secured again.

Down in the steerages the scenes are desolate and sickening, and the smells horrid. Tin plates, pails, camp stools, garments and filth, careen wildly from one side to the other every now and then, owing to insecure fastenings, or the inexperience, or trustfulness, or carelessness, or utter misery and indifference of passengers and stewards who have not yet learnt what the sea can do when it tries. Women and children sit or lie on the damp and dirty deck, clinging to the iron stanchions, too stupid with the anguish of sea-sickness and unaccustomed experiences to do or care anything, whatever happens.

And men and women passengers who are sufficiently philosophical to consider anything outside of themselves, wonder what in the name of fortune men go to sea for, for a living, when there are prisons and workhouses ashore. And the men themselves wonder, too, sometimes, but forget about it afterwards, when the sun shines and the wind and sea are behaving themselves—when they can stand up straight without holding on to something with both hands, or being flung violently somewhere, or having their heads nearly blown off. These things some people may smile at, who do not know them by experience. But they are true.

. . . . . .

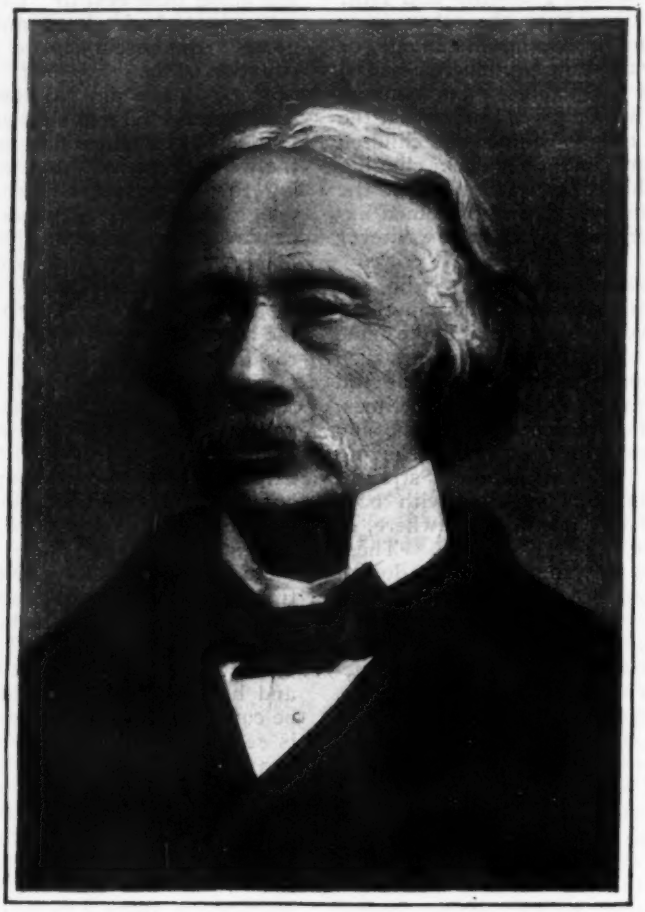
It is 9 P.M., and what the barometer went down for is manifest, for it is blowing something between a whole gale and a hurricane. The wind has hauled more to the westward, and is now, as near as can be, right ahead. The sea, which ran in huge, crested mountains before, is humbled before the fierceness of the gale, and is now a smothering, seething mass of white foam, through which the ship is churning steadily at about twelve knots an hour, pitching heavily now and then, but for the most part labouring ahead without being thrown about nearly as much as before—for the sea no sooner attempts to raise itself from its mean level than the howling blast shaves it off in foam and spray. Down below, things are quieter. All the storm-doors and entrances are tightly closed, and the weather-boards in their places, so that beyond the continuous moaning sound, which is all that is audible of the wind down below, and the peculiarly slow and straining revolutions of the screw, there are few signs of the state of things outside. But on the bridge the navigation of "trust in providence" is going forward. Collected in a space of three or four square fathoms amidships, around the standard compass, are five persons—the officer of the watch, two subordinate officers, and two look-out men, all hitched and buttoned up in boots and oilskins, and holding close against the scanty bit of canvas screen which it is safe to keep spread for their protection, and doing their best to "look out" for the ship—that is, to look ahead and see where she is going. But herein lies the ghastly joke of the situation: they *are not* looking out—they *cannot* look ahead. No human eye could face the gale of wind and sleet and fierce salt spray that rushes on either side and over the top of the weather cloths. And so they stand, clinging to the rails of the bridge or the engine telegraphs, with shoulders shrugged up and heads stooped to keep as much as possible the flying water out of their faces and from getting down their necks, ever and anon attempting to look ahead, or at least to catch a glimpse of the horizon as nearly ahead as possible. While the fierce whirling eddies of salt water and sharp gusts of wind abaft the weather cloths, together with the sleet, the roar of the storm, and the occasional violent motion of the ship, combine to make this main "*look-out*" bridge—grim joke!—as wretched a place as can well be conceived to spend four long hours of misery in—wet, cold, salt-pickled, and weary from long standing in one place.

And if there lies hove-to across the steamer's track some westward-bound barque or ship upon the starboard tack, wallowing about under lower main topsail and fore topmast staysail, with her red side-light of no account and her binnacle lamp out, she will probably be cut in two pieces and sunk almost before she is seen—and perhaps the steamer will follow her to the bottom. There are many interesting and momentous accidents which can easily be imagined, any one of which is liable to happen to a ship steaming over ten knots an hour in the teeth of a living gale, and no one able to look where she is going. Many people may be inclined to think I exaggerate, and to doubt the existence of such conditions as I have described, where so many lives and such immense values in ship, cargo, and mails are at stake. But these things are most assuredly as I have written them.

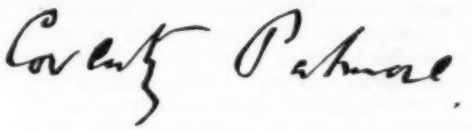
No matter. The chances are she'll go clear until a proper look-out is possible. Besides, she's often done it before, and other ships have to do it. The barometer is rising rapidly. It's beginning to rain and sleet in torrents, and grows appreciably colder. There'll be a sudden shift of wind to the nor'-west directly, and the weather will clear. In a few hours this gale will have blown itself out, and in the joy of sunshine and a moderately smooth sea the hardships and grievances of bad weather will be forgotten.

WALTER JOHNSON, LIEUT. R.N.R.

THE POETRY OF COVENTRY PATMORE.



From a photograph by Barraud.]



THE death of Mr. Coventry Patmore has been felt as a loss not only by many who valued him for his personal qualities, but by all lovers of literature. Since the death of his friend, Lord Tennyson, England has had no more popular poet, and richly was his popularity deserved. Of his life this is not the place, nor am I the person—although gratified by many marks of his friendship—to write at any length. A few simple facts, however, it may be as well to state. Born in 1823, he published a volume of poems when he was twenty-one, and through the influence of Lord Houghton obtained the post of assistant librarianship in the British Museum. He then married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Andrews, a Congregational minister, by whom he had six children. It was an eminently happy marriage, and gave to the young poet many a poetical inspiration, with other blessings of a more worldly kind. It may be remembered that a few years ago one of his daughters, an exquisite artist, exhibited some of her delicate and, of its kind, incomparable work in London. Some readers, too, may recall a little volume, privately printed at Oxford in 1884, entitled "Poems by Henry Patmore," a son who died at twenty-three, and of whom his father writes with a father's affection :

"At twenty years of age his spiritual and imaginative insight were far beyond those of any man I ever met; he instructed me much better than I could instruct him, in matters which I had contemplated and studied all my life."

Mr. Patmore lost the mother of his children in 1862, and in 1865 married a lady who, following her pastor Archdeacon Manning, had

joined the Church of Rome. Mr. Patmore also became a "pervert," for so by all sincere Protestants this change must be regarded. He then lived for some time on an estate he had bought in Sussex, and so successfully did he manage it that Heron's Ghyll was sold to the Duke of Norfolk at a profit of several thousand pounds. After this the poet resided at the Mansion, a large house, formerly the residence of the Countess Waldegrave, facing All Saints' Church, Hastings. There his second wife died, and to her memory he erected a handsome Roman Catholic Church, designed by his friend Mr. Champneys, and in 1881 he married for the third time, and a baby son was added to the grown-up family. Then, after sixteen years of residence in his large and comfortable house at Hastings, Mr. Patmore was forced to seek another, and "at 68" he wrote: "I can't take root anywhere else." He did, however, and found his old house at Lymington "quite the most beautiful place" he "knew of in England."

Mr. Patmore, as his poetry shows, was an eminently domestic man, and enjoyed his home and his pipe. Friends were always welcome, and for those whom he loved he had a heart full of sympathy, but his manner at first was cold; he could not well brook opposition, especially from women, and his view of England's future was that of a pessimist. Very early in his career his love of art drew him to the pre-Raphaelites. He became the friend of Woolner, of Mr. Holman Hunt, of Mr. Burne Jones, of Rossetti, and of Inchbold, whose rare gift as a poetical landscape painter was so little appreciated in his lifetime. I am not going too much astray from my theme by adding that as the late Sir Russell Reynolds, the friend of Inchbold, and, indeed, the friend of all who had the happiness to know him, bequeathed last year one of the artist's characteristic landscapes to the National Gallery, so did Mr. Patmore propose leaving one in his possession, the beauty of which, he wrote, almost took his breath away. "Don't you think," he said, "that will please the dear old boy?"

As a poet Mr. Patmore had two styles. In his earlier poems he could be as familiar, as homely, and occasionally as prosaic, as Wordsworth sometimes is; and in his odes, his genius, like that of Wordsworth, carries him into a region of high imagination where an unbraced and ill-tutored mind may find it difficult to follow him. In his prose Mr. Patmore is frequently a mystic, and the mystical element has, to a large extent, left its mark on his later verse.

Love, which has been the familiar theme of all poets from the days of Petrarch to our own, is, it need scarcely be said, the subject from which he chiefly derives his inspiration. Other singers may have treated it with more passion, and with an art more exquisite, but in the purity and spiritual elevation which breathe through all that Mr. Patmore has written, he has been surpassed by none. Of the glow and ardour of youth, of its hopes and aspirations, of all that gives dignity to manhood, and a winning charm and grace to woman, this poet is Lord Tennyson's laureate successor. Almost everybody who cares for poetry has read the "Angel in the House," "The Victories of Love," and "Tamerton Church Tower," poems which, although far from faultless, and with unfortunate traces of what is known as "namby-pamby," are full of beautiful thoughts, and of an observation of Nature which betrays no common love.

Long quotations will be therefore unnecessary, but it may not be amiss to give a few passages to illustrate the charm, and also the weakness, of the poet's work. Mr. Patmore's faults in these poems are due apparently to an unsuccessful endeavour to be simple, and in effect he reminds the reader of some of the baldest passages of Crabbe and even of the inimitable parody of Wordsworth which lives in "Rejected Addresses." Such verses as the following mock simplicity in attempting to magnify the commonplace:

> "While thus I grieved and kissed her glove
> My man brought in her note to say,
> Papa had bid her send his love,
> And would I dine with them next day."

Again:

> "Good Mrs. Fife
> To my, 'The Dean is he at home?'
> Said, 'No, sir: but Miss Honor is.'
> And straight not asking if I'd come,
> Announced me, 'Mr. Felix, Miss,'
> To Mildred in the Study. There
> We talked, she working. We agreed
> The day was fine; the Fancy Fair
> Successful; 'Did I ever read
> De Genlis?' 'Never.' 'Do!' She heard
> I was 'engaged.' 'To whom?' 'Miss Fry.
> Was it the fact?' 'No! On my word?'
> What scandal people talked!"

A beautiful passage taken from a lyric in the second volume is marred, as will be seen from the line I have italicised, by this affected homeliness. A lover is driven by a sudden storm to take refuge under a cottage porch.

> "A voice so sweet that even her voice,
> I thought, could scarcely be more sweet,
> As thus I stayed against my choice,
> Did mine attracted hearing greet;
> And presently I turned my head
> Where the kind music seemed to be,
> And where to an old blind man she read
> The words that teach the blind to see.
> She did not mark me: swift I went,
> Thro' the fierce shower's whistle and smoke,
> To her home, and thence her woman sent
> *Back with umbrella, shoes and cloak.*
> The storm soon passed; the sun's quick glare
> Lay quenched in vapour fleecy, fray'd;
> And all the moist delicious air
> Was filled with shine that cast no shade;

And when she came, forth the sun gleam'd,
And clashed the trembling Minster chimes;
And the breath with which she thank'd me seem'd
Brought thither from the blossomed limes."

No happier change was ever made than when the early poets of this century, heralded by Burns and Cowper, escaped from the conventional diction of the last. When even a true poet like Gray could call a cat a "hapless nymph," and translate the trundling of a hoop into "chasing the rolling circle's speed," it was high time for a revolution that should destroy the artificial mode of expression which every poetaster had learnt to copy. The reaction, however, was too violent. Wordsworth, who, whenever his genius had free scope, belied his own theory, said that there ought to be no difference between the language of prose and verse, forgetting that the poet, by the very nature of his gift, as indeed Mr. Patmore admits in one of his essays, must find the common language of daily life inadequate to express his passion. No one proved this more strikingly than Wordsworth himself, when he had his "singing robes" on; but when his inspiration failed him he could write—

"I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide"—

just as Mr. Patmore could write—

"My dearest Niece, I'm charmed to hear
The scenery's fine at Windermere"—

neither of these poets being saved from such prosaic twaddle by a sense of humour.

It has been said in defence of "The Angel of the House" that its most familiar lines have a hidden meaning, but this is an assertion that might be made as readily with regard to "Little Jack Horner," since in neither case can the contrary be proved.

Mr. Patmore is not an affluent poet, for two small volumes hold all the verse which he has not deliberately rejected. In the narrative poems I believe that he chose an easy, familiar style, thinking it most in harmony with his themes. At the same time these poems contain many passages as terse in thought as they are graceful in expression. Here, for instance, are eight lines, headed "Prospective Faith":

"They safely walk in darkest ways
Whose youth is lighted from above,
Where, through the senses' silvery haze,
Dawns the veiled moon of nuptial love.
Who is the happy husband? He
Who scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks Heaven with a conscience free,
'Twas faithful to his future wife."

And here, in four lines, a simple truth is conveyed in the most appropriate words:

"That nothing here may want its praise,
Know, she who in her dress reveals
A fine and modest taste, displays
More loveliness than she conceals."

Again, what can be more epigrammatic than the following?—

"The bliss which woman's charms bespeak,
I've sought in many, found in none!
In many 'tis in vain you seek
What only can be found in one."

Touchstone in "As You Like It" introduces Audrey to the Duke as "a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own." The slightest hint suffices for a poet, and Touchstone's words may have suggested these lines to Mr. Patmore:

"'Thy tears o'erprize thy loss! Thy wife,
In what was she particular?
Others of comely face and life,
Others as chaste and warm there are,
And when they speak they seem to sing;
Beyond her sex she was not wise;
And there is no more common thing
Than kindness in a woman's eyes;
Then wherefore weep so long and fast,
Why so exceedingly repine?
Say how has thy beloved surpass'd
So much all others?' 'She was mine.'"

The inclination to quote dainty passages from Mr. Patmore's verse grows as one turns over the pages. Wordsworth in his great ode writes of the glad hearts that do the work of duty without knowing it, and an old poet sings of

"Happy souls who all the way
To heaven have a summer's day."

Mr. Patmore strikes a similar note when he writes of

"Souls found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
Where everything is well and fair
And Heaven remits its discipline.
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognise,
And ridicule against it hurled
Drops with a broken sting and dies."

. . . . . .

"Who should their own life plaudits bring,
Are simply vexed at heart that such
An easy and delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so much.
They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings,
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds but wings.
Postponing still their private ease
To courtly custom, appetite,
Subjected to observances,
To banquet goes with full delight.
Nay, continence and gratitude
So cleanse their lives from earth's alloy,
They taste in Nature's common food
Nothing but spiritual joy.
They shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God."

To those who had hitherto been familiar with Patmore's verse, few literary revolutions could have been more startling than the publication in 1879 of "The Unknown Eros." The poet whom every schoolgirl could read before, although it was not given to the schoolgirl to appreciate the subtler qualities of his verse, now demanded from the student of his odes a degree of attention that no indolent reader would be likely to give. And not only the frequently obscure thought of the lyrics, but the apparent irregularity of the versification was likely to repel the public, who had welcomed "The Angel in the House." Mr. Patmore sang now for "the fit audience though few" that can listen to a poet when, like the skylark, he has left the clear blue of heaven and is lost in a partial mist. The cloud does not silence the bird's voice, neither does it impede the poet's faculty of song, but he is forced to be content with fewer or more critical ears. Much, indeed, in these mystic utterances is a reproduction of the symbolism in vogue in mediæval days fused into poetic form by the poet's genius. In one of his essays he says, "that neither in ancient nor in modern times has there been a poet worthy of that sacred name, who would not have been horrified had he fancied that the full meaning of some of his sayings could be discerned by more than ten in ten thousand of his readers."

Assuredly to the "ten thousand" the larger portion of the "Unknown Eros" is a sealed book, but it is just possible that obscurity and eccentricity may be sometimes mistaken for depth, and that the seer by gazing too long on the far distance misses the loveliness lying at his feet. For the most part, Mr. Patmore's highly elaborate odes will not admit of quotation in these pages, partly because they are too long, and partly, as the poet might have been glad to think, because, despite of fine lines and noble thoughts here and there, they are too recondite for the apprehension of readers who are neither students of poetry nor conversant with his school of thought. Among these odes, however, there is one so simple and so beautiful that it appeals to every heart, and is, probably on that account, familiar; yet, at the risk of repeating what many readers may know already, I must quote "The Toy," both for its own merit and because it is peculiarly significant of the poet. There is no father or mother in the land to whom these lines will not appeal.

"My little son who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him and dismissed
With hard words and unkissed,
His Mother who was patient being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with blue bells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say
I will be sorry for their childishness."

In some of the odes, as in "Winter" and "Saint Valentine's Day," there are lines descriptive of nature which show a rare insight into her secrets, but on these I will not linger, but transcribe one of the lyrics with which Mr. Patmore closes the second volume of his poetry. There is a delicious music and joyous spirit in these lovely lines which ought to secure them a place in every selection of English verse:

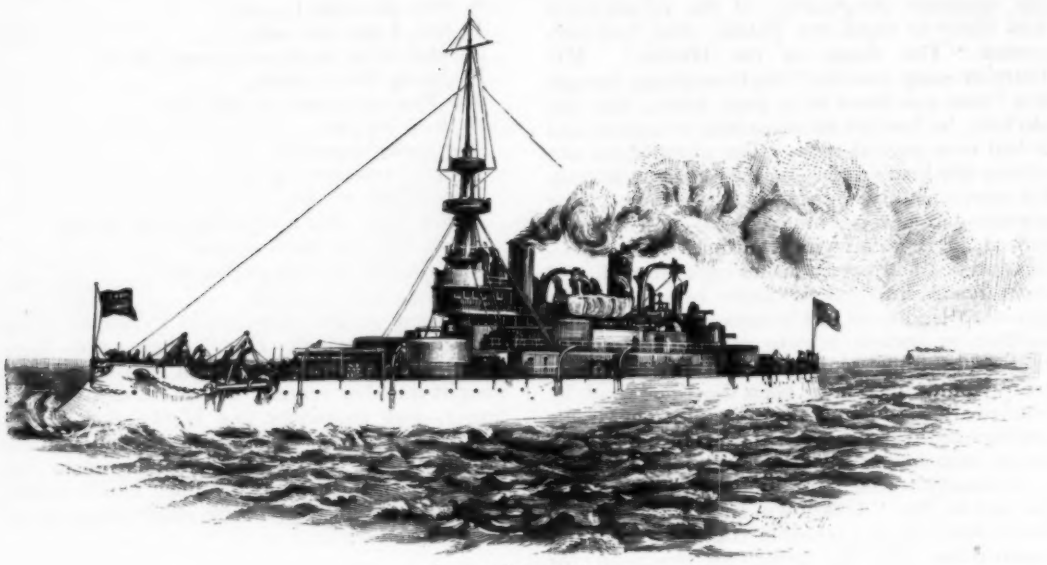
"Bright thro' the valley gallops the brooklet;
Over the welkin travels the cloud;
Touched by the zephyr dances the harebell;
Cuckoo sits somewhere, singing so loud;
Two little children, seeing and hearing,
Hand in hand wander, shout, laugh, and sing;
Lo, in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,
Love like the crocus is come ere the Spring.
Young men and women, noble and tender,
Yearn for each other, faith truly plight,
Promise to cherish, comfort and honour:
Vow that makes duty one with delight.
Oh, but the glory found in no story,
Radiance of Eden unquenched by the Fall:
Few may remember, none may reveal it,
This the first first-love, the first-love of all!"

How much of Mr. Patmore's verse will outlive the stress of time it is not possible to say. Of this, at least, we may be certain, that the poet did not mistake his calling, and the memorable words which introduce the reprint of his "Poetical Works" show how high his aim had been and with what expectation and noble ardour he pursued it. "I have written little," he says, "but it is all my best: I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity, and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me."

JOHN DENNIS.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

SECOND PAPER.



THE "INDIANA."

AS a result of the ship-building policy of the four administrations which have been in power at Washington since 1881, the United States have to-day, in addition to three battle ships, six gunboats, and seventeen torpedo boats in the builders' hands, a war navy made up as follows:

Battle ships	8
Armoured cruisers	2
Armoured ram	1
Double-turreted monitors	6
Cruisers	16
Gunboats	9
Special boats	3
Torpedo boats	3

This makes a total of forty-eight vessels. With the exception of the five double-turreted monitors, all these vessels have been built since the American Government in '1882 set about the creation of a modern navy. The boats classed as special include the *Bancroft*, which was built in 1892 as a practice ship for the naval Academy at Annapolis; the Dolphin, built in 1883 as a despatch boat; and the *Vesuvius*, a dynamite cruiser of 900 tons displacement, built in 1888. The *Bancroft* was named after the historian who, as Secretary of the Navy, founded the Annapolis Academy. The torpedo boats are the *Cushing*, the *Ericson*, and the *Stiletto*.

How the Ships are Named.

As a general rule, the battle ships in the navy are called after the American States; the cruisers after the larger cities, the gunboats after cities of the second size, and the torpedo and special boats after American statesmen and inventors, or events in the history of the country. This plan of naming the war vessels has been effective in arousing State and city pride in the ships. When a ship named after a State is launched, the ceremonies are performed by the wife or daughter of the Governor of the State so honoured, and excursions are organised from the State to the launching.

When the ship is completed and goes into commission, State pride again comes into play, and the silver table services of the officers' mess are furnished by a State subscription. If the State is on the sea-board, the new battle ship is taken to one of its ports, where its commander, acting for his fellow officers, receives the service of plate at the hands of the State Governor. If it is an interior State, the ceremonies usually take place in New York harbour. The same customs hold good in connection with the cruisers and the gunboats. The mess-rooms of nearly all of them have been furnished with silver-ware bestowed upon the ships by the people of the cities after which they are named.

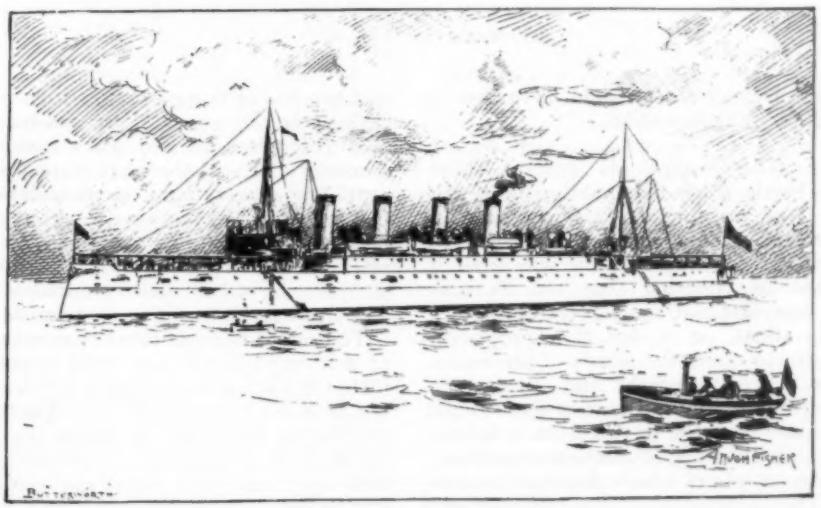
Even the school children show an interest in

a war vessel called after their State or city. They often make some appropriate gift to the furnishings of the mess-room, usually some piece of ornamental silver-ware, symbolising the flora of their State. On the other articles in the services, the State or city arms are emblazoned, and occasionally on the more massive and elaborate pieces there are engravings illustrative of events in the history of the State or city. The silver-ware of the vessels of an American naval squadron would form an interesting exhibition.

So far no description has been given of any of the American vessels except the monitors. It is not necessary to attempt to give a statement of the size and equipment of all the forty odd vessels now composing the fleet. But to show the point to which naval architecture has been carried in the United States, and the types of the more recent additions to the navy, descriptions may be given of one of the newer battle ships, and also of one of the protected cruisers. I will take the *Indiana* as representing the battle ships, and the *Columbia* as representing the cruisers.

Congress authorised the building of the *Columbia* in June, 1890. Her keel was laid at Cramp's Yard at Philadelphia in December of the same year. She was completed in May, 1893, and went into commission in April, 1894. She is 412 feet long, 58 feet extreme breadth, her mean draught is 22 feet 6 inches, and her displacement 7,375 tons. The *Columbia's* main battery consists of one eight-inch forty calibre rifle; two six-inch rapid fire guns; and eight four-inch rapid fire guns. In her secondary battery there are twelve six-pounder rapid fire guns; four one-pounder rapid fire guns; and four Gatlings. She has also four torpedo tubes. The heavy protective deck is four inches thick on the slopes, and two and a half inches elsewhere. This armour covers completely her vital parts. There is also a coffer dam five feet in width next to the sides of the ship. In the central portion it is filled with patent fuel capable of use in an emergency. Forward and aft it is filled with water-excluding material. Four-inch and two-inch plates in the wake of the rapid fire and machine guns further protect the ship's side, while the six-inch and eight-inch guns are protected by heavy shields attached to the gun carriages.

The machinery for the propulsion of the *Columbia* consists of three sets of triple expansion engines driving three screws. The third screw is placed between and below the other two, fifteen feet farther aft. At the Navy Department it is held that with this triple reliance it is almost impossible to conceive of a combination of circumstances that would render the *Columbia* helpless. Any of the three screws can be disconnected and left free to revolve, offering only a slight resistance to the progress of the ship when she is propelled by one or two engines. The engines are built in three separate water-tight compartments. Each engine is complete in itself, and independent of the others. Two of the engines may be entirely disabled without interfering with the working of the third. With one exception, the *Columbia* is the fleetest of American war vessels. With her three sets of engines over 20,000 horse-power can be developed; and with all three screws going at full power, the *Columbia* can make 22·8 knots, with a sustained average of twenty-one knots.

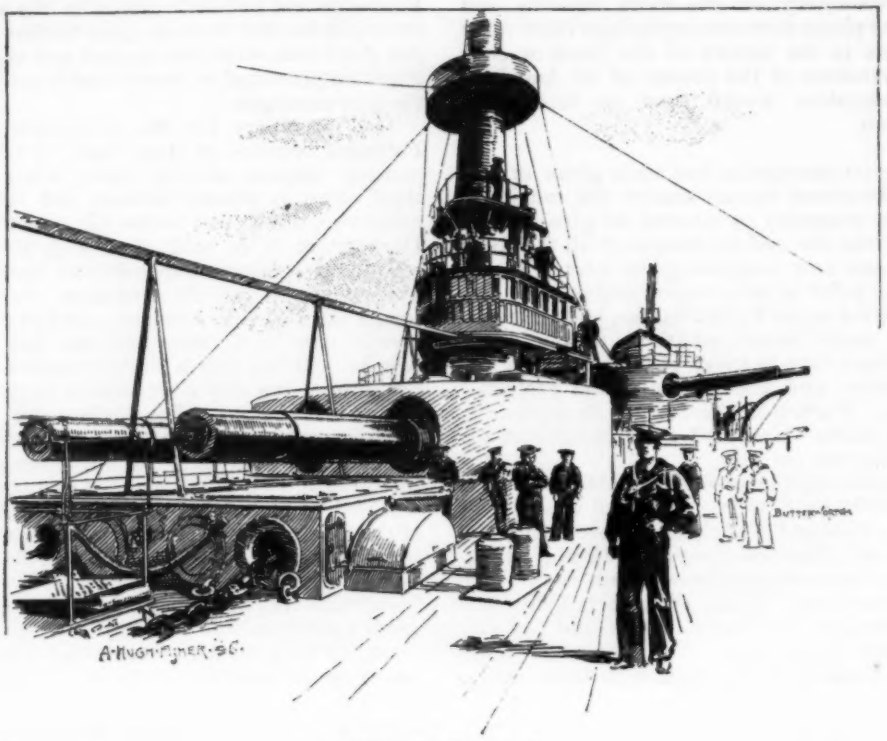


THE ARMOURED CRUISER "COLUMBIA."

The Fastest Ship.

The *Columbia's* sister ship, the *Minneapolis*, is faster. When pushed she has made twenty-three knots. The coal-carrying capacity of the *Columbia* is 2,000 tons. As Mr. Tracy, the Secretary of the Navy, who was responsible for her construction, once remarked with

pride, "She needs neither colliers nor coaling stations; she carries both between her decks." With her speed kept down to ten knots, the *Columbia* has a coal endurance of a little over a hundred days, which, according to the figures



DECK OF THE "INDIANA."

of the Navy Department, would give her a radius of action of 25,520 miles.

"To Fight and not to Run."

The *Indiana* is one of three battle ships the building of which was authorised by Congress in 1890. Her sister ships are the *Massachusetts* and the *Oregon*. At the time she was built it was asserted in America that the *Indiana* carried the heaviest and most effective battery of any ship afloat, or at that time projected. She was built, to quote the words of the Secretary of the Navy, "to fight and not to run. These ships (the *Indiana* and her two sister ships) will never have occasion to run from a hostile fleet of equal or even slightly superior numbers, whatever the vessels of which that fleet is composed." The *Indiana*, the first afloat of the battle ships, so enthusiastically described by the late political head of the Navy Department at Washington, is 348 feet long, her extreme breadth is 69 feet 3 inches, her mean draught is 24 feet, and her displacement 10,288 tons.

Above the *Indiana's* armoured deck, eight feet from the centre of the ship, rise two redoubts enclosing the foundations of revolving turrets, within which are four great thirteen-inch rifles. These guns are eighteen feet above the water, and sweep through an arc of 270 degrees forward and aft, and on both broadsides. Above these guns, on a heavy superstructure between turrets, twenty-five feet above the water line, and capable of firing over the turrets, are eight eight-inch rifle guns. Four six-inch guns are also comprised in the main battery. In the secondary battery there are sixteen six-pounder rapid-fire guns, four one-pounders and four Gatlings. All these smaller guns are so disposed that a rain of projectiles can be thrown upon every point of approach, sufficient to destroy any light boat that ventured within range. The *Indiana* also carries six torpedo tubes.

To protect the ship there is over three-fourths of it a water-line belt of steel armour eighteen inches thick and seven and a half feet wide. At the ends are heavy under-water protective decks sloping at the sides far below the water line. At the bow of the ship is a powerful ram; and both bow and stern above the protective deck can be entirely shot away without endangering the safety of the ship. The engines are of the twin screw vertical triple expansion type, and are of 9,700 horse-power. Her maximum speed is a little over fifteen and a half knots. There are 424 men of her crew. The cost of her hull and machinery was £605,000. She and her sister ships, the *Massachusetts* and the *Oregon*, are so far the most costly vessels of the American fleet.

Atlantic Steamers as Cruisers.

In the enumeration of the American navy no account has so far been taken of the Atlantic steamers whose owners are under contract with the Government to place them at its disposal in time of war. The making of contracts of this kind was first suggested by Mr. Tracy in 1889. He pointed out what England was doing in this way, and urged that it was difficult to imagine a more effective commerce destroyer than the *City of Paris*, if she were armed with rapid-fire guns. "She can," wrote Mr. Tracy, "steam over twenty-one knots, and can average 19·9 knots from land to land across the Atlantic. No man of war could overtake her; no merchant man could escape her." This was before Congress had authorised the building of the much vaunted *Columbia*.

At this time the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*, then the fastest ocean steamers afloat, were owned by the Inman Line, which, although controlled by American capitalists, sailed its ships under the English flag. In 1891 the Postmaster-General was authorised to make preferential and advantageous agreements for carrying foreign mails with owners of American steamers, which should be capable of prompt and economical conversion into auxiliary cruisers upon the payment to their owners of fair and actual value. There were then no American-built steamers in the Transatlantic trade capable of carrying the mails; but, in 1893, the Inman fleet was transferred from the English to the American flag.

Included among the vessels so transferred were the *Paris* and the *New York;* and it was one condition of the transfer that the owners of these vessels should build two other vessels of similar capacity in an American yard. This agreement has resulted in the building of the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*, the first Atlantic-going passenger and cargo steamers built in the United States since the advent of iron ships. All four vessels are now in case of need at the call of the American Government. The newer vessels were built under the supervision of the Navy Department at Cramp's Yard at Philadelphia, where ten of the new battle ships and cruisers now afloat were constructed. Both vessels can be readily adapted for service as armed transports or auxiliary cruisers.

The Naval Militia.

In one other particular the Navy Department at Washington has followed the example of England. It has in recent years established a naval militia which in some points corresponds to the naval reserve in England. Companies of naval militia are organised in all the sea-board States, and at the present time the aggregate number of men is between 2,500 and 3,000. Several of the companies use as their practice-ships the single-turreted monitors of 1862.

The Navy Yards.

In the days of wooden ships, the United States maintained Navy Yards at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Boston, Massachusetts; Brooklyn; League Island, near Philadelphia; Washington; Norfolk, Virginia; Pensacola, Florida; and Mare Island, California. Little work is nowadays done at any of these yards, except at Brooklyn, Norfolk, and Washington. Many of the vessels of the new navy have been built at Brooklyn and Norfolk; and at these two stations vessels built in contractors' yards receive their guns.

On a small scale, the Navy Yard at Washington is the Woolwich of the United States. The yard is one of the show places of the national capital. It is open to all comers without tickets or permits. Visitors go over the works with or without a guide as they please, and go where they please. The only prohibitive notice which I saw was a request to visitors not to spit on the porch in front of the office of the Superintendent. There are a few trophies in the yard, including guns taken from English ships in the War of 1812, also several guns which were in service with the Barbary pirates. At none of the Navy Yards has the United States a dry dock adequate to the reception of vessels of the size of the newer warships.

The Stations of the Fleet.

The stations of the American fleet are the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the European, the Pacific, and the Asiatic. With the exception of Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands; Pichilingue, in Lower California; and a coal ship of 1,000 tons capacity at Callao, the United States are without coaling stations. They are dependent on the ports of foreign Powers for coal for vessels long out from home.

Naval Cadets.

The officers of the American Navy are trained at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. This was established through the exertions of Bancroft, the historian, in 1845. Each Congressional district is entitled to send one cadet to the Academy. There are also ten cadets from the country at large, and one from the District of Columbia. The cadets from the Congressional districts are nominated by the Congressmen, the nominations being part of the official patronage of the members of the House of Representatives. The President nominates the cadets at large, usually from among the sons of officers of the navy or the army. When the Congressmen fail to nominate, the Secretary of the Navy makes good their omissions.

Some of the Congressmen throw the Annapolis nominations open to competition; others nominate by favour. It is a haphazard way of recruiting officers. It frequently works to the disadvantage of the boys nominated, and does not give the Navy Department an opportunity for drawing upon the most likely material. When a boy has been nominated, he goes to Annapolis for examination. Many of the boys travel several thousand miles to undergo this test, and nearly fifty per cent. of them fail to pass the physical and the intellectual examinations. When a boy fails, his parents pay the

expenses of his journey. When he passes and enters the Academy, these expenses are paid by the Navy Department, and during his six years' term as a cadet he receives an allowance of £100 a year.

The entrance examinations at Annapolis are in elementary subjects, not going beyond the ordinary work of the common schools. The four years' term is divided into two courses. The studies in the first are mainly fundamental; those in the second are technical and applied, or professional. At the close of the course the cadets serve two years at sea and then become ensigns. The pay of this rank is £280 at sea, £240 on shore duty, and £200 when on leave or waiting orders.

Scores of the boys who go to Annapolis for the examinations are from the interior States. Many of them have never seen salt water. After they have passed the entrance examination they are taken for a summer cruise, to give them an opportunity of trying whether they are likely to take to sea life. If this cruise shows that their tastes are not towards it, they drop out. The life does not seem to commend itself to American boys. The classes at Annapolis are seldom full.

Among officers in the navy upward movements in rank are slow. Junior lieutenants at the top of their class are generally about thirty-three years of age; lieutenants, thirty-six; lieutenant-commanders, forty-six; commanders, forty-eight; captains, fifty; commodores, fifty-nine; and rear-admirals, sixty-one. Sea-pay ranges from £360 for lieutenants up to £1,200 for rear admirals.

Seamen.

The petty officers and seamen are drawn from apprentices and enlisted men. The number of apprentices on the United States training ships is usually between six and seven hundred. After a term on these vessels, the boys are drafted to ships in commission. They are free to leave the navy when they come of age, and after attaining their majority, only ten or fifteen per cent. of them remain.

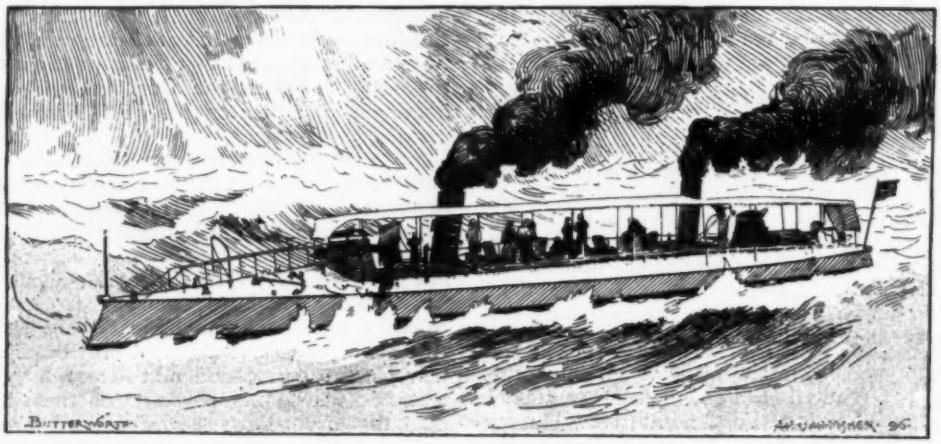
The enlisted men engage themselves for three years. Landsmen as well as sailors are accepted as navy recruits; and on board American men-of-war there are to be found sailors of almost all the nationalities of the world. The make-up of a ship's crew is as cosmopolitan as the population of one of the large American cities, and is about as loosely held together. In time of peace, crews so made up serve well enough. How they would act in time of war is doubtful. Doubt on this point has indeed been publicly expressed by at least one Secretary to the Navy.

Foreign Crews.

"At the present time," wrote Mr. Tracy in 1889, "the crews of our naval vessels are in large part composed of foreigners or of men whose nationality is uncertain, and who are ready to serve any Government that will pay them. It cannot be expected that crews so composed will be a safe reliance for the country if their services should be needed in war. Such men are held by nothing but their contract of enlistment, and subject at the first temptation to desert the flag of a country in which they have never resided, and to which they are bound by no ties of birth or allegiance. To them the flag represents nothing. The American who deserts must expatriate himself; but the foreigner who deserts the American service goes to his own home. For a man so placed, desertion has no penalties." "We shall never get the crews we need," Mr. Tracy further insisted, "until we make the navy a career for seamen as well as for officers."

To this end Mr. Tracy recommended an enlistment for thirty years. Anyone who has lived long in America and understands the restless character of the American people, must see that a scheme like that suggested by President Harrison's Secretary to the Navy would never commend itself to the country. A thirty years' enlistment system might be established; but the number of young Americans offering on such terms would be exceedingly small.

EDWARD PORRITT.



THE TORPEDO BOAT "CUSHING."

MIDLAND SKETCHES.

NORTHAMPTON.



ELEANOR CROSS, NORTHAMPTON.

APPROACHING Northampton along the London road, the first sign of one's nearness to it is the Eleanor cross, which stands in solitude on the raised path. It is a noble piece of work, weathered and damaged though it may be, its evident age being not without its charm, though we could well have spared the names of the foolish who have disfigured the stones.

A few yards farther, Northampton appears lying nearly a mile off, with the river in front at the foot of the hill. The air is strangely clear over it. The only smoke and steam rise from the breweries in the foreground; the factories are visible enough, but they have few chimneys, the reason being that their machinery is light and in nearly all cases is run by a gas-engine. The other noticeable thing is the large number of churches and chapels, for, notwithstanding its political associations, there is more church-going and chapel-going in Northampton, and less crime, than in any other manufacturing town of a similar size.

The district is changing its character. It was agricultural; it is becoming industrial. In many parts of the country the ironstone lay thick on the surface, and no one regarded it. One day a passenger from Birmingham happened

to be at one of the stations on the North-Western, and noticed the stone used for mending the road. Taking some lumps away with him he had them assayed, and the result of that assay was the beginning of the Northamptonshire iron trade, which is now increasing fast. Trying here and trying there, it occurred to somebody a few years back to try for ironstone at Hunsbury, which lies to the eastward of the cross; and the result was one of the finest finds that ever rejoiced the archæologist. The Danish camp, as it was called, proved to be a settlement of very ancient Britons. The band of ironstone was found excavated in a series of pits which had been used as dust-holes, and in nearly every hole was found a quern, and all around were domestic remains. In Northampton museum there are not less than a hundred and fifty of these querns, or hand-mills for grinding corn, besides a case full of brooches and other articles, including swords and a scabbard and a key for a lock. The ornamentation on these articles is of much the same character as that used by the Swiss lake-dwellers, so that here we have the intermediate stage between the civilisation of the lake-dwellings and that of Mykenæ. Considering that every quern and dust-hole must have meant a family, we must have the remains of a large settlement; and considering that four varieties of corn were found, it is clear that the people must have had some knowledge of agriculture. In fact, the discovery has given the Briton a lift in the world, and shown that the neighbourhood of Northampton was settled by man much earlier than it has had credit for.

The Castle.

Northampton itself is admittedly of British origin, but its early life centres in the Norman castle, of which the railway seems to have cleared away the last traces. This castle is constantly cropping up in English history, and the story of its founder is delightful. Simon de Senlis, lame of one leg, comes over with the Conqueror and distinguishes himself. To reward him, William commands him to marry that *impiissima Jezabel*, Judith, Earl Waltheof's widow. Judith refuses to marry a lame man, but her daughter Maud has no objection. Simon accepts the change with more than equanimity, and King William gives him the lady and Northampton and Fawsley Hundred into the bargain, "hoping they will suffice to provide shoes for his horses." Significant are those shoes, though they are of the wrong sort! Then Simon enters into possession, and converts the old stronghold into a fortress as he understood it. And having finished his castle, he builds, close by, that gem of Norman church architecture, St. Peter's, for which he judiciously secures the right of sanctuary. Then he goes to the crusade, and on his return builds that most impressive of churches, St. Sepulchre's, one of the famous four round churches of England; and he does good to the town in every way: he rebuilds it, he puts a



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, NORTHAMPTON.

wall round it wide enough for six men to walk on it abreast ; he is quite a model baron, in fact—short-tempered, perhaps, and domineering, but meaning well and doing well. Then he foolishly goes on the crusade again, and dies on his way back—and his widow becomes the wife of King David of Scotland, who also founded much, and changed at nurse. This is not mentioned in our history books nowadays, but, when we come to think of it, it is somewhat remarkable that the first Prince of Wales should have so little resembled his father, his mother, his sisters or his brothers. But the jury soon settled Poyards, and he was executed there



THE ROUND CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

was, indeed, that "sore saint for the crown" with whom King Jamie had no sympathy.

Simon's good deeds lived after him, and his castle and town always held their own. It was in the castle hall that Becket appeared before King Henry after the Constitutions of Clarendon. He lodged at St. Andrew's Priory—another of Simon's foundations—and on the eventful Tuesday he entered the hall, dressed in his gorgeous vestments, crosier in hand, and as soon as the Earl of Leicester began to read the judgment, denied the King's right to condemn him, and appealed to Rome. That evening, at St. Andrew's, he gave a supper to his partisans, and in the night assumed the dress of a monk, changed his name to Dereman, made his way to the coast through the fen country, and in a small boat got safely across the sea to Gravelines, to return six years afterwards and meet his death at Canterbury.

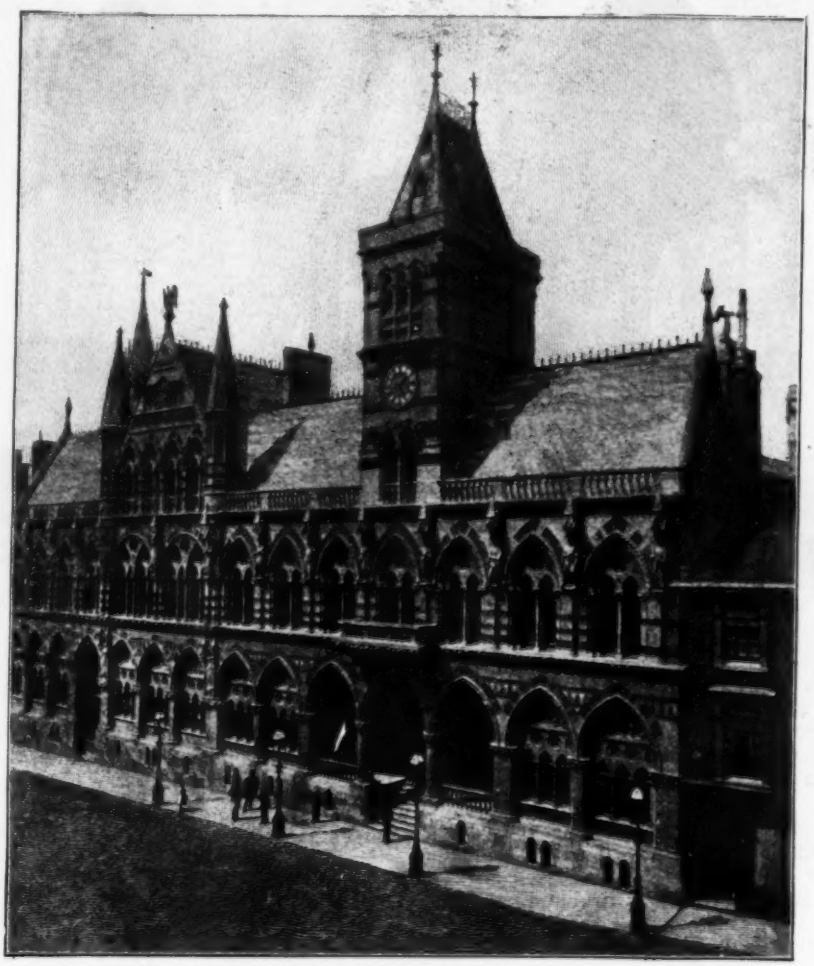
Many a parliament was held at Northampton. At one of them, in 1317, there was another trial, that of John Poyards, who claimed to be the son of Edward I in the place of Edward II, the babies, as he explained, having been and then. Once there was a big battle at Northampton, that in 1460, in which ten thousand were killed. This, however, did not take place opposite the castle, but in the meadows to the right of the London Road.

The Town.

Only one more historical note, and that regarding the great fire of 1675, which laid the greatest part of the town in ashes, and destroyed most of the corporation records. It is owing to this that the old place looks so modern, for there are really only two old dwelling-houses in it—that in Marefair which belonged to the Haselrigs, and the much altered one in the market square, which seems to have belonged to the Parkers. This fire, which broke out in the daytime, played havoc with All Saints', the most prominent church ; the fine Gothic tower was, however, left, and to it, among other incongruities, the rebuilders thought fit to add a square nave, with a cupola and a classic portico, on the top of which stands Charles II in a flowing wig and a Roman toga. Such a mixture is all the more noticeable when compared with the excellent taste of the new

town-hall a little farther on, in which decorated Gothic is seen at its best, and the sculptures are quite an epitome of local history.

This is the best public building in the town ; of the others little can be said. The museum and library are in what was once a prison. Of the museum we have spoken, but it has many things in it besides the Hunsbury find. The library is a small one, the townspeople being apparently apathetic rather than antagonistic with regard to it : it has about 9,000 volumes, and its issues are 90,000, of which fiction claims 43,000, which is an unusually small proportion.



NORTHAMPTON TOWN HALL.

The science and art classes are held in connection with the Grammar School, which, after six years' abeyance, was revived in new buildings in 1870, and is now being extended. In its other schools Northampton has about 14,000 children, of which a great, if not the greater, proportion are in schools not under the Board. The population increases steadily at the rate of about 2,000 a year, and is now about 62,000. One of the townsmen told the writer he remembered the time when there was only one postman in the place, and the streets were watered by one man with a watering-pot. But things are different now.

Old Fuller has it—though he was not so very old, for he died at fifty-three, and, by the way, he was a Northamptonshire man—that "the town stands on other men's legs," and it has been doing so for a considerable time. Even King John paid here xij d., according to some ix d., which may mean, with the discount off, for John always secured trade terms when he could, "*pro* 1 *pari botarum singularum*," which we take to be "single-soles"; and other more respectable celebrities have tried its footwear knowingly and unknowingly. But it seems to have kept on in a jog-trot way until Spencer Perceval, the assassinated prime minister, who was member for the borough, secured for it a large slice of the Government contracts in the Peninsular War. Then it began to go ahead, and though the Government work has nearly all departed to outlying places

in the county, the ordinary trade has more than replaced it.

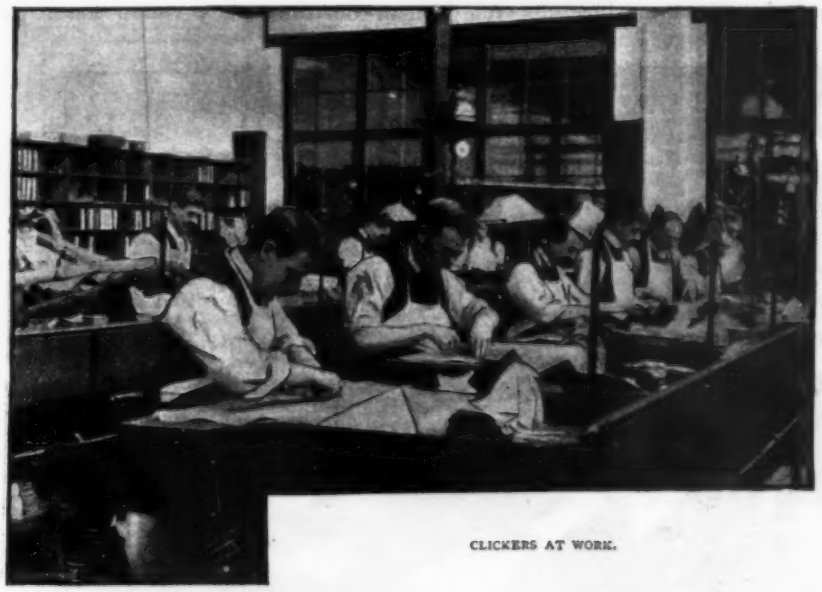
The Leather Trade.

Northampton does not tan its leather, but it dresses it, and that is a more varied industry in these days when so many kinds are used in boot-making. The boot of everyday life may well be described as cosmopolitan. You may be proud of your English or Scottish sole, and perhaps your Irish lining, but you little know where the rest came from, for among the quarters and legs and vamp and cap and bands and button-pieces, and the lifts and welt and the intermediate mysteries below the in-sole, you may find the products of a dozen very different places, including India, Australia, America, France, Spain and Germany, and perhaps Singapore.

England could not, if it tried, produce leather enough for the boots it makes. Northampton alone turns out 7,800,000 pairs a year from its hundred and fifty factories, these being mostly men's of high class and medium quality, though it has begun of late to turn its attention to footwear for ladies, much to the disgust of Stafford, which has long been celebrated for that particular trade; and besides Northampton and Stafford, there are Leicester with its cheaper qualities, Leeds and Bristol with their nailed goods, and Norwich, which mainly makes for dress and children. We in fact manufacture more boots than we use; our exports being worth £1,600,000 a year, from which, if we deduct the £400,000 we import, mostly from France and America, we arrive at the £1,200,000 which represents the net annual value of our export boot and shoe trade.

With boots and shoes the imports are almost entirely of a different class to the exports, but that is not so much so with regard to leather. London is now the central leather market of the world. The quantities that change hands here on samples are enormous. Every month there is a sale at which such items as, at the last sale, "1,455,579 goatskins and 1,222,400 sheepskins from India," are not uncommon. India alone sends us leather and dry hides to the value of over three millions, the United States send almost as much, France and Australia largely contribute, and practically every country sends something; and, in addition to this, there are £600,000 worth of dry hides that do not come from the East Indies, besides the wet hides from Belgium, Argentina, Brazil, and elsewhere, that are worth £1,650,000. In short, our leather imports amount to eleven millions, and our exports to three and a half, so that we use up seven and a half millions of imported stuff in our boots and shoes, and saddles and bags, and other leather goods.

Leather is becoming as much affected by fashion as anything else we wear. To many of us boots and shoes may seem to be merely necessaries; but the days of a pair apiece are going fast, and it is now thought essential that not only should our footwear be suited to particular times and weathers, but made to match each particular costume. Hence, to say nothing of the good old blacks, or the browns that are so largely in vogue, or the whites that are the coming craze, the leather-dresser has to provide almost as many colours in his leathers as there are in ribbons, and almost as many grains and textures as there are in cloths.



CLICKERS AT WORK.

Leather-Dressing.

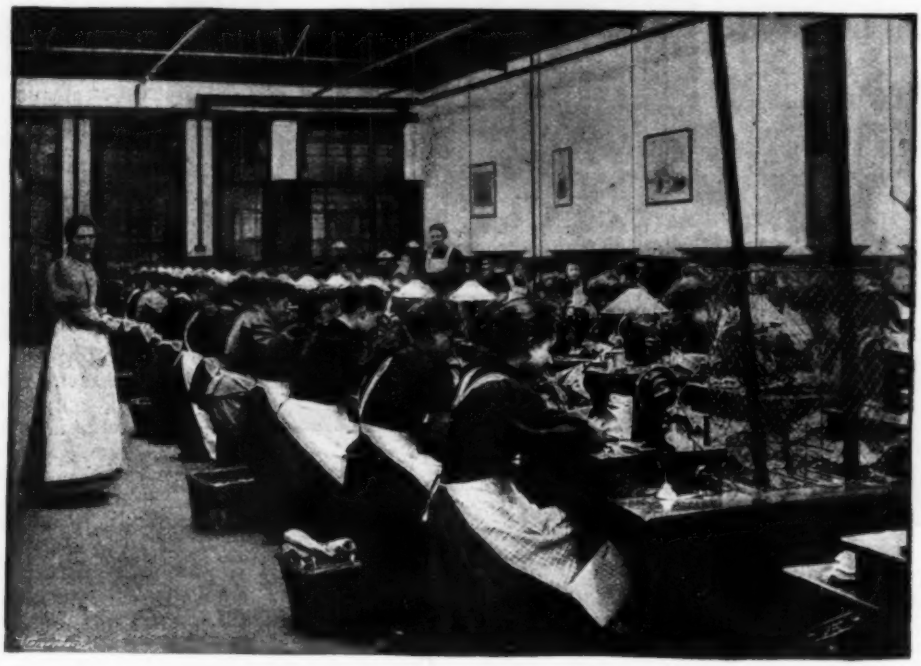
If you are inclined to believe in the simplicity of the boot trade you will speedily alter your opinion when you stroll through the leather warehouses. One of the most interesting places in Northampton—or anywhere else, for that matter—is Brice's, where you can see not only leather, but everything else connected with the manufacture of boots and shoes. This big warehouse is the main source of the local supply, the first stage, as it were, of the local industry. Here is the finest leather room in the kingdom, and leathers of all sorts from almost everywhere. Here are rolls by the score of the best oak-tanned, rich brown British butts and bends, the very founda-

tion of the best work in bootmaking, and here, among crowds of other imports, are bales of pinkish Australians, tanned with wattle bark, that require an education to appreciate. Here are leathers for uppers of every shade and grain; here are American horse-hides with their curious thickening on the quarters, a thickening due possibly to climate, like that on the quarters of the Herefords and on the shoulders of the Spaniards; here are patent leathers, and French calf-skins and kid-skins; moroccos tanned with sumach; russias redolent of oil of birch-bark; sealskins from the North Atlantic; and piles of Oriental goatskins and sheepskins that reach us in the rough to be dyed in every colour, even in Oxford and Cambridge blues.

The first place you see as you come into Northampton station is one of Brice's works, where much of this dressing and dyeing is done. Here among steaming vats and huge revolving drums you find the skins being worked and stretched and surfaced, and, here and there, the curriers at their greasy trade, for leather that is curried is treated with grease, whereas other leather—by far the larger part nowadays—is not. And here is much ingenious machinery, and so wayward is fashion that it is necessary, as it were, to keep a finger on its pulse to save that over-production which would mean serious loss. Leather is expensive, in it value packs closely; there seems to be a great deal more for the money in the miscellaneous goods in the warehouse. Even the eyelets run into millions—there must be a good many of these things used in Northampton in a year—and of these eyelets there are many makes, the latest and most promising being that in which the brass is coated with xylonite, a material which can be made of any colour, and under no ordinary circumstances will it crack off and reveal the underlying metal.

Making Boots and Shoes.

What Brice & Co.. Limited, are as factors, Manfield & Sons are as manufacturers. Theirs is the model factory, which every Northampton man advises you to see. Many of the factories are admirably equipped and managed—one or two especially so—and each has its distinguishing features, including some novelties in the way of machines that others have not; and some at least of these it is necessary to know if you would have a full idea of the wonderfully varied nature of



A TABLE IN THE CLOSING ROOM.

the most striking, perhaps, being the splitting machines, in which a broad endless knife, some twenty feet long, sharpened as it runs at lightning speed, slices a hide into three layers as it passes through, and thus prevents the waste incidental to the old method of scraping. A risky trade is leather dressing, for, once the material is begun on, it must be proceeded with,

Northampton work; but at Manfield's there is a concentration of all that is newest in labour-saving machinery, an organisation that extends down to the smallest details, and an obvious capacity for development that cannot be seen elsewhere.

It is, indeed, a splendid place, covering four acres of land, and all on one floor, lighted from

the top, paved with wooden blocks to make it silent, and kept at an equable temperature by an ingenious arrangement in which the fresh air is drawn through a nest of miles of piping heated by steam or cooled by ice, and driven by fan into every compartment. Down the centre runs a handsome corridor a hundred yards long,



MAKING BUTTON-HOLES BY MACHINE.

having glass sides, so that nearly all the workers can be seen from it. The men are on one side, the women on the other—for in the boot and shoe trade the upper part of the boot is made by women and the soles by men—and the heavy leathers are received on the men's side while the lighter leathers and trimmings come in at the other wing, the two departments being kept distinct until the upper and lower portions of the boot meet to be joined together, and then find their way to the stock-room, which is a great square of over a hundred feet on the side.

This factory works for its own shops, which are to be met with in most of the principal towns in England, and even in Paris; and it turns out over 300,000 pairs a year, for which it cuts up a couple of hundred tons of sole leather, and over a hundred thousand upper skins. It employs seven hundred people—it could hold a thousand or so more—and in one room alone there are 250 girls. It is a short distance out of the town, and when it was started there was a difficulty in finding accommodation for the midday meal, so that mess-rooms were built on to it for the men and the women, which are still used, although quite a village has now sprung up in the neighbourhood, occupied by the workpeople, nearly all of whom live in their own freehold houses, as is the way in Northampton, which has fewer leaseholds than any other borough of the size in England.

The Machines.

Boots are complicated things to make. The materials are not shot into a hopper to emerge at the other end of a big machine ready for sale. On the contrary, they have to be dealt with by from twenty to thirty distinct machines, nearly all of which are developments of the ordinary sewing-machine. What is generally regarded as the first sewing-machine—that of Thomas Saint, in 1790—was invented for the purpose of making boots and shoes; but, fifteen years before, another English patent was taken out for an embroidery machine, so that the shoemaker's claims to priority may be disputed. In the United States, however, there seems to be little doubt as to St. Crispin leading the way, for the first of the American patents was Greenough's in 1842, which is explicitly stated to be designed for the boot and shoe trade. But neither Saint's machines—one of which is at South Kensington—nor Weisenthal's, nor Alsop's—both of which anticipated his—nor Duncan's, nor Greenough's—which used the Weisenthal needle—made much headway; and it is due to Howe and Wilson and Gibbs and other American inventors that the sewing-machine came into everyday use. Never, however, did it lose sight of the boot-trade, and consequently it is in that trade that it is most highly developed; and as America was short of workmen it was there that labour-saving was most needed, hence most of the machines in our factories are of American make.

One could spend hours with some of these machines, so admirably do they do their work—some of them sewing from the inside, some from the out; some with one needle, some with two; some punching button-holes and sewing them, some cutting and trimming as they sew; some sewing with cotton or silk, some with thread

that runs through wax kept molten by a gas-jet. And it is not only the sewing-machines that are so ingenious. You design a boot, and you want patterns of its parts. You take a sole, for instance, and place it in a pantagraph, of which the cutter works on a slab of glass. A touch to the machine, and in half-a-dozen seconds there is an exact copy of your sole cut out; another touch, without moving your model, and the next size is produced; another and another, and there is a complete series of all the sizes, the whole thing taking but a couple of minutes. On another machine you put your model last at one end, and a block of wood at the other: quickly a wheel of gouges carves that block into an exact copy of your model, much as gunstocks are made. But there is something else—a touch to a lever and another block is carved to the next size, and so on through the series, all from the one model. The principle is obvious; the thing is so easy—when it is done! Really one cannot help taking off one's hat to these triumphs of thought and skill.

From your paper patterns you make templates, of zinc, as a rule, but here you make your patterns of thin millboard, and bind them with brass; they are lighter—multiply the difference in weight by the number of times you lift, and you will see what effort you save in a day. You cut out your uppers by hand, for every skin varies in the way it can be economically cut, and you paste the parts together by hand that they may not shift as they are worked—and machinery does the rest. The management is worth a note. You weigh the skin and give it to the clicker, who cuts it up to the best advantage. Back come the pieces, and what is left, to be weighed again. Where is the chance of unknown waste? You put a ticket, written by Edison's electric pen, on the parts of the boot as they start; the tickets accompany the parts throughout till they meet and come back with the boot complete. There is not much chance of your putting your uppers on to the wrong soles under these circumstances.



LASTING BY MACHINE.

Closing and Lasting.

"How many parts are there in a boot?" we ask. "It all depends on the boot," says Mr. Harry Manfield, who is very kindly taking us round the factory and instructing us. He picks up the last bundle that has been passed into the room and separates out the pieces on the table. In each boot there are two linings, a golosh, two quarters, a toe cap, two legs, a button-piece, two top bands, a back stay, a button-piece lining, eleven buttons and a binding, making twenty-five in all; later on, we meet with the bottom of the boot: it consists of a sole, an inner sole, a stiffener, a welt, a filling, six lifts, a top piece and a rand, making thirteen in all—total, thirty-eight. In some boots there are forty parts, in others less; and there are considerably over 1,000 varieties, to say nothing of the sizes, which are the lengths, and the fittings, which are the widths. Evidently, bootmaking is not a simple business.

When the uppers are complete, or "closed," as it is called, they are ready for the soles—which are cut out from the thick leather, much as pastry is, with a cutter, the heels being stamped out in a somewhat similar way—and they go to the lasting room where they are prepared to be either "hand-sewn," "machine-welted," or "machine-sewn." Here the lasting is done by another pretty piece of machinery, in which a group of pincers, like so many fingers, grip the upper as it lies amidst them and

stretch it over the last into position, so that what used to take twenty minutes, now takes two and a half. This is the machine which filled the missing link in the modern boot-trade. Up to the lasting the work could be done by machinery, and beyond it machinery could do all that was necessary. Here alone did hand-work seem inevitable, and with the filling of the gap by this ingenious contrivance, the men realised that contention was hopeless.

Hand-sewn and Otherwise.

The machine-welted boot is practically "a hand-sewn boot sewn by machinery," which may sound paradoxical, but is nevertheless true, as it is almost only in the attachment of the uppers to the soles that sewing by hand is now used in bootmaking. The details of both kinds are identical, except that at the junction line the machine does the stitching instead of the man. The upper is in both cases drawn over the last and tacked in position; in both cases the narrow strip of stout leather called the "welt" is sewn round the upper's bottom edge; in both the tacks are then thrown out and the welt sewn down on to the outer sole, which in one case takes half a minute, and in the other three-quarters of an hour. But a machine-sewn boot is a different thing altogether. This is the cheap boot at the popular price. In it the upper is fixed in position with screw-necked brads which are not removed; there is no welt, and the uppers and soles are sewn together at one operation. This method is for many reasons not in such favour for high-class goods as the other, and it is evidently the machine-welting system which will give us the boot of the future. There is one other way in which boots, or rather shoes, are made. This is outside-in, so that when they are finished they are turned inside-out. Court shoes, dancing shoes, slippers, and so forth, are made in this way, and very odd and hopeless they look when they are halfway on the turn.

The best boots are hand-sewn—that is, if they are properly made—but hand-sewing is a decaying industry, though it is still to be met with here, and more flourishing than might be expected in such a hive of machinery. The workman used to resist machinery, now he encourages it; and the new Union rule, which requires all making and finishing to be done in the factories, has practically destroyed the trade in the cottages, caused the manufacturers to enlarge their premises, and made the trade almost entirely a machine one.

Hand-sewn or not, the boot must have nails in its heel. The heel is built up of several thicknesses of leather, each called a lift, and in the press in which these are fixed together a template, perforated with the pattern of the nailing required, covers the outer lift; the machine is fed with nails, and when the squeeze comes only those nails are driven that pass through the template holes. The top piece is then pressed on to points that are left, or else nailed on at one blow by the one or two rows of brads that ornament it, and the heel is complete. Then it has to be pared to shape by swiftly whirling cutters, and the sole trimmed in a similar way; and then come the blackening and burnishing, in which, for the heel, a



A HAND-SEWING ROOM.

couple of small irons on long arms, each with its gas jet to keep it warm, dance to and fro over it till the dull ink becomes a shiny black. Then the sole is run along another iron to have its edges burnished to the same pitch, and afterwards it is sandpapered underneath and in one or two other operations polished and finished for sale.

The Boot and Shoe Trade.

As it is with Manfield's so it is with the general makers for the trade. If the varieties of leather were embarrassing, the varieties of boots and shoes are more so. How they range in size, from the shoe that would fit Cinderella to the boot that looks big enough for a bath! And how the heels vary, and how the toes!—"nought-toe," "one-toe," "two-toes," "three-toes," and "hygienic," which is good old square-toes. Like all trades, this one has its season, though it might be thought to go on steadily all the year round. In the last half of the year very little is done; as soon as Christmas is over the factories get into swing again, and from February to June are furiously busy. And every season something new must be produced to tempt the shopkeeper to tempt the customer and keep the trade alive. That familiar illustration of our political economy lessons, in which boots were favourably compared with millinery, inasmuch as money could not be wasted on the former while it could on the latter, cannot now be accepted without a qualification. And Northampton rejoices thereat. So long as boots are wanted, you can call them luxuries or necessaries as you please. Its output is increasing; its workmen are better off than they ever were; it laughs at "made in Germany" and fears not for the future. It will make any pattern to suit anybody, in any quantity. "We prefer grosses," said Mr. Marlow, "but we are not unthankful for dozens or even single pairs." "We will take any orders, big or little, from anywhere," said Mr. Henry Wooding; "for instance, here is a single pair, going to-night by parcel post to South Africa!"

W. J. GORDON.



A STUDY IN STEPS.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

"NO!"

There was a tremor in the sweet low-toned voice which spoke the one word. There was a flush of pain upon the down-bent face; there was even a tear in the eyes that were suddenly lifted to the proud pained face opposite. But there was no hesitation in the way in which the monosyllable was spoken, there was in it a finality of intonation not to be mistaken; and the same steadfastness of purpose was written in the eyes, in spite of all their yearning softness of expression.

Young Sir Guy Marindin, in all the bravery of his gold laced coat, white satin vest, buckled shoes and softly powdered hair (for those were the days when men of fashion dressed with more brilliancy and foppery than the ladies), seemed to hear in the voice and to read in the eyes that it was useless to pour forth any more protestations. His young face had grown a little pale, whether from pain or wounded pride might be difficult to determine at a glance. He had come with such confidence. He had been so eloquent and passionated in his appeal. He had secretly felt himself almost irresistible with his graces of person and attire, his noble birth and large estate, his wit and brilliance and personal bravery. He had come, too, believing that the beautiful woman before him was not indifferent to him, and would listen readily to his words of pleading. Yet having said all—having laid himself and all that he possessed at her feet, having used more words of pleading and passion than he had ever contemplated having to do, his reward had been that one brief "No!"; and something within told him that it would be but waste of time to strive and reverse that judgment.



HE HAD LAID ALL AT HER FEET, AND THAT ONE BRIEF "NO" WAS HIS REWARD.

He was already on his feet; now with a gesture of fierce disappointment and wounded pride he seized his three-cornered hat and his gold-headed cane, made the lady a sweeping and rather ironical bow, and left the room and the house with an abruptness which spoke of temper as well as of grief.

At the outer gate he paused and looked about him. Half a mile away lay the beautiful town of Bath, shut out from his view at present by the palings and timber trees of a stately house. The lodge gates leading to this house were not three minutes' walk from the place where he stood. After a brief moment of hesitation he strode up to and through them, and never paused till he stood within the hall of the stately house itself.

Here he was confronted by a man-servant, who plainly knew him well.

"Where shall I find Lady Linda?" he asked with the air of a *habitué* of the place.

"In the octagon room, sir," answered the servant respectfully, and without waiting to be ushered in or announced, Sir Guy sprang up the steps of the great staircase two at a time, traversed a long corridor, and entered a door at the farther end almost without the ceremony of knocking.

A lady writing at a davenport in the sunny window looked up at the sudden entrance, and then smiled brightly.

"Guy! what brings you here at such an hour? Have you any news? Is anything the matter?" The last question was asked in a different tone, as the lady caught sight of the expression on the young man's face.

"I have just seen Sidonia," he said in a quick abrupt way which with him bespoke bitterness of feeling; "I asked her to be my wife. She has refused me unconditionally."

Lady Linda Sutherland looked with keen quick interest and sympathy into the young man's cloudy face. She and Sir Guy had grown up almost like brother and sister, his father having been her guardian, and his home hers until her marriage some five years previously. Sidonia had for long been her dearest friend, and through her Guy had come to know and love her; a marriage between the beautiful and talented woman and the dashing and fascinating young baronet had been prophesied in many quarters for some considerable time. Even in Lady Linda's eyes there was a look that partook in some sort of the nature of surprise as she motioned to Sir Guy to be seated, and took a chair herself.

"Sidonia refused you!" she said slowly; "do you know why?"

"I presume she had no spark of love for me," answered the young man bitterly. "That is generally the reason why a woman refuses a man. Perhaps she loves some one else."

Lady Linda slowly shook her head, her face very thoughtful.

"No," she said in a low tone; "I think not. I know Sidonia so well—I do not think there is anyone else. I have never noticed that she has been attracted by any person—save——"

She paused, and the young man asked jealously—

"Save whom, Linda? You may just as well be frank with me, since I have kept nothing back from you."

Lady Linda eyed him intently. She had a great friendship for Guy. She loved him, although she knew his thoughts better perhaps than any besides in the world. The habit of confidence between those two made concealment difficult for either. After turning the matter over in her mind a short time, Linda answered slowly—

"You need not look like that, Guy. I was going to say (although I am not certain that I ought to be quite so frank where another is concerned) that my own belief has always been that the one person for whom Sidonia feels the sort of tenderness which leads to love is—yourself!"

Guy looked straight at her with wide-open eyes.

"I have thought that myself," he said impetuously; "I have told myself again and again that it was coming—that she was not indifferent—that I should win her at last. Not always—but just now and again—there would be a look or a word. I said so again and again, but I was patient and I waited. And now——"

He rose from his seat and paced the floor to and fro. His face worked. He was angry, pained, humiliated all at once. Sometimes one emotion got the upper hand, and sometimes the other; but the bitterness was rising in his heart, and the softer feelings were being overcome by those less manly and worthy.

He stopped suddenly before Linda and asked—

"What did she do it for?"

The young matron looked up into the handsome face, marked in spite of its youth and beauty with lines which bespoke dissipation, loose-living, and many unconquered passions, and replied by another question—

"What do you think about it yourself, Guy?"

He began his stormy pacing again. His face worked. He grew excited and intemperate in his language.

"Think!" he cried; "what am I to think?—what can I think? I'll tell you what I think, Linda. I think all women (except you) are alike. They are heartless coquettes. They lead men on to love them, that they may have the pleasure of trampling on the hearts they have won, and boasting of the triumphs they have scored. You will see that is how it will be with Sidonia. She has encouraged me to make me think she loves me. She has led me on and made me love her. And now when I have offered her everything a man can offer, she turns round and flings it all back in my face with one curt 'No!'; and next she will come to you giggling and laughing at her triumph, making game of the man who has loved her—

the jade—and looking about for some fresh victim to fool. Linda! What!"

For as Guy reached the end of the limited space he had to prowl in and turned quickly on his heel, he saw that Linda had not only risen from her seat, but that she had already reached the door, and as he spoke the last word it closed sharply behind her.

He stood looking at the closed panels, his eloquence suddenly at an end. A look of bewilderment crossed his face.

"What has she gone away for—to fetch something? Has she some letters perhaps of Sidonia's that she wishes to show me?"

This thought kept the young man quiet for a while, but he waited and waited, and Linda came not. He opened the door and looked down the corridor, but there was no sign of her. He went back into the room and waited ten minutes more, passing the time by studying a beautiful miniature portrait of Sidonia which stood upon the writing table. Then his patience forsook him, and he went to the window just in time to see Linda calmly driving away from her doors in her carriage, with her husband and a guest beside her.

For the second time that day Guy seized his hat and stick in a tempest of passion.

"Is all the world conspiring to insult me?" he asked in a fury; and walked back to his luxurious lodgings with a storm in his heart, and thunderclouds upon his face.

For a whole week he waited, expecting to receive a note of apology from Linda for her rudeness; but none came. He did not meet her either in the Assembly or the Pump Room, though he haunted them persistently. Once he saw Sidonia for a minute; but his anger and self-love blazed up at the sight of her pure pale face, and he deliberately turned his back upon her and walked off in another direction.

His evenings were spent amongst young men of fashion like himself. In a time when it was fashionable to swear freely and hard, to drink to excess, to dice and gamble, and to delight in such sports as cock-fighting and bull-baiting, Sir Guy found no lack of distractions, and surpassed all his companions in his eager thirst after pleasure and forgetfulness; but he could not forget, try as he would; and at the end of some ten days he found himself in Lady Linda's octagon boudoir, waiting with a sense of mingled offence and anxiety for her appearance there.

She came in with her friendly smile and greeting; but there was just a touch of aloofness in the way in which she seated herself, and looked at him across the short space which divided the pair.

"Linda," he said, "I have kept away from you for some time—you will readily guess why."

"Very readily indeed," she answered quietly.

"But I do not bear malice," he continued, with an air of magnanimity. "It is not my way to take offence at trifles. And perhaps you will explain to me now why it was you were so rude to me last time I was here?"

"I—rude!" she repeated very slowly and with a peculiar intonation on the words.

"Yes," he answered a little impatiently. "Surely you remember how you walked out of the room without a word, and never came back. Do you not call that rude?"

Her eyes looked straight into his from under their level brows; somehow the confidence and would-be magnanimity in Guy's face faded before that long quiet gaze.

"And what were you doing at the moment when I left you?" she asked, as his words faltered and died away on his lips.

"I—I—was speaking of Sidonia. I was——"

"Yes, you may well falter and blush, Guy. You were calling her evil names. You were insulting womanhood and you were insulting her. If I had not been in my own house when you dared to say such things to me of my best friend, I should have ordered you to quit my presence. As it was, the only alternative was to quit the room myself. If men can sit by and hear their friends insulted, women cannot. We are friends, Guy, and for love of our childish friendship I can stand much from you. But there is a limit to my powers of endurance. You reached that limit last time you were here. Never do it again."

Guy sat looking straight out before him. His face had first flushed and taken an angry frown. Later the frown smoothed itself away. Now a new expression came into the eyes, and he said, lifting them frankly to Linda's face—

"You are right. I was wrong. I apologise and take back my words."

The smile which beamed out now over the noble face was worth having made a sacrifice of pride to win. Linda held out her long white hand, and he took it in his.

"That is the Guy that I know," she said, and the peace was restored between them.

Then they talked long together, and spoke of many things, but always came back to Sidonia. Guy said at last—

"Linda, you give me hope. You half make me believe that I was not deceived when I thought her not indifferent to me. But, if so, why has she answered me thus? And how can matters ever come right between us when she has raised such a barrier to all further intercourse betwixt herself and me."

Linda gave him one of her deep, steady looks.

"Guy," she said, "you know something of Sidonia, her gentleness of spirit, her purity of heart, her tenderness and love towards all God's creation. Try for a moment to look with her eyes upon the life which you elect to lead amongst your gay companions. Is it into such hands as yours that a woman such as she could fearlessly put her hand, and go with you to the world's end if need be?"

Guy looked down at those white, slim hands of his, and a slight flush came into his face. He remembered the dicing, the drinking, the

blasphemy in word and thought of which he had been such a partaker, and pictured Sidonia's sweet pained eyes looking on at him as he recklessly moved amongst his reckless companions.

"How can I help it?" he asked impatiently. "I do not love the brutality. Sometimes my soul sickens at it. But what would you have? Everybody does it. I cannot make myself a laughing-stock. I should be dubbed Methodist and I know not what besides. Why should I not do as others do?"

Linda was silent for a long while; then she said slowly—

"You cannot do as others do and have Sidonia for your wife. You will have to choose between the two, Guy."

He rose and paced the room restlessly again.

"If she would marry me, I would reform at once," he said. "A man can turn a new leaf who has a wife to think for——"

But the rebuke in Linda's eyes stopped him suddenly.

"Nay, Guy, that is a coward's thought, to get behind a woman's petticoats to hide you from temptation. That is not my brother Guy who spoke in those words. Play the man. Break the yoke. Cast off the slough that is not a part of your true self. Let Sidonia see the true metal beneath. Do not seek to thrust upon her the office of cleaning away the rust and cobweb!"

He stood quite still, looking out of the window.

"You are right, Linda," he said after a long pause; and then he turned and went away without a word, leaving her almost as abruptly as she had left him on the previous occasion; but she took no offence. She looked after him with a smile upon her noble face, and in the good-bye she breathed after him there rang the true meaning of the phrase: "God be with you."

For six months Sir Guy Marindin and Lady Linda Sutherland did not meet. He left Bath shortly after the interview just recorded. She went abroad for the winter, taking Sidonia with her, and only returned to her home in England with the return of the spring-tide and sunshine. Posts in those days were few and far between, and when the sea rolled between friend and friend, communication was much broken. Not once had Guy written to her during all that time; yet his name had been no stranger to the lips of the pair who had talked of him beside the blue waves of the Mediterranean.

And now they stood face to face in the octagon room once more, and looking into his face Linda saw there a strength of purpose and resolution which had been lacking before to the handsome brilliant countenance.

"How is *she?*" he asked almost at once.

"Well—the same sweet, tranquil, tender self as of old. She is with her relations now; but will return before long. Guy, tell me of yourself. I have heard rumours; but I do not know the truth of them. They say you have been the saving of Percy Fleetwood. I want to know more of it."

"They should rather say," answered Guy very gravely, "that he has been the saving of me."

"Tell me about it."

"It was the very day we last met, Linda. I had almost made a vow to have no more dealings with my old comrades—to turn a new leaf, to be—well—a man fit to raise his eyes without shame to Sidonia. I stayed in my rooms that evening; but I missed the companionship. I missed the excitement. I fear I missed the strong drink. I became so unspeakably restless that I had to go out; and habit turned my steps towards the place where I knew I should find the very men I had almost resolved to eschew. I began then to know my own weakness. I have abundantly learnt it since."

Linda put out her hand and touched his softly.

"When I am weak then I am strong," she said almost under her breath, and without explaining herself, although his eyes asked a question, she said imperiously, "Go on!"

"As I was nearing the place, somebody came staggering out—staggering not so much from excess in liquor, albeit I fear he had drunk deeply; but from some mental blow. I saw that it was young Percy Fleetwood, whose parents had once asked me to give an eye to him. He almost ran up against me, and I took him by the arm. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'To shoot myself!' he answered with a laugh, which I hear sometimes now in my dreams. I got his arm in mine and said, 'No, you're not. You're coming to my rooms.' He fought me for a few seconds and then gave in. I took him to my place, and he told me everything. He had squandered away his whole fortune—the one he came into two years ago from his uncle. His father had told him plainly that he himself could do nothing for him if he got into trouble, since he had three daughters to provide for; and his son had been made a more wealthy man than his father had ever been. All was gone—by foul means more than fair, as I suspected—and he was convinced that to shoot himself would be the best and only way out of his troubles. He was like a child, unhinged and desperate. I got him to bed at last, and leaving him with my man, I went to see the other fellows and try if anything could be recovered from them."

"Yes?" queried Linda as he paused.

"I can't tell you the rest," said Guy. "It isn't fit for a woman's ears. It seemed to me that night, coming from that boy's side, and out of the cool, moonlight night, that I was walking into the mouth of hell. If ever a man's eyes were opened to the hideousness of vice, mine were that night. I shall never forget it. Once the thought of Sidonia came to me, and it seemed like a pollution even to *think* of her

in that place. I remembered your words—and saw their truth as I had never seen it before. Next day I took Fleetwood to my own place in the Midlands, where we could be as quiet as we liked. We shot together and hunted, and gradually he came to himself. Then an uncle came forward to help him to an appointment, and he went to it a short time since. I think he will do well. We have both of us learnt our lesson—I hope for life."

If the narrative was somewhat bald, Linda was able to fill it up. Guy's face bespoke the change within him more eloquently than any words. He looked at her when he had done, and said in a low voice—

"I have come to ask if I may go to Sidonia again—now."

The humility was something new in Guy. It touched Linda's heart. She stroked his hand with her finger-tips in what was a sisterly caress. But her eyes were still grave.

"Sidonia is not here yet," she said.

"May I not wait for her?"

"What do you think yourself, Guy? Is there nothing better to be done with your time?"

"What better can I do?"

"You should know better than I. You have spent your winter upon those large estates of which I have heard. Have you no duties there to claim your presence and your time?"

His face clouded slightly.

"Oh, I do not understand that sort of thing. I leave it all to my steward."

"And is he a faithful steward? Is he faithful towards you? and is he kindly and merciful to those who look to him, instead of to you, for so much?"

Guy was silent. He had not spent six months upon his own property without having become aware of many ills and grievances, without having had his suspicions aroused many times about the faithfulness of his steward, without having had many piteous appeals made to him by tenants rendered desperate by the hardness of the man in authority.

But Guy had no desire to rouse up muddy waters, he had thought it far better to let things drift on in the old way. He said to himself that his man knew his own business, and that he should only expose his ignorance by interfering. If he were cheated, he was too wealthy to feel it. Things had always gone smoothly for him hitherto. Why disturb them now?

Linda waited in vain for a verbal answer, but she knew Guy's face well and read much from its expression.

"Does your agent deal faithfully towards you? and mercifully towards those beneath him?"

"I believe he is a scoundrel and an oppressor," broke out Guy at last. "But what can I do? I know nothing of these things."

Linda's gesture and the flash in her eye brought his sentence to an abrupt conclusion, and she took up the word.

"That is a *shameful* confession, Guy! Here are you, in the first flush of your manhood's strength, with this great estate and all its attendant duties and responsibilities; and you know nothing of them. What would Sidonia think of that? What would she think of a man coming to her and asking for her love, when his own hands were stained by cruelty and——?"

"Linda! nobody ever laid to my charge the crime of cruelty," cried Guy hotly. "I have enough sins to answer for, heaven knows; but I am not cruel. No one ever called me that before!"

Linda's steady gaze never faltered.

"I cannot take back the word, Guy," she said, "for I *do* know something of the state of the poor tenants and cottagers upon a large estate. I do know something of the cruel sufferings and injustice they may suffer from an unscrupulous agent, when there is no appeal from his tyranny. I am a rich man's wife. I have seen the working of these things. If you let your property be managed by an unscrupulous and hard-hearted man, you are guilty of cruelty, whether you choose to face the fact or not."

Guy paced up and down in moody silence. He felt that Linda was going almost too far. He had not come to be taught his duty to his tenants. He had done so much in the breaking off of his old habits of intemperance and dissipation. He had expected praise from his friend, and she was only meting out blame with an unsparing hand.

Linda looked into his face, and her glance softened a little. She spoke again in a gentler key.

"Guy, do not be angry. You have always let me be your friend and elder sister. And when you come to me for advice, I must give you the best I have at my command."

"I did not ask for advice about my property," said Guy, still half offended.

"No, but you asked if you might speak again to Sidonia. Now, Guy, think a moment. No woman ever had a more tender and loving heart than Sidonia has. To her, every man, woman, or child, whatever their position in the eyes of the world may be, is regarded as a brother or a sister. Her great love goes out to all. She grieves over the suffering and sorrows she sees. Anything like oppression or wrong cuts her to the heart, and arouses her indignation as well as her sympathy. Guy, would you wish to take Sidonia home with you, for her to see the things she must see there, and trace those evils to their source? Would you even wish that?"

Guy made no immediate reply. He was thinking deeply. A different expression was on his face.

"She would help me to right the wrong," he said at last.

"Perhaps! but be cut to the heart in doing it. Nay, Guy, that is not the manly way of looking at it. Go you, and repair the ill you have passively done by years of neglect and

carelessness. Let not Sidonia have the pain of seeing what suffering and injustice you have tacitly encouraged. Play the man, and repair the ill. Learn your duties and do them. Work as you have never worked before, and let the thought of her be with you to sweeten your toil." She paused a moment, as though there were other words hovering upon her lips; but after a brief pause the lips closed, and the words were left unspoken.

Guy's face had changed its expression. He looked more alert, awake, in earnest. He sat down opposite Linda and looked thoughtfully at her as he spoke.

"You are quite right. I think you are always right. But, Linda, it will be a work of time. My heart almost sinks in the prospect. I will do it—at least I will try. But it will keep me there—far away; and meantime, is there not a danger? may not another come? May not Sidonia—forget me?"

Linda's face kindled into one of her full sweet smiles.

"I do not think that Sidonia will forget," she said.

Guy flushed slightly, an eager brightness in his eyes. Then he said in a low tone—

"Perhaps she will think that I have forgotten."

"I will undertake that she shall know better than that," answered Linda.

"Does she ever speak of me still?"

"Yes."

"Does she know that—that I have tried—am trying—to make myself more worthy of her?"

Again a smile hovered over Linda's lips, and she seemed to hesitate how much to say. She looked into Guy's bright earnest face, still stamped with the impress of his long boyhood which he had been loth to cast away, even though he had long reached that estate which entitled him to rank as a man. The face had changed and deepened in many ways, but it was still the face of the old Guy. What she looked for was not there, and the words she longed to speak were still held back.

"She knows something. She knows the story of Percy Fleetwood. I think that has made her very happy, Guy."

"If only I could see her!" he breathed.

"Perhaps better not—yet," answered Linda. "Be brave, be resolute. Go back to your home and do your duty there like a man. Write to me sometimes, and what there is of good news I will tell to Sidonia. I am sure she will not forget. But you must not linger here idling away precious time, when there is so much waiting to be done. The busy time of year is coming on. You must go amongst your farmers and their labourers, and study and learn and struggle to do justice and right, and have no fear of the result. The work will be hard—and you have never worked before in your life, Guy. It will be disagreeable—and you have always seen the bright and sunny side of life hitherto—save when folly and sin led you into darkness. Now you will learn what life means to your brothers in the world, and the lesson will be a hard one. But do not be discouraged. Fight manfully; and you will be rewarded at last."

Guy's eyes shone. He was thinking of Sidonia. Perhaps Linda was thinking of something besides; but she did not say so. He rose and took her hand and bade her farewell; and for the second time passed for a season out of her life.

. . . . . .

"Linda! I have come back. I have seen her again!"

"Guy!"

Lady Linda was so astonished at the sudden apparition of Sir Guy after a whole year of absence, that she recoiled for a moment in her startled surprise, and then, smiling brightly, advanced with outstretched hands.

"My dear boy, when did you come?"

"Last night. I came up here, but was told you were dining out and were not returning till this afternoon. I had to possess my soul in patience and wait. But this morning I walked in the public gardens—and I saw—Sidonia!"

"Saw her?—did you speak to her?"

"No," answered Guy; "I did not speak to her. I was not sure that she would wish it. I wished to see you first."

"But the meeting has made you happy, Guy."

"Yes," he answered; "I hardly know why; but it has." He was all the while holding in his hand a spray of lilac blossom, and inhaling the scent from time to time. Now he spoke rapidly, still holding the blossom before his face.

"I knew her long before I could distinguish her features. It was in the broad walk, and many were promenading to and fro. I watched to see if she would know me. She was alone and I was alone, and we were advancing towards each other. Suddenly her eyes fell upon me, and I knew that I was recognised! I wondered if she would turn back; but she did not, although her pace was a little slower, and her face was downbent. I wondered next whether she would pass me as a stranger, and refuse me one glance. My heart was beating like a hammer in my ears as we came nearer and nearer to each other. I wondered if she would speak—if I might speak. I thought that either I should go away the happiest or the most wretched man upon earth, according to what she did."

"And what did she do?" asked Linda, with pardonable curiosity.

"I don't know how to tell you. It means so much to me, and it sounds so little. Just before we reached each other she raised her eyes and gave me one look; and then she turned away towards a lilac bush and bent her head to inhale the scent of the flowers—and I passed by."

"Was that all?"

"Not quite; for when she too had gone I went and gathered the spray which had touched her face. I shall keep it always."

"But I mean, was that all between you and Sidonia?"

"Yes—and it was enough—for the moment. It made me very happy."

"I see it has; but why?"

"I can't put it into words. But I feel it in my heart. I see she has not forgotten me. I see the old light in her eyes. She did not avoid me; yet just then she was not ready to speak to me face to face. It was better so—in that public place. And she made me understand her heart better by that one glance than I have ever understood it before. Linda, there is nobody like Sidonia in all the world?"

"I am quite of your opinion, dear Guy."

He looked out at the window for a while in silence, and whilst so occupied Linda studied that face once more, and a smile of happiness slowly stole over her own, for the face was no longer that of a beautiful irresponsible boy. It was the face of a man who has thought, and struggled, and overcome. It began to be more than a merely beautiful face. It was going to be a noble one, too.

"Guy," she said, breaking the silence, "tell me of yourself—of your work. Letters say so little; and I want to know so much."

He looked at her and looked away once more. His brow was bent in earnest reflection.

"Linda," he said, "when I began my task my heart almost failed me. Shame fell upon me and seemed to swallow me up. I felt so vile a thing in my own sight for having permitted such abuses to grow up unchecked, that I think if Sidonia had been there to see I should have put an end to my life in sheer desperation."

"No, Guy—you would never have been a coward."

"I don't know. I never understood before how vile a thing a selfish, ease-loving man can be. I do not know that I should have hesitated to commit even that act of cowardice, to escape the stings and lashes of conscience, if I could have salved the deed by saying I left all to Sidonia to put right. However, let that thought rest. As it was, there was but one thing to do—work!—work!—work!—and never rest till the wrong was righted, and order brought out of chaos. Many a time my heart has sickened over the cleansing of those Augean stables. Many a time have I been half tempted to throw all up in despair. But at first the thought of Sidonia kept me at my post. I knew you would have told her whither I was gone, and wherefore. I could not in very shame own myself beaten; and even in the desperation of despair I worked on."

"At first the thought of Sidonia kept you to your guns," repeated Linda softly; "and afterwards what was it, Guy?"

His face wore a look she had never seen upon it before. His eyes sought hers and she saw a new spirit looking out from them.

"I scarcely know," he answered slowly; "but there came at last a something into my life and into my heart which sweetened the work, and made me say to myself that even were Sidonia to give herself to another, even were she to die, and never know how I had toiled in the hope of winning her—yet that I must go on. Perhaps it was the love the people began to show to me. Perhaps it was the sense of victory after a hard-fought fight. I do not know what it was; but I began to love the work for its own sake. I could not go back to the old life now, Linda, were it ever so."

A beautiful smile kindled in Linda's eyes; but all she said was, "I do not think you could, Guy."

Then he took up his spray of lilac again, and held it to his face. Every moment she expected a certain question, but it was long in coming, and was put in a different form from any previous time.

"Linda, I came here thinking that at last I might speak once more to Sidonia. And yet now that I have seen her, I do not feel as if I had words in which to do it."

"You used not to feel so in old days, Guy."

"No, for I had never learnt how vile a creature I was. Now that I know and feel this so fully, I fear to approach her. It seems like pleading with one of the angels. I do not know how to do it."

"No, no, Guy," answered Linda, smiling, "Sidonia is no angel; believe me, we creatures of human form are called to a higher destiny than even that of the sinless angels. For the Redeemer took our flesh and came in likeness of man upon the earth, that at last we human beings of frail flesh and blood may in the resurrection be glorified and made 'like unto Him.' That promise is not to the angels, but to us. Do not think of your Sidonia as an angel, but as one of God's redeemed children, on whose pure brow He has set His seal, and who will in the ages of eternity be glorified for ever and ever with the glory which shall be revealed at the coming and in the Kingdom of the Lord Himself."

Guy bent his head in thoughtful reverence.

"Ah!" he said softly, "I believe you are right, Linda; but that seems to put even a greater gulf between her and me."

"Ah, no, Guy!" answered Linda, advancing and laying her hand upon his arm. "For none of us, even the purest and best, can stand before the Lord in the garment of our own holiness. It is in the Blood of the Lamb that all must be washed white, and that Blood, Guy, was shed as much for you as for Sidonia, and will cleanse you from all stain of past sin, and break down every barrier which you have raised up between yourself and God. What is it that has always made Sidonia different from the women we meet too often in the gay world of fashion? Only this, that her heart is set where true joys are to be found, that she loves her Lord with all the strength of her soul, and that she walks as near to Him as poor frail mortals can. But only in His strength, Guy—only in the power of the Spirit, which is given without measure to those who ask in faith.

Always remember that. Of ourselves we can do nothing. *He* alone is our strength and our stay."

As she spoke with gathering earnestness, Linda was conscious of the great change that must have passed over Guy during the past months, to make it possible for her so to speak, and him to understand. Hitherto, when words of spiritual counsel had hovered on her lips, she had instinctively held them back, knowing that they would not be understood. Now no such conviction restrained her. The expression upon his face told her that she might speak freely all that was in her heart. If her words were not actually understood in their full significance, at least their force was apprehended. He wished to hear, he longed to enter into her teaching. A great wave of thankfulness surged over her heart.

Guy was still looking out of the window over the sunny landscape.

"Thank you, Linda," he answered. "You have spoken words which will give me help and courage. They have come from your heart, and have entered into mine. I will go now. My work will not let me linger long. But you have done me good. I shall go with more courage and heart."

"You will not see Sidonia again?"

His eyes met hers in a strange, long gaze.

"What do you think about that, Linda?''

"Tell me what you think yourself, Guy," she said.

"I begin to understand," he said slowly, "that there is something more wanted for true happiness than the mere cessation from vicious courses, the mere setting to work at the actual duties of one's position. To marry Sidonia, and to feel that in spirit there was a great gulf between us, would be misery and not happiness. Linda, you understand me?"

Her eyes were wet with sympathetic drops. She took his hand and pressed it between both of hers.

"I do, Guy, I do," she answered softly. "Ah, how glad I am that you can feel it for yourself! Dear Guy—that gulf can be bridged! The germ of faith is in your heart. God will answer your prayer if you turn to Him, and it will grow even as a grain of mustard seed. Think not of yourself. Do not look into the darkness of your own heart, and murmur over your lack of faith, your coldness, your doubts and fears. Look up to Him. Do not think what *you* are doing—but what the Lord is doing. Keep your heart and your eyes ever fixed upon Him. Then little by little the clouds will flee away. The Sun of Righteousness will rise in your heart, with healing in His wings. The shadows will all vanish at His appearing; and ah! Guy, I cannot tell you what the blessedness will be like; but you will one day learn it for yourself!"

"I trust so," he answered very gravely and quietly. "God bless you, Linda. You have been a true friend and sister to me. Farewell!"

He bent his head and they kissed each other as brother and sister; and so he went, and she saw him no more for many a month, and even his letters ceased to come.

"He is not one of those who can write of his deepest feelings," she said sometimes in her thoughts. "But he is not alone—of that I am very sure. Dear Guy!—the battle may be stern and hard; but he has girded to himself the right armour—and the victory will be his at the last!"

. . . . .

Guy was walking up and down one of the long shrubbery paths of Linda's quaint old-fashioned garden. The scent of spring was again in the air, and the fragrance of the lilac blossom was wafted to him as he paced slowly to and fro. In his face there was a beautiful brightness of expression which had a far deeper source than the gladness of the sunny spring-tide. His eyes were steadfast and full of calm power. His face was a little paler and thinner than of old, but had increased tenfold in intensity and meaning.

Down the long avenue came another figure clothed in white, following in the wake of the first pedestrian. As Guy turned at the end of the long walk, he found himself face to face with Sidonia.

It was not altogether unexpected, and yet his heart stood still for a moment. Then he held out his hands, and hers were gently laid in them without hesitation or fear.

"Sidonia," he said, and his voice shook with the depth of his emotion, "I cannot say what I would. My heart is too full. I remember the past, and I feel humbled to the very dust. But, Sidonia, I have struggled and fought. I have learned in whose strength alone the victory may be won. Tell me, dear love, if in the days to come, when I have shown to you that I can be faithful—faithless as I have been in the past—and that my life, too, is consecrated to the One service; if then I come to you, and once more ask you to trust me with your precious self, and to be my loved and honoured wife—will you send me away a second time?"

She lifted her eyes to his then, and in their liquid depths he read what made his heart beat fast and gloriously. Then she raised to his her trembling lips, and as he bent his down to meet them he caught the half-whispered word of her reply:

"No!"

THE LIFE-STORY OF A GENIUS.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILD, THE WISE MAN, AND THE DEVIL," "GOD AND THE ANT," ETC.



Sincerely Yours C. Brontë

After the painting by Richmond.
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I.

MORE often than not, men and women of high genius are—when compared with ordinary mortals—like wild birds caged. There is a pitiful resemblance in their life-stories. Until the heart of them is broken, they never cease to beat against the cruel wires. Your everyday mortal, your cage-born songster, takes not unkindly to his prison. Now and then, when a breath of the meadows is wafted through an open window, or when, looking up, he sees the breeze at play with the tree-tops, the consciousness that he was born for ampler air—that his wings were given him to beat towards the blue sky or to bear him away among the green branches—stirs like a vague uneasiness within him. But a cage can cramp the heart no less than the wings. With one little fluttering sigh he turns for consolation to the sweet morsel that has been thrust between the bars, and is not for long rebellious in his sugared seclusion.

It is not so with your caged wild bird. Him the green fields, and the branches aswing in the forest, call continuously. The winds taunt him with whispers of unwinged skies and shining sun-filled space, until, grown sick with tumultuous longings, he beats in mad despair against the bars, and falls back with bleeding and unfeathered breast, to gasp out his little life with piteous cries.

Rarely has the tragedy of genius been brought home so intimately to the reader as in Mr. Clement Shorter's recently published volume, "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle." For myself, I must confess that I have read few novels which were half so fascinating.

Not all the hundred-voiced hubbub of a mimic battle scene—be the stage never so crowded, the details never so realistic—can make the blood riot and the pulse leap like the shrill "Hi! Hi!" from the throats of a dozen firemen, as the steaming, straining, half-maddened horses, urged on by whip and rein and the shouts of excited men, hurtle by us and are gone. For the same reason Mr. Shorter's book holds us wide-eyed and watchful, when a novel would scarce keep us awake. The tragedy which is being enacted once again before us is too real ever to become uninteresting, even in its petty details. Life fascinates us when fiction wearies; and so intimate a picture of the life, the cares, hopes, and fears of Charlotte Brontë is given us in this volume, that a sensitive reader is sometimes troubled lest the revelation amount to an invasion of privacy.

II.

THE story of Charlotte Brontë's life, as related by Mr. Shorter, begins practically in his second chapter, which is headed "Childhood." When one has to bring a great character upon the scene, it is of the first consequence that the fitting background be found. Charlotte's uneventful life is so inseparably connected with Haworth parsonage that one is glad indeed to have a picture of the place as it was when the various members of the family of geniuses were children. To them how dull and commonplace must have seemed the piece of barren ground, with here and there a currant-bush as its sole adornment, that ran down to the walls of the churchyard! It was to them, no doubt, as ordinary and as prosaic a spot as the reader's garden is to him or her, or mine to me. But since the time when Emily and Anne Brontë, and sometimes Charlotte, would carry their stools on summer afternoons to sit by the ragged bushes and pick the scanty fruit, thousands of human beings, to whom the names of those shy and shrinking girls are now household words, have journeyed to see the Brontë home. What would those girls have thought had they known that in a single year (1895) ten thousand people would visit the Brontë Museum at Haworth! But they had then as little premonition of their fame as they had (as Mr. Shorter reminds us) of the "time, not so far distant, when the rough doorway separating the churchyard from the garden, which was opened for their mother when they were little children, should be opened again, time after time, in rapid succession for their own biers to be carried through. This gateway is now effectually bricked up. In the days of the Brontës it was reserved for the passage of the dead—a grim arrangement which, strange to say, finds no place in any one of the sisters' stories."

Leaving the garden, we enter the house with Mr. Shorter, who takes us as it were by the hand, and leads us through rooms that almost oppress us with memories and with the sense of haunting presences. We are reminded of the sonnet in which Philip Marston, the blind poet, alludes to the coming time when he and those he loved should

> "Lie at the last beneath, where the grass grows,
> Made one, in one interminable repose."

Speaking of the room in which he had lived so long and suffered so much, he goes on to ask himself a strange question:

> "Must this not be, that one then dwelling here,
> Where one man and his sorrows dwelt so long,
> Shall feel the pressure of a ghostly throng,
> And shall upon some desolate midnight hear
> A sound more sad than is the pine-tree's song,
> And thrill with great, inexplicable fear?"

The door on the right of the hall opens into Mr. Brontë's study, called always the parlour; that on the left into the dining room, where the children spent so great a portion of their lives. Here they would eat their simple midday dinner, Miss Branwell, their aunt, at one end of the table, and Charlotte at the other. There, Charlotte and her friend, Miss Nussey, would walk in the twilight, each with an arm around the other, while Emily and Anne would follow, clasping each other in similar loving fashion. Behind Mr. Brontë's study was the kitchen, where Mr. Shorter pictures the children, "telling stories to Tabby or Martha, or to whatever servant reigned at the time." On the staircase leading to the upper part of the house and to the bedrooms was a "grandfather's clock," which Mr. Brontë used to wind up every night on his way to bed at nine o'clock. Miss Nussey well remembers his stentorian tones, as he called out when leaving the study, "Don't be up late, children," which they generally were. They all wrote stories, even at this early period; and, curiously enough, the same heroes—the Duke of Wellington or his children—appeared in almost everything Charlotte then penned. This tendency to introduce the same characters into all their dreamings is, I have noticed, by no means uncommon with imaginative children who afterwards become writers. Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the American poet and novelist, has put upon record the fact that, as a girl, she used to relate stories to herself in all of which a certain roysterer named "Buccaneer" sustained the leading parts; and a well-known novelist once told me that he dreamed himself to sleep every night in his boyhood by imagining romantic situations in which the actors were himself, Cora, of the "Last of the Mohicans," and—of all people in the world—the late Duke of Albany (Prince Leopold he was at that time), and his sister Princess Beatrice, now Princess Henry of Battenberg. (That novelist, by the bye, is a staunch Conservative to this day, though I believe he no longer dreams of rescuing royal princesses from a fiery fate, a watery grave, or tomahawking Indians.)

III.

ABOUT Charlotte's school days Mr. Shorter has not a great deal to say, nor has anything new of supreme importance come to light. Then it was that she formed the intimacy with Miss Ellen Nussey which to this day (for Miss Nussey is still with us) is the most cherished remembrance of that true and faithful friend. It is to the priceless assistance which the author of "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle" has received from Miss Nussey and from Charlotte's husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, who survived his wife and—one is glad to know—is yet living, that the book owes its unique interest. Of Charlotte's schoolmistress, Miss Wooler, we have some new particulars, as well as several characteristic letters which her former pupil afterwards addressed to her. One notes with interest that, even after fame had come to Charlotte Brontë, she addressed her former teacher with deference and respect which she accorded to few others. Her letters to Miss Wooler are signed, "Yours affectionately and respectfully," and the opinions she expresses in any of them are much more modestly, much more hesitatingly, put forward than is the case in her letters to her other correspondents. We are reminded of the officer who, after gaining a Victoria Cross "for valour" on the battle-field, confessed to wincing when he heard the voice of his old schoolmaster raised in expostulation.

In 1835 Charlotte became a governess in the school in which she had formerly been a pupil. Here, though she had one tiff with Miss Wooler in which, as she herself confessed, she "let her temper get the better of her," Miss Brontë does not seem to have been unhappy. How unhappy she was as a governess in private families everyone knows. I do not propose quoting from her letters on this subject, for it is possible that relatives of the people, concerning whom she speaks bitterly, will read her remarks with annoyance and perhaps with pain. We know that Charlotte Brontë *was* inconsiderately treated during her governess life, but as the folk who so treated her have to-day no claim upon our interest, other than their association with the author of "Jane Eyre," they might with advantage be left unnamed. In the case of those who, in the press, attacked herself or her book unjustly, we need have no such scruple. One cannot accept, and, at the same time, expect to evade the responsibility which rests upon all who choose to give public expression to their views, and if the expression in question turn out to be malicious or unjust, the stigma of having penned what was discreditable must, and should be, borne by the writer. But private individuals who do not in any way challenge criticism, may not unreasonably complain if they and their domestic affairs are made public property. This question is, however, one upon which critics differ, and what I have said is merely a personal opinion. Mr. Shorter will no doubt contend that as almost half a century has passed since the author of "Jane Eyre" was laid to rest in Haworth Church, and as most of those who formed a part of her life are gone where human praise or blame can affect them no more, the time has come when it is possible to read her life-story anew, and when it is permissible—in view of the facts which have since come to light—to reconsider the verdict which has been passed upon herself and upon her contemporaries. He is no mere gleaner of a field where Mrs. Gaskell has gathered the sheaves. On the contrary, he has gone a-reaping for himself, and has brought together ripe corn and full in its ear; but he has also played the necessary part of gleaner with such loving care, such indefatigable industry, that he has left no stray stalk for those who come after.

IV.

IN 1842, when Charlotte was twenty-six years of age and Emily twenty-four, the two sisters went, as everyone knows, to Brussels. They were at the time contemplating starting a school, and on expressing to their aunt, Miss Branwell, their anxiety to acquire a greater familiarity with the French language before doing so, she very generously placed at their disposal the necessary funds for a sojourn on the Continent. When Charlotte had been in Brussels three months she formed a friendship with a Miss Lætitia Wheelwright. This lady is merely referred to by Mrs. Gaskell as a "Brussels friend" of Miss Brontë's, but the indefatigable Mr. Shorter, having been fortunate enough to discover that the name of the Brussels friend in question was Wheelwright, promptly wrote to every Wheelwright in the London Directory. Curiously enough, his first letter found its way to the very person with whom he wished to get into communication, and to this lady Mr. Shorter is indebted for some hitherto unpublished letters from the author of "Jane Eyre," as well as for not a little fresh information about the novelist's Brussels life. Miss Wheelwright, who was fourteen years of age when she entered the Pensionnat Héger, recalls the two Brontë sisters, thin and sallow looking, pacing up and down the garden, friendless and alone. The sight of Lætitia standing up in the class room, and glancing around with a semi-contemptuous air at the Belgian girls, first attracted Charlotte's attention. "It was so very English," she laughingly afterwards said.

The importance of Miss Wheelwright's testimony consists in the fact that it disposes completely of the senseless imputation that Charlotte was in love with M. Héger, the husband of the lady who kept the Pensionnat, where the Brontë sisters were staying. This silly charge has from time to time been put forward as the one discreditable incident in

Charlotte Brontë's life. Miss Wheelwright, as well as her sisters, was intimate with Charlotte during each of the novelist's visits to Brussels, and she gives the most emphatic contradiction to the whole baseless story, which, it is to be hoped, will now never be heard of again. The death of Miss Branwell some seven months after her nieces had gone abroad called them to Haworth; and when Charlotte returned to Brussels it was by herself. She came home again in 1844, and two years later the famous volume which the three sisters published as "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell" saw the light. It was issued at their own expense, and was paid for out of the money which had been left to them by their aunt. Two years later "Jane Eyre" was published, to be followed almost immediately by "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey." The result everyone knows. The Brontë girls' season of compulsory obscurity was over, and in its place they were threatened with a scarcely less compulsory notoriety. But once again in the history of literature was the truth of Goethe's maxim, that "the wished-for comes too late," made apparent. In less than a year after the publication of "Jane Eyre," Branwell Brontë was in his grave; and within twelve months after the issue of "Wuthering Heights," Emily Brontë had passed away. Mr. Shorter speaks of her as "the sphinx of our modern literature," and the phrase is so apt, so true, that it is likely to be found in future Dictionaries of Familiar Quotations.

The picture which has been drawn for us of Charlotte Brontë waiting with clasped hands for the death of Emily is pitiful. Well might she say at the time to her friend, Miss Nussey, "We should not knit human ties too close, or clasp human affections too fondly." "When Emily is ill," she wrote, a day or two later, "there is no sunshine in the world for me." And again: "I hope still, for I must hope—she is as dear to me as life." To the last she tried to cheat herself into the belief that Emily would recover. She dare not, as she said in a letter, "let the faintness of despair reach my heart." But Emily died before Branwell had been in his grave three months, and, as if this were not enough, the only remaining sister, Anne, "the wraith" of Charlotte and Emily, as Dr. Garnett has called her, followed Emily into the Great Dark in five months' time. Even now, when Charlotte Brontë has been at rest for forty years, it is difficult to read the letters which she wrote at that time without painful emotion, so terrible is the anguish of loneliness which rings through them. Three times, in eight short months, was the doorway that separated the churchyard from the garden opened for the passage of her dead. The success which—had her loved ones been there to share it—would have been so sweet, was but Dead Sea fruit to that sisterless, brotherless woman, the flower of whose youth had withered unplucked upon its stalk.

At last, after five years of that uncommunicable soul-loneliness, which is too often the lot of genius, the gloom of advancing and uncompanioned middle age gave place to the clear-shining gladness of a husband's love. But after a few months of married happiness, and when the holy light of expectant motherhood was dawning in her eyes, the tiny taper of Charlotte Brontë's life suddenly flickered and went out. "I am not going to die: we have been so happy." These words, spoken to her husband on her death-bed, are, as Mr. Shorter truly says, "not the least piteously sad in her tragic story."

V.

POOR Charlotte Brontë. The story of that gentle-faced, fragile creature, with beautiful hair and big, soft eyes, living her lonely life—lonely at all events as far as the outside world was concerned—in that out-of-the-way old Yorkshire parsonage, has scarce a parallel in all literature. One finds it difficult to think of her as ever a child. The little creature with the old-fashioned ways was in heart a woman when she was but a girl in years. Few children age so soon as those of proud parents of straitened circumstances. The constant need for "pinching," which frets a generous spirit like the touch of a rude hand upon a wound; the stern necessity for having to appear "mean" when one's every inclination is to be open-handed; the contrivances for making the threadbare coat or dowdy frock do duty over again; the consciousness of shabby clothes; the shared anxiety about tradesmen's bills; the pitiful attempts to keep up appearances, and to hide the too-apparent secret from the outside world—these, and a thousand other similar cares, combine to make men and women of those who are but children in years.

In Charlotte Brontë's case—motherless as she was—and with a father who, though both loving and beloved, gave his eldest daughter considerable anxiety by his tendency to an occasional over-indulgence in whisky, the only wonder is that so many of her letters should have been as playful and as buoyant as they are. To such a morbidly sensitive nature as hers, the knowledge that a dearly loved father, and that father a clergyman, could so forget his self-respect and the sacredness of his calling, must have been a constant source of unhappiness. We know that on one occasion, when she returned from Brussels, she found that the father, whose welcome she had been eagerly anticipating, had given himself up to a drinking bout, to rescue him from which was the first business of her home-coming. We do not know from Charlotte, however, what misery this tendency of his must have caused her, for, to her honour be it said, she nowhere speaks of him except with affection and respect. But if it made her uneasy while she was at Haworth, it must have been a constant source of unhappiness to her when she was away from home, and could not know what excesses the

withdrawal of her restraining influence might at that moment be bringing about. Mr. Shorter has found it necessary to correct one or two erroneous impressions to which some previously published Brontë books have given rise in regard to members of the family. He makes short work of the wretched Branwell's pretensions to a share in the authorship of his sisters' volumes, and clearly proves that Mrs. Gaskell has scarcely been just to Charlotte's father, who, but for the occasional tendency to over-indulgence in drink, already alluded to, seems to have been a kind father and an honourable man, of whom all his children spoke in terms of affection and esteem. No doubt his constitutional tendency to "determination of blood to the brain" was answerable for some singularity of speech and conduct which cool-headed mortals of the outside world were apt sometimes to misjudge, and for these we must not hold him altogether responsible. But that he was—for all his lovability—a difficult man to live with, and to manage, seems clear; and a perusal of Mr. Shorter's book makes one feel that it was upon Charlotte—even before the death of her aunt Miss Branwell in 1842—that the burden of his eccentricities lay heaviest. How that strange child with the brooding eyes and her brother and two sisters grew up together, dreaming dreams and weaving romances, we all know. And we know, too, how desperately—when she came to womanhood—she fought with Death for the lives of her two loved sisters, only to see her dear ones fade away before her eyes. And, sadder still, we know how desperately she strove to save her idolised and idealised brother from a worse fate than death, and with what agony she saw his constitution being shattered, his mental and moral faculties being clouded and perverted by the fatal indulgence in opium and in drink. Well might she say in a letter to her friend Miss Nussey, that her home was "haunted by the phantoms of Sin and Suffering." If ever a woman were cast in heroic mould that woman was Charlotte Brontë. If ever a woman might have been forgiven for entertaining dark thoughts of God and doubts of His loving providence, it was she. But how do we find her writing at the time when the shadow of her brother's death lay heaviest upon her? "When I looked on the noble face and forehead of my dead brother (Nature had favoured him with a fairer outside as well as a finer constitution than his sisters)," she writes, "and ask myself what had made him go ever wrong, tend ever downwards, when he had so many gifts to induce to, and aid in, an upward course, I seem to receive an oppressive revelation of the feebleness of humanity—of the inadequacy of even genius to lead to true greatness if unaided by religion and principle. In the value, or even the reality of these two things, he would never believe till within a few days of his end; and then, all at once, he seemed to open his heart to a conviction of their existence and worth. The remembrance of this strange change now comforts my poor father greatly. I myself, with painful, mournful joy, heard him praying softly in his dying moments, and to the last prayer, which my father offered up at his bedside, he added Amen. How unusual that word appeared from his lips, of course, you, who did not know him, cannot conceive. When the last struggle was over, and a marble calm began to succeed the last dread agony, I felt as I had never felt before, that there was peace and forgiveness for him in Heaven. All his errors—to speak plainly, all his vices—seemed nothing to me at that moment; every wrong he had done, every pain he had caused vanished; his sufferings only were remembered; the wrench to the natural affections only was left. . . . He is at rest, and that comforts us all. . . . In God's hands we leave him. He sees not as man sees."

I think these hastily written lines strike the keynote which Charlotte Brontë sought to sound in her books. I am sure that one passage in them contains the source of her strength and the secret of her brother's sinnings. She is conscious, she says, of "the feebleness of humanity—of the inadequacy of even genius to lead to true greatness if unaided by religion and principle." A platitude you will perhaps say, and I agree with you. It was old, and a platitude, when Branwell Brontë sinned and Charlotte suffered. Yet, had that unhappy boy but taken it, old as it was, to heart, how different might have been his story and hers! It is a platitude which will be new and needed a hundred years hence when I who write, and you who read, will have gone to answer the question of the Great Teacher: "What profit had ye, from the lessons I bade ye learn from other lives?"

THE WOES OF JOHN TRELILL.

BY CHARLES LEE.



MRS. PEZZACK TOLD HER STORY FOR THE TENTH TIME.

X.

LATE as it was by now, the goddess of Rumour, whose chosen abode on earth, not set down in Smith or Lemprière, has been definitely ascertained by later investigators to be Pendennack itself, had already spread her wings and circled half the town, appearing to her many devout worshippers there in half-a-dozen distractingly dissimilar shapes. It is a fact that the lights of her chief shrine, situate in Mrs. Pezzack's kitchen, were not extinguished until past two o'clock in the morning; and more than one worthy head ached all night over futile efforts to construct a plausible theory of events out of a contradictory and all too fragmentary mass of evidence. Something portentous and unprecedented had happened, but what? See how much, and yet how little, investigation had to go upon.

First, there was the episode of John Trelill and the hot water, perplexing in itself, as coming without the slightest warning or premonitory symptoms, and rendered still more so by Mrs. Poljew's mysterious hints to Mrs. Pezzack. Then there was Mrs. Poljew's startling appearance at chapel in all the magnificence of full dress, apparently without rhyme or reason.

Then the coming together of John and Vassie after chapel, their departure side by side, and Mrs. Poljew's wrathful pursuit. So far was known to all, and had been common property for hours; but now the darkness of night settled on actors and spectators, and out of this darkness came a nightmare succession of seemingly incompatible details. Some one had seen Mr. Jones enter Mrs. Pollard's door; some one else had seen him depart hurriedly two minutes after. Vassie had been perceived going for a walk up 'long with John; she had also been perceived coming down 'long alone. Another had seen Mrs. Poljew and John together, knocking at Mrs. Pollard's. A later report represented Mrs. Poljew as arriving home in a very bad temper, and cobbing her husband over the head with a clothes-brush for no adequate reason. Then there was Mrs. Pezzack's story, to which she was ready to swear, about the apparition of Uncle Billy and Mr. Jones, linked in unnatural union. And lastly, it was known on unimpeachable authority that Mrs. Pollard, whose last fault was that of the epicure, had supped in solitary state on a whole fowl trimmed with bacon enough for three. Here was a farrago of inconsistencies.

And Monday morning brought no light with it; rather did the mystery deepen on further investigation. The great Monday business of washing languished; and it was a fine drying day too. Mrs. Pezzack, for her part, never wetted her hand with soap-suds all the morning; and when, about midday, the familiar cry of "Any of you ladies want any meat to-day?" echoed down Fore Street, and the white-aproned butcher led his cart along to his accustomed station opposite John Trelill's house, all the neighbours with one accord left clouts and sheets and towcers soaking in the washing-trays, and flocked to the cart-tail, where, while prodding and handling prime cuts, they alternately bargained with the genial butcher, and plunged deeper into the mire of baffled speculation.

Butcher Stone did good business that day. Even Dickon Tremethick's wife, whose invariable bill of fare was dried ling and potatoes week-days and a bit o' fat pork of a Sunday, was burdened with a piece of exclusive information, and, coming out to impart it, was enticed into cheapening a tempting morsel of gravy beef.

Mrs. Pezzack told her story for the tenth time.

"Ess, naibours, when I turn the corner an' be'old the two on 'em stroathing along arm-a-crook, as soshabble as you plaise, you med ha' laid me flat weth a feather," she declared.

"Were they looking cheerful-like, or how?" asked a minute investigator.

"Like a pair o' murning turtles on a tree," was the answer.

"Then, tell 'ee what 'a es, Mis' Pollard have settled her mind at laast, an' turned 'em off," said the other.

"Ess," said a third lady eagerly, "an' how should 'a do that? I'll tell 'ee. You don't empt your troy o' dirty water tell you've been an' filled your pitcher. Mis' Pollard's fit an' got another chap to she. An' ef you arst me who 'a es, I say—John Trelill."

All eyes were turned to the house opposite. John's pale face was visible for a moment peering out of chamber window. As it met their curious gaze, it suddenly drew back and vanished. A minor woe was affecting poor John. There was not a shred of tobacco in the house, and, Nannie being out, there was no one to send for more. Cross the threshold he dared not; he knew that the hungry flock would be upon him in a clamorous body as soon as he showed a foot outside. The lack of Irish twist is a powerful stimulus to human action, but in John's case the fear of remorseless dissection was stronger. Bolts and bars could not have imprisoned him more effectually.

"John Trelill?" said a fourth. "But how 'bout Vassie Jenkin? Because, sim' me——"

Sal Tremethick launched her bolt.

"My daughter Jennie wor a-chatting wi' Vassie this mornen, an' Vassie tauld her she'd sooner be laid in her box than look 'pon John."

A common impulse drew the white aprons still closer together. Ejaculations of astonishment came from all sides.

"'Sides," said Mrs. Pezzack, "ef 'a wor John, what should Mary Poljew be so brave an' vexed about? She'd knaw how to be proud ef the family 'd catched Liz Pollard. She'd be paycocking about all the while, 'a b'lieve; an' she edn' that. There's more'n wan been up to get the news from her this mornen, but we dedn' get none. Edn' nawthen but profaning to be got out o' *she*."

Sal and others chimed in.

"An' Vassie's just the same. Waan't tell a word of how et happened."

"An' Mis' Pollard's block-kaded all up, like-a-thing. *I* cuddn' get anist her."

"An' Nannie Trelill don't knaw nawthen at all about anything."

"An' Uncle Billy do start roaring up like the Gulf, first thing you d' say to 'n."

"An' nobody caan't find Mr. Jones nowhere."

"They've all gone mazed together, 'a b'lieve," exclaimed Mrs. Pezzack, voicing the general sentiment. "Such a tod! Et's like Smoother's wedding—all on one side. *I* never heerd tell o' the like! I shall go mazed myself direckly! My heed's begun to scat already. Look, naibours! Mus' get the rights of all this somehow. Folk musn' go all hooded up in Pendennack, or where'll the credit o' the town be?"

"Ef 'a should be somefen scand'lous——"

"So 'a 'es, sim' me."

"But how's goen to get at 'n? You med as well go down 'pon the rocks an' arst the wrinkles an' lempots."

"Sim' me, we're plum!" exclaimed Mrs. Tremethick energetically. "Here we are, a-sarching about for what's afore our faces all the while. How don't somebody tackle John himself?"

General approval was manifest.

"You're right, Sal, sure 'nough!"

"John's the very man, 'a b'lieve."

"A wake, simple wifflehead, good man! You can get what you like out of en, an' no trouble 'tall."

"Liv en to me, naibours!" cried Mrs. Pezzack, with enthusiasm. "I d' knaw every step of his feet. I'll turn him inside out to perfection before 'a d' knaw where 'a es, see ef I don't!"

The arrangement commended itself to all. Mrs. Pezzack's capabilities were tried and known; the matter was felt to be safe in her hands. With minds relieved they fell upon Butcher Stone, and pummelled his joints (warranted fresh-killed that morning) and fenced with him for the elusive half-penny to their hearts' content.

Noon passed. The lazy tide crept up over the shining harbour mud, the tramp of heavy boots was heard, and the inferior sex began to appear, yawning horribly after a sleep which had endured in many cases, with brief intervals for corporal and spiritual nourishment, since Saturday night. Tide waits for no man; the boats must be outside harbour by five o'clock at the latest. There passed up and down the streets strange objects, consisting of pairs of staggering legs supporting immense *coiffures* of golden-hued nets. The harbour grew full of shouting; dingheys, full to overflowing with white-jacketed men, pushed off through the mud and made their way across to the boats, whose masts began to sway and nod to each other as the tide lifted the keels.

John's heart grew lighter. The hour of escape from the earth and all its womankind was at hand. With luck and a nice ordering of his coming and going between house-door and quay-head, he might avoid close parley with feminine humanity for a whole week—time enough to recover his mental balance, sadly disturbed of late.

But it was not to be. When Jacky Jackson awoke that morning, his attention was directed to certain unmistakable twinges about the region of his lower jaw. Terrified, he yelled for his wife; and she, after examination and cross-examination, declared against toothache and in favour of neuralgia. A minor point, you may opine; since, in the matter of comparative discomfort, there is little to choose between the two. Not so: toothache would mean a visit to the dentist, the payment of cash down, and the endurance, prospective and actual, of torture which has ever appalled the bravest. But neuralgia is Doctor Borlase's affair. Dr. Borlase is Pendennack's club doctor, *vice* Dr. Vivian, deposed from that honourable, if



A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

arduous position, at a mass-meeting convened after his arrogant refusal to get out of bed and come two miles after midnight to save the life of Abram Tregenna, when Abram's nose began to bleed, and three door-keys thrust down his back proved unavailing. Abram recovered, it is true, but Dr. Vivian was found guilty of hypothetical manslaughter all the same, and Pendennack's club-sixpences were transferred to Dr. Borlase. The post is no sinecure. When one pays for medicine regularly, one contrives to get medicine regularly somehow. In aggressively healthy families—such as Jacky Jackson's—the symptoms of small ailments are hailed with deep satisfaction as opportunities of getting back value for money. And the art

of sedulously nursing such minor complaints is so universally practised that it has attained the dignity of a specific name; "creening" they call it.

Mrs. Jackson took prompt action. She despatched a messenger at once to St. Enys for a bottle of medicine, with strict orders to see that it was black and strong-tasting, and none of your teeny half-noggins, but a good pint-bottleful. On the way back the messenger was to call at Uncle Billy Jenkin's, exhibit the bottle in place of a medical certificate, and say that Jacky was took that bad that he couldn't possibly go out with the boat. Meanwhile she got her husband up, mixed a jug of hot elder-water, and set him to inhale the steam, with his head and the jug comprehensively enveloped in one of her aprons.

When the information reached Uncle Billy, he called 'Nezer Harvey and Dickon Tremethick into consultation, and it was quickly decided that the weather, in spite of clear sky and steady breeze, was decidedly "foxy," and that it would be the height of imprudence to venture out short-handed. This decision is so regular on such occasions, and savours so much of the formula, that it might be held to give colour to the slanderous statement of a certain foreigner, who said that the week in Pendennack is divided into three portions—days when the men mustn't go out (Saturday and Sunday), days when they can't, and days when they won't.

So Clunker was tracked down, captured, and sent off to warn the three remaining members of the crew; and John soon learned that his hour of deliverance was postponed for a day at least. He pictured to himself all the gossip of the town beating with fierce light upon him, and all the white-aproned sisterhood lying in wait for him, perhaps meditating even now an invasion on his privacy; and his heart sank.

XI.

NANNIE, coming in to get dinner, eyed her father curiously; and when they were settled at the table she said suddenly:

"They're a-talking about you in 'long, da."

John dropped his fork. It was beginning.

"An' such a toddy auld tale I never heerd in my life," she continued severely. "What *have* 'ee been up to, eh?"

He wriggled uneasily under her glance.

"Fur's I can make out," she went on, with rising indignation, "you started courting two people all of a suddent Sat'day night, an' went an' slighted 'em both yes'day. Quick work, sim' me."

"No, no!" he cried, stung into speech by this horrible perversion of the facts.

"'At's what they d' say," said Nannie. "They d' say you started to go leading Vassie Jenkin, an' then you slighted her for Mis' Pollard, an' then you fit an' slighted she."

"'A edn' true!" he exclaimed; but his tone did not carry conviction. Shame overwhelmed him to think how very near Nannie was to the truth.

"How? You edn' courting Mis' Pollard still, are 'ee?"

He shook his head.

"That's very well. Don't want *she* for a mother-in-law, you may be sure."

He looked up, relieved a little at the removal of one cause of self-reproach. Then his head drooped again, as he realised that the notion of gratifying Nannie, which had plunged him into the *imbroglio*, was a mistaken one. His hopes had been ruined to no purpose.

Nannie persisted. "Then 'tes Vassie?"

"No," he groaned.

"How? Sim' me you might do worse. She an' I do get along fine together. I d' like her a brae lot. 'Tes time for 'ee to settle, you d' knaw," said the little maid in maternal tones. "I do my best for 'ee, but I caan't keep wi' 'ee all the while. There's chaps arter me already. I might get married some day—an' then where 'd you be? How don't 'ee go arter Vassie, now?"

"Don't 'ee, my dear!" he exclaimed piteously. "Don't arst me nawthen."

"Well, but how?" she insisted.

"Because I—I don't wish." He coloured furiously as he said it. Nannie examined him suspiciously.

"That's very well," she said, in offended tones. "I waan't say no more." Her mouth closed with a snap. She was not to be in his confidence, evidently, and she was going to sulk. Nannie was a smart maid for her years; but the art of managing a man is not a matter of intuitive knowledge merely; experience is needful, too, and the patience and craft which are lacking to impetuous youth.

They finished their meal in silence. When they got up, John felt for his pipe, and remembered.

"Nannie, my dear," he said hesitatingly, for she was scowling furiously; "would 'ee mind going up to Mis' Maddern's for an ounce o' shag for da?"

"Shan't! Get 'n yourself! I'm busy," she snapped.

He sighed, and resigned himself to a tobacco-less afternoon. Going out into the yard, he set about tarring a foot line in a half-hearted way. Presently he returned to the kitchen and gazed out of the window hopelessly. Then he wandered upstairs, and tried the window there. Then he came down again and started afresh on the foot line, only to relinquish it once more after a dozen strokes of the brush. Finally, he could bear it no longer. A peep from the window assuring him that the coast was temporarily clear, he summoned up desperate courage and went hurriedly out.

The journey to the shop was accomplished in safety. Mrs. Maddern, who served him, was in the last stage of senile decay, and asked no questions. He returned with all speed. He was in sight of port, and was already congratulating himself on his safety, when, as he passed

Mrs. Pezzack's door, it opened, and Mrs. Pezzack's hand emerged and seized his arm, while Mrs. Pezzack's voice, in honeyed accents, invited him to step inside an' have a chat wi' the maister.

There was no escape; she held him tight, and literally dragged him within.

Mr. Pezzack, a grizzled sea-dog, sat by the fireside, involved in thought and tobacco smoke. Master by courtesy, his real state of servitude was manifest every minute, when he stirred his stiff joints, rose laboriously, and rolled to the



JOHN IS CAPTURED.

back door for purposes of expectoration. 'Tis the finishing touch in a husband's training.

He nodded to John, and John nodded back; and this was as far as the promised chat was allowed to go. Mrs. Pezzack took the reins.

"Hope you found the hot water to your satisfaction, John?"

He had entertained no hopes; and this was only what he had expected.

"Et's a good sign, when a chap do begin to shave out o' season. We d' all knaw what to expect next, don't us? Wish 'ee good luck, John, I'm sure; an' ef I'd any cur'osity I'd arst 'ee—maid or widder-woman?"

She paused expectantly. Receiving no answer, she continued:

"Maids for love, widders for comfort, they d' say—an' they're both good things. I waan't gie 'ee no advice—'a edn' fitty: on'y what I d' say is—make up your mind, an' stick to en. An' stick to your razor, John, my man—'at's the way to win a woman. My life, to be'old the chins o' some o' these here courting bachelors, you might think they 'd been married ten 'ear! I wonder the maids stand et, so I do. Why, when the maister here come a-courting o' me——"

"Aw, come! what are 'ee a-tellen of?" Mr. Pezzack protested.

"When 'Siah come a-courting o' me," his wife repeated, "ef he'd showed himself with a rough face, I'd ha' packed en off brae 'm quick, an' tauld en I warn't in no vi'lence to kiss no clo'es-brush, not I! But I never had no 'ccasion to say nawthen o' the sort. 'A was a good 'nough courter, maister was, though you medn' think et to look 'pon 'm now. Ess, I will say that for 'ee, 'Siah—wast allers a brisk, clever courter."

"Haul' tongue! who wants to hear o' that?" exclaimed Mr. Pezzack, in a tone of vexation which did not seem altogether genuine.

"Eh! Those were merry times, to be sure. Many's the bit o' fun we had in those days—eh, 'Siah?"

Mr. Pezzack grunted ungraciously; then repenting, he laughed shortly:

"Ess, fun 'nough, ef 'a comes to that," he admitted.

The flood of reminiscence caught Mrs. Pezzack, and carried her out of her bearings. It was her failing. Garrulity spoiled her for the ideal detective.

"There were six of us maids at home, an' all of us had our chaps—all but little Patience, the beauty. Aw, the times we had! Sat'day nights, the kitchen was as crowded up as ef there wor a berren' on. 'At's what mother 'd say. She'd pertend to be vexed when she come in, an' found all the chairs full, some of 'em double, an' two setting 'pon table. 'Hullo?' 'a 'd say, 'what's this? Got a berren' on?' 'a 'd say. But all the while 'a wor as plaised as could be to think her daughters were so much thought for. But 'a managed us proper, mother did. No kissing nor hugging in comp'ny, 'a b'lieve. Ef 'a should see two haulding hands, 'rap!' 'ud come the stick 'pon their fingers. 'Where's your manners?' 'a 'd say. 'Ef you caan't be'ave proper, young man, out wi' 'ee!' An' soon 's ten o'clock did strike, 'a 'd say to Betty—she wor the youngest, nex' to Patience—'a 'd say to Betty to take her chap out, an'—'I'll gie 'ee five minutes to say good-bye in,' says mother. An' then, after five minutes, 'twas—'Time's up, Betty! Off wi' 'ee, young man!' An' then 'a wor Naomi's turn, she being nex' to Betty, an' she'd have her five

minutes; an' then five for Jane, an' five for Cath'rine. But I was the auldest an' come last, so 'Siah an' me had ten minutes. The others used to be vexed, but mother 'd tell 'em 'a wor my right, being the auldest. An' I do mind, wan time—" she pulled up short. Though her failing continually overmastered her, she was not blind to it.

"Theer! Sim' me I'm a turr'ble plague, weth my taelk, taelk!" She scanned John's face. "How's your health keeping, John? Sim' me, you don't look so rusky as you might. La, now! what wisht the chap do look! What's wrong wi' 'ee?"

"Nawthen, Mis' Pezzack, nawthen!" said John quickly, and passed a weary hand over his forehead.

"That's a token," said Mrs. Pezzack promptly. "Before you putt your hand 'pon your heed like that, 'stummick' I was a-saying to myself. But now I d' say 'women-folk.' Et's sure to be wan or the other weth a man. Ain't I right now? Maids, wives, an' widders, we're a plaguy lot, an' some of us have been vexing you. Edn' that so?"

Gossip and scandal-monger though she was, she was a kindly woman, and there was real solicitude in her tone and demeanour. John's lonely, troubled heart went out to her; for the first time there came on him a longing to pour his troubles into a sympathetic ear. But he glanced at Mr. Pezzack, sitting there in stony solidity, and shame held him back.

Mrs. Pezzack caught the glance and interpreted it.

"'Siah!" she exclaimed, "g'out to the shoot for a cooce o' water."

Mr. Pezzack rose obediently, went to a corner of the room, and lifted the four pitchers one after the other.

"Jugs are all full," he announced.

Mrs. Pezzack took the last pitcher from his hands, filled the kettle from it, went to the back door, and coolly emptied the rest of the water out on the pavement in the yard.

"When I say for 'ee to do a thing, I d' mane 'ee to do et, an' no argufying," she remarked, returning the jug to his hands. "Now, go you along an' get the water."

With unchanging countenance he obeyed.

"Like a lamb, edn' 'a?" said Mrs. Pezzack. "Took me twelve 'ear to get 'n like that. But la, what plagues we are, to be sure! An' you've found et out, have you? Come, John, set 'ee down an' tell me all about your 'nnoyance. Maybe I can help 'ee."

He sighed, and shook his head.

"Come now; maybe I can. Mine's an auld heed, an' good at contriving: but my heart's young yet, an' a' do feel tender for the troubles o' the young. Out wed 'n, now! I waan't tell a word to nobody, I promise 'ee."

She laid a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. His reserve melted at the touch, and with many stammerings he told her all.

She heard him out, and threw up her hands.

"Aw, that Mary Poljew!" she exclaimed, in tones of mingled admiration and disgust. "What a woman 'a es! Edn' nobody to come up to her in our locality! An' a brave auld career she've made among you all! Spoilt the whole batch o' cakes, 'a b'lieve. Well, well!"

The meed of admiration due to the worker of mischief on a stupendous scale could not in justice be withheld from Mrs. Poljew. Mrs. Pezzack continued to chuckle and ejaculate for some time.

"An' aw, to think 'pon et!" she cried, summing up. "You, an' Vassie, an' Mis' Pollard, an' Uncle Billy, an' auld Goold Watch-chain, she've upsot the lot of 'ee, an' her own self overplush! But sim' me, John, *you* needn' get the droldrams. Ef you're thinking 'pon Vassie still——"

"Aw, Mis' Pezzack, I shaan't never think 'pon nobody else while I d' live! But 'a edn' no use."

"How, thou fullish chap?"

"She said——"

"Pay 'ttention to what a maid do *say?* Edn' no hope for 'ee ef you do that, to be sure. An' a maid wi' the het of anger biling inside her too! Don't 'ee be so fullish as you are! Vexed wi' 'ee, is she? Say she waan't look 'pon 'ee, do she? Just the thing to gie 'ee hope! Edn' no better sign than that!"

"Are 'ee sure? Edn' laughing upon me, are 'ee?" asked John, picking up a bit.

"Ess, that I am—laughing upon you for a man married thirteen 'ear, an' don't knaw the manen o' female be'aviour. Look!—a maid's heart an' her lips—they don't have no transactions together most of the while. La! ef us weak craters wor to say what we did mane every time, you 'uns 'd be maisters sure 'nough; an' what 'ud come to the world then? A proper tod we'd all be in, to be sure. Arter her, thou fullish fellow! catch her, an' hauld her tight; don't mind her screeching—she'll be brave an' vexed if you do."

So with words of wisdom and encouragement she plied him, till a flush came to his cheek, and he sat erect and clenched his hands. Then she dismissed him, but called him back again to deliver once more the master-precept—

"Your razor—don't forget that."

Whom to take for my heroine has been, from the beginning, a matter for anxious consideration. But if a heroic deed is to give a woman claim to the title, that claim is Mrs. Pezzack's now. Faithful to her promise of secrecy, she went out and faced the gossips, only to confound them the more. Contempt was hers, and a ruined reputation; but not a word of John's avowal did she disclose. True, there was a compensation; she was ahead of all the town; she could hug herself in secret over her state of superior enlightenment; but there was more pain than pleasure in that to one of her benevolently communicative disposition. I hereby declare Mrs. Pezzack heroine-in-chief of this tale.

XII.

JOHN went back all in a glow, his heart fortified, his mind made up. He was going to have it out with Vassie, or perish. Pat phrases of apology and argument and passionate pleading were bubbling on his lips already. He felt he could be eloquent, and the feeling was as delightful as it was unwonted. At first he was for rushing off at once, and striking while the iron was hot; but then Mrs. Pezzack's impressively reiterated counsel came into his mind, and he decided to shave first. The delay thus occasioned gave time for doubt and hesitation to reassert themselves, and while he was oiling his hair, he saw that it would be better to wait until the evening, when darkness would shelter him from the hungry horde of gossips on his way across the town. Besides, if he went now, ten to one he would find Vassie engaged with the week's washing, and somehow he felt that there was something in the atmosphere of washing-day, with its soap and steam and flapping linen, not altogether congenial to love's rhetoric. So he waited, a prey to conflicting emotions, until darkness came on, and the street outside grew vocal with melody. You fail, perhaps, to see any connection between the two events, but a connection there is. The sweet voices of Cornish folk—so sweet that they are said to have driven the nightingales, heart-broken and despairing of rivalry, across the Tamar long ago—resemble those of the nightingales in this, that they are heard most persistently by night, when the dark streets are full of unknown terrors, and one is instinctively prompted to whistle or sing to keep one's courage up, and scare the ghosts away.

It was quite dark when, with a beating heart, and a hope and a fear to each alternate beat, John slipped out, and started across the town by a circuitous and little-frequented route. By singular good luck, he met scarcely a soul, and he arrived in the vicinity of the Jenkins' house congratulating himself on his good fortune. It was true that half-way he had encountered Sal Tremethick, but she had not appeared to recognise him. He had not seen her stop suddenly when he had passed; he did not know that she was stealthily dogging his footsteps all the way. Sal had her own views about Mrs. Pezzack's avowed ill-success; she scented a further mystery, and the detective fever burned hot within her.

Near the Jenkins' door, all John's old timidity came back. He had come with no definite plan of procedure in his mind; and now he suddenly asked himself how was he to penetrate to Vassie's presence, to begin with? He had pictured himself inquiring for Uncle Billy, with the parlous state of the boat's backstay chains as a pretext, finding Vassie alone, and carrying all before him in gallant style. But supposing Uncle Billy *was* at home? Impossible to plunge into fervid explanations before *him*. And if Vassie was alone—where was his eloquence now? Oozed away with his courage, leaving his tongue dry and paralysed, and his heart stranded somewhere in the neighbourhood of his boots.

Suddenly he remembered Mrs. Pollard's invitation. What if he made use of it? He was ashamed to do so; yet what else could he do, except return ignominiously home again? Vassie might have gone up there already; or, if she had not, why not go before her and await her? And he would have the advantage of Mrs. Pollard's assistance; she would help him through, the good, kind soul! One may inveigh against the interfering propensities of womankind, but one may have reason to bless them when the crisis comes. When women cease to meddle, the world will become a stagnant pool, tideless and windless, with the ship of humanity rotting idly on its shore.

Sal Tremethick, furtively following, saw with inexpressible amazement John's disappearance within Mrs. Pollard's door. Back through the town she hurried, to stir the clack of tongues anew.

Mrs. Pollard sat alone, gazing mournfully into the fire. On John's arrival she assumed a cheerful demeanour, though the effort it caused her was painfully obvious, and greeted him cordially enough.

"That's right, John Trelill! I take et kind for 'ee to come."

She marked his eyes wandering round the room.

"All alone, as you d' see. But I'm expecting Vassie up direckly. I caan't think how she dedn' come before, like she gen'rally do; but she's coming, sure, for I sent down just now to say I wanted her p'tic'ler. So set 'ee down for a bit."

John obeyed. There was a nervous pause.

"I never had no child," said Mrs. Pollard abruptly, "an' Vassie's 'most like a daughter to me. I'm brave an' fond of her, an' I do wish for her to be happy. A dear maid 'a es, John; fitty 'a es, but that edn' all; she's a good maid too. Sim' me, you an' she should get along very well together, ef you've a mind to. Sim' me, I should like that very well."

John's heart was full to bursting.

"Oh, Mis' Pollard——" he cried.

"Well? Edn' that what you d' wish?"

"'Tes my only wish. I don't wish none but she. But I don't look to have a chanst."

"How?"

"She waan't look 'pon me now! She—she d' think I've been an' slighted her. Mary come 'pon us yes'day, an' prayed auver us somefen dreadful, an' tauld her——"

He stopped, shame flooding his face.

"Ess, tauld her? What did she tell her?" Mrs. Pollard insisted.

"Tauld her I was courting in another locality," he whispered.

Mrs. Pollard saw light.

"John," she exclaimed remorsefully, "I'm that vexed wi' myself, I don't knaw how to tell en! The fault's mine, that's plain. Don't be

hard 'pon me; I'm a fullish auld woman, but I wuddn' ha' be'aved so ef I'd ha' knawed—I wuddn' indeed! The fault's mine, an' I'm the wan to set en right. Trust me, will 'ee, John? I'll set en right. You shall have your maid agin, ef I d' live you shall!"

A light step echoed in the passage.

"Hush! Here 'a do come."

Now Vassie had heard enough of the rumours that were buzzing about the town to connect John's defection with Mrs. Pollard. So, instead of going up to the widow's after tea, as her usual custom was, she retired to her chamber, and spent the time there, crying a little, and sulking a good deal. When the messenger arrived, she wondered at Mrs. Pollard's impudence, told herself a dozen times that she wouldn't go, began to wonder why she was summoned, began to speculate on the possibility of a new turn of affairs, repeated vehemently that she didn't care and wouldn't go, and put on her shawl and went.

She opened the door, and found herself face to face with John. His presence was an incontestable confirmation of the stories she had heard. Her face grew pale with anger.

"I arst your pardon, the two of 'ee," she said, in cutting tones. "I dedn' think to interrupt, nor I don't wish, nuther. I waan't stop, on'y I'll wish 'ee both joy 'fore go."

She bobbed two sarcastic courtesies and disappeared.

"Vassie, stop!" shrieked Mrs. Pollard. "Stop, thou fullish maid!" She turned on John. "Arter her, quick, an' stop her, John! Don't stand there gasping an' glazing. Arter her! 'Tes your laast chanst! Art a man?—then run!"

Reckless and desperate he ran out, choosing the front door by a lucky blunder, and catching Vassie just as she darted into the street from the side passage. Mrs. Pollard followed, puffing, and found him, with his hat off, his hair very much disarranged, and a red mark scored across his face, holding the panting, screaming girl in his arms.

"A-ah! Let me go, thou rogue! Thou cowardly rogue, let me go, an' never come anist me again! A-ah! rogue! varmen! pillyack! A-ah!" she screamed.

"'Ere, stop that hollering!" said Mrs. Pollard peremptorily. "Vassie, d'st hear me? We'll have all the naibours out direckly!"

"Don't care! Let 'em come! I'll tell 'em what I d' think of 'ee both! A-ah! Let me go, before I scratch the eyes out of 'ee!"

"Vassie, come inside, d'st hear? I've got somefen to tell 'ee! 'A edn' what you d' think. Stop that screeching an' come inside!"

"A-ah! I waan't! A-ah!"

Mrs. Pollard saw a bar of light dart across the road from a suddenly opened door.

"Where's the credit o' my house?" she cried, wringing her hands. "John, mus' let her go, 'a b'lieve."

"*No*," said John, between his teeth. He was a man at last.

"Aw, my life! what's to be done? Look, John, carr' her in then, ef she waan't come queeat! quick now!"

With a set face he lifted her and bore her within.

"Hauld her tight while I bolt the doors," said Mrs. Pollard, "or she'll be out agin, an' all the naibours in. Now Vassie, my dear, you caan't get away, an' you med as well be'ave yourself an' listen."

Vassie's screams suddenly subsided; she sank on a chair and burst into tears.

"Et's cruel, so 'a es!" she sobbed. "How should you go to treat me like this? How don't you liv a poor maid alone?"

"Theer, theer!" Mrs. Pollard smoothed her dishevelled hair with a big soft hand. "Don't 'ee fret; et's all right. Don't cry so. John's brave and vexed to be'old 'ee cry."

"Plaised to hear 'nt! I'll cry all night ef that's so!"

"Thou fullish maid!" cried Mrs. Pollard impatiently. "John edn' what you d' think. He do love 'ee dear; he don't look to love nobody else."

"So 'a d' seem, the way 'a be'aves!" Her weeping broke forth afresh.

"Listen to me, Vassie. You d' knaw me, an' you d' knaw I spake the truth. You d' think John's come courting me. 'A edn' so. Mary Poljew, she thought to make en do et, an' 'a fo'ced en to come up here, an' 'a tried to fo'ce en to arst me the question, but he wuddn' do et. She feared upon 'm, but 'a was brave, an' thought upon 'ee, an', sim' me, 'a said to himself—'Wan cruddly hair o' my pretty maid's head is worth all a fat auld widder's houses an' goold;' an' 'No' 'a said, an' 'No' 'a stuck to, though 'a thought you'd slighted him all the while. An' that's the truth, sure's I'm a-tellen 'ee."

She was still now, her face hidden in her hands. They waited. Presently a muffled voice said:

"That so, John?"

John saw the widow making vehement signs to him. Grasping their import, he went and knelt by Vassie's side, and put his arm boldly about her waist.

"'Tes true, Vassie, every word. I've be-'aved 'nough, but not so bad as you thought. I've allers loved 'ee true."

"Sence Sat'day you d' mane!" The voice was still muffled and tearful, but the words had a ring of her old spirit of malicious banter.

"Ah—ha—ess; sence Sat'day, s'pose," stammered John.

An eye peeped through her fingers to enjoy his confusion.

"Don't matter when, so's 'a do love 'ee," remarked Mrs. Pollard, surveying the scene with benevolent approval. "Don't wish to gie orders ti' 'ee, John, but sim' me those lips o' yourn might find a way to make her show her face an' set up, an' never spake a word nuther."

He never hesitated or reflected, but bent and

kissed her fingers. Her hands dropped and showed a burning face, and a mouth that hovered undecidedly between a smile and a pout.

"Sim' me you're brave and bauld all of a suddent. Pity you warn't so when Mary Poljew be'aved so scand'lous to me yes'day," she said.

"Don't blame John for that," said the widow. "Edn' in mankind to stand agin a woman in her anger. An' Mary, she's wan o' the best. I wuddn' much care to face her myself when she do bile up."

At this moment they became aware that attempts were being made from outside to open the back door, which Mrs. Pollard had bolted. They looked at each other in some confusion. Mrs. Pollard went to the door, unbolted it and threw it open; and Mrs. Poljew herself appeared on the threshold.

'Twas Sal Tremethick's doing. Her bit of news, let loose, buzzed gaily about, and finally found its way to Mrs. Poljew's ears, as she sat in morose contemplation of the perfidious folly of all the human race. It enlivened her spirits considerably. With the keen sagacity which so much distinguished her, she argued that no other motives than remorse and repentance could be taking John inside *that* door again of his own free will. In an instant her shawl was over her head, and she was hurrying up with all speed to give her indispensable assistance and enjoy her certain triumph. The bolted door puzzled her, but she was reassured by Mrs. Pollard's beaming face.

"Aw, Mary! Step inside, my dear."

Mrs. Pollard's mighty bulk blocked her view of the interior. Smiling blandly, with sly words of congratulation ready on her lips, she proceeded to comply. Mrs. Pollard stepped aside to let her pass.

One moment she stood petrified; then turned, without a word, and fled into the night.

If you care to follow her, you may learn the sequel of an early episode in this history. When she reached home and bounced into the kitchen, she found Clunker sitting moody and dejected in a corner. Her pent-up wrath found egress, and burst upon his devoted head.

"Thou lemb, thou! I've catched 'ee at last!" she cried, clouting him vigorously over head and shoulders. "A thief, art-a? *I'll* tache 'ee to stealie! *I'll* larn 'ee to putt thy ma's hard-arned dowry into Mis' Maddern's pocket! Where's my haelf-crown, tell me that? Where's et to?"

"Gone down the uzzles o' two greedy maids!" roared Clunker. "Lather away; I don't care!" he cried wildly, as she stopped from sheer exhaustion. "I don't look to care for nawthen. Not six pennord o' that haelf-crown did I clear for myself. An' now et's gone they've been an' slighted me. This here world—'a edn' fit to live in, afloat nor yet afoot. Lather away!"

Among the far-reaching consequences of Jacky Jackson's neuralgia must now be counted the ruin and disillusion of Clunker. But with two sweethearts and two successive holidays, what else could be expected?

The happy, grateful pair took their farewell of Mrs. Pollard, leaving her alone in the world with such consolations as wealth and the consciousness of well-doing may be held to afford.

Outside, Vassie did not wait to be bidden, but took John's arm at once with a pretty timidity. And so they wandered down the streets, and paused by the harbour cliff and gazed together on the moon rising in delicate splendour over the sea, their hearts opening under the spell of her beauty. Then they turned homeward. And at the door Vassie blushed and hesitated and did a bold thing, a thing for which the sticklers for rule will condemn her, but not I. For with five words, she, who had but just arrived at the "leading" stage, made light of conventional delay, and put the seal on her engagement:

"Will 'ee step inside, John?" she said.

The latest advice from Pendennack reports that Mrs. Pollard is still unmarried.

IRISH SKETCHES.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS."

SOBER FEATHERS AND WILD BIRDS.

THEY were sitting in the little study—the blue-eyed, yellow-bearded rector and two of his old friends. They had all been at Eton together, and they had not met for five-and-twenty years. The pipes of the two laymen were in full blast, and the rector was steeping himself gloriously in the blue smoke. For himself, he had given up tobacco. It was hardly a becoming habit for a parson, he said. The rector was a proud man. Not for the world would he have had it known that he found it hard to lay hands on the ninepence a week. But that was the grim truth. He had fallen upon evil times. Almost literally he

could not afford to spend his money upon that which was not bread. So he refused pipe and cigar even for that one night of old faces, knowing that the hour of indulgence would cost him years of longing.

It was a summer night, and the window was wide open. There came a dull sound of feet upon the gravel of the little avenue. Then there was a knock. It was the usual call at a clergyman's house—a call upon his purse. The Rector went to a little cash-box, and took out six pennies. "Give him this," he said to the maid: "and tell him if it goes in drink, he will never get another farthing from me."

One of the visitors rose and, looking out, saw the retreating figure of the man who had received the dole.

"I say," he muttered, swinging round, "this is worse than I could have believed. If such a thing had happened in England there would have been talk for ever."

"Well, Jagoe," said the other layman, "what's the matter?"

"Poor wretch," said Jagoe, taking no heed of the question; but leaning half out of the window, "his feet are naked—he is limping like a hare. It's no use; I can't stand this."

He flung his legs over the sill and pelted down the avenue.

In a minute he was back, frowning, with a suspicious dimness in his eyes.

"Well," said the parson: "so you are the same impetuous youth as ever. What did you give him?"

"A five-pound note," said Jagoe.

"Then you deserve to be kicked," said the parson crisply. "The man will be drunk for a month."

"I don't believe it," Jagoe answered. "He told me he was an abstainer, and he looked like one too. At any rate, O'Brien, I don't think it's a nice thing for you to speak like that—I really don't—of a brother clergyman—and a dignitary."

O'Brien's shrewd and kindly blue eyes opened wide.

"What on earth do you mean?" he said. "Speaking of drink, Whitman, does he carry a flask when he is fishing? Jagoe, is it your custom to mistake decayed cobblers for dignitaries of the church?"

"Nonsense!" said Jagoe: "you'd better go round and apologise for the sixpence that you gave him, and for that grossly insulting message. If it comes to asking questions, do cobblers generally wear frock-coats of clerical cut and wide-brimmed hats with rosettes?"

The clergyman flung up his hands and sank back into his chair. "The beggar promised to get them altered," he said, "and I gave him my old suit."

The three men looked one in another's face and burst into a roar of laughter. As soon as he had recovered himself, O'Brien got upon his legs and stood with his back to the empty grate.

"I must abandon that particular way of clothing the naked," he said; "this is not the first time that it has got me into trouble."

"You!" said Jagoe. "I thought that five-pound note was mine."

"There is something in that," O'Brien admitted; "but this is what happened the other time. There were two poor chaps on the tramp—reduced gentlemen both, and one of them with the manners of a duke. It was their rags, they told me, that hung in their light. Decently clad, they could get work to-morrow. I exacted from them an oath that they would get everything lay-icised at one of the cheap tailors in Roscrea, and then I gave each of them a complete rig out, and money to pay for the alterations. One of them was bare-headed, and so, till he could get some sort of cap, I furnished him with an old canonical hat.

"It appears that they cast their sloughs behind the first hedge, and emerged respectable and reverend. So attired, they walked gravely and decorously to the station and took second-class tickets to Roscrea. There they collected subscriptions for two church societies—one High and one Low. They met with distinguished success. Then they walked into the first convenient public and got drunk—deeply, darkly drunk. Towards dusk they sallied forth, and went corkscrewing through the principal streets, singing songs that were not convenient. They attracted much attention."

"Why not the attention of the police?" asked Jagoe.

"Oh," said Whitman, "the police respected the cloth."

"I believe they did," said O'Brien, "but the reporters were less tender.

"Next morning the *Sword of Freedom* had these two lines on its posters:

"'*Profligacy of the Protestant Hierarchy.*
"'*A Dean and Chapter in Liquor.*'"

Science and Discovery.

AUTOMATIC ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPES.

Much of the work now done in large astronomical observatories is photographic ; the astronomer merely directs his telescope to the portion of the celestial vault which he desires to depict, or to analyse by the spectroscope, sets machinery in motion to keep the instrument pointing to the selected region, and the photographic plate does the rest. In the December number of the "Observatory," Professor H. H. Turner gives some interesting notes on the development of the automatic method at the Harvard College Observatory. At this institution arrangements have been made to photograph all the northern half of the heavens once a month. To do this about 225 separate pictures are required. The apparatus for obtaining the photograph is automatic, and only requires attention once every three hours. A photographic plate takes the place of the observer, and the arrangement is such that when one has been exposed to the sky for twenty minutes a fresh plate is automatically substituted, the telescope at the same instant being turned by clockwork to a new field of view. The magazine attached to the telescope holds eight plates, which after two hours and forty minutes are automatically exposed to eight different areas of the sky. A new set of plates is then put in, and the instrument goes on with its photographic survey. Another instrument at the Harvard College Observatory is fixed in a position pointing to the north pole of the heavens. At a certain time every night a small shutter is opened by clockwork, and the region around the celestial pole imprints itself upon the sensitised plate in the instrument. After a while the shutter is closed by similar clockwork. Incidentally, this instrument gives a record of the state of the sky, for, when the night is cloudy, no stars are able to leave their images upon the sensitive surface upturned to them.

MANUFACTURE OF THE WOAD OF ANCIENT BRITONS.

Who has not read that the ancient Britons tattooed their bodies, staining them blue and green with woad, as a sort of war-paint? The information is part of the stock-in-trade of every school-boy, but probably there are few persons who are aware that the preparation of this ancient dye-stuff is still an English industry, though a small and fast decaying one. Mr. Francis Darwin and Professor Meldola recently described in "Nature" the processes by which the dye is even now manufactured at Parson Drove, near Wisbech. The plant from which the dye is obtained is the *Isatis tinctoria*, a small biennial herb. The leaves of this are wrenched off by the pickers, the roots being left undisturbed, so as to provide a second crop. After the leaves have been crushed under rollers, the pulpy mass is kneaded by hand into balls, about the size of cricket balls, which are allowed to dry in the air for about four weeks. When dry, the balls are ground under the rollers, and the powdery product thus obtained is then spread upon a floor, where it is sprinkled with water and allowed to ferment for nine weeks. At the end of this operation the material is ready for the market. Woad has been almost superseded as a dye by indigo and by the modern coal-tar derivatives, its use being now confined to some of the old-fashioned Yorkshire dye-houses. As the woad industry will sooner or later become extinct, the survival of its primitive character up to the present time is well worth recording.

INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERE ON TIDES.

Accurate information as to the effect of wind and atmospheric pressure upon the tides is of prime importance to mariners ; for a few inches difference in the height of a tide often decides the question whether it is possible or not to take a ship over bars and up the channels of tidal rivers. The latest facts bearing upon this subject have been collected by a Committee of the British Association from the authorities of all the principal ports in the United Kingdom and abroad ; and the records thus obtained distinctly prove that the heights of tides are considerably affected both by variations of atmospheric pressure and by the wind. The former influence is found to be much greater than has generally been supposed, a variation of only half an inch from the average height of the barometer causing a difference of as much as fifteen inches in the height of the tides. At some ports the tides are lower than usual when the barometer rises ; but at others a rise of the barometer carries with it a rise of the tidal height. Unfortunately, the local indications given by the barometer at any single port do not afford any trustworthy guide as to the effect on the tide at that port. It was hoped that the collected observations would indicate exactly the

amount of variation in the height of the tide due to any force of wind, but though a direct connection between wind and tide can be traced, no rule admitting of general application has been found.

ANTS AS FUNGUS EATERS.

One of the greatest pests of the tropical builder and carpenter is the wood ant, or white ant. The work of this insect is mostly hidden from sight, being in the interior of wooden uprights or beams; and it is not uncommon to find the woodwork in a building destroyed by the ants so completely that the whole structure almost, if not quite, collapses. It has hitherto been supposed that the ants attack timber because, like the dogs which "delight to bark and bite, it is their nature to." Some observations made by Mr. J. H. Hart, the superintendent of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Trinidad, suggest that this view should be modified. Mr. Hart finds that the ants do not attack *sound* wood, but only that which has first been permeated by the spawn of some fungus, a fact which is not surprising when it is remembered that the parasol ant actually lays out gardens and cultivates or grows parts of certain fungi for food. In no single case has wood free from fungi been found to be visited by the columns of white ants which daily march from their nests to attack timber. The primary cause of the destruction is, therefore, the presence of a fungus, and the way to prevent it is not to destroy the ants, but to ensure perfect ventilation and dryness, which are known to be antagonistic to the growth of fungi. It may seem but a small matter for such a microscopic growth to be found in wood, nevertheless the harbouring of this insidious enemy brings destruction.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN NATURAL COLOURS.

The desire to fix the tints as well as the design of the beautiful pictures seen upon the screen of the photographic camera has led many investigators to study the problem of colour photography; but so far no satisfactory means have been devised capable of producing coloured photographic prints. The highly coloured photographic views now commonly seen are obtained by what is known as the three-colour method; they are really chromo-lithographs printed in the three primary colours—red, yellow, and blue—by the blending of which all other colours can be produced. This is the best method yet applied to the production of photographic prints in colours: pictures on glass, painted by the delicate hand of Nature, without the intervention of coloured screens, can, however, be obtained with comparatively little difficulty, by a method invented by Professor Lippmann of Paris, and described by him at the Royal Institution a short time ago. The means adopted to produce the exquisitely tinted photographs shown by him at that Institution are very simple. A photographic plate, as transparent and grainless as possible, is placed in an ordinary plate-carrier of a camera. A quantity of mercury is then allowed to flow in behind the plate, so as to act as a mirror. This being done, the carrier is placed in the camera, and the photograph is taken and developed with chemicals in the ordinary way. When dry a brilliantly coloured picture is seen, the mere presence of the reflecting surface of mercury behind the plate making all the difference between a plain photograph and a coloured one. Of the beauty of Professor Lippmann's pictures there is only one opinion, and when prints can be produced of the same character and so easily as his photographs on glass, colour photography may be placed among the fine arts.

EARTHQUAKE PHENOMENA.

The earthquake which occurred in the early morning of December 17 was not nearly so destructive as that which visited the eastern counties on April 22, 1894; but it appears to have been felt over a larger area. Two shocks were more or less felt over practically the whole of England and Wales, the most serious damage being done at Hereford, where several chimneys appear to have been thrown down, and one of the pinnacles of St. Peter's Cathedral was injured. Very pronounced effects were also produced at Birmingham, Worcester, Ross, Gloucester, Dursley, and neighbouring places in the Midlands and the West. This district agrees very closely with the regions of maximum intensity in the cases of earthquakes which occurred in October 1863 and October 1868. The recent disturbance was most distinctly felt at about 5.32 A.M. (at Kew Observatory it was recorded at 5.35), but slight movements are reported to have happened between two and three o'clock. Before any definite conclusions can be arrived at as to the velocity with which the earthquake vibrations travelled and the probable cause of the shocks, exact information must be accumulated as to the times and durations of the various movements. The pulsations of an earthquake travel at rates from two to seven miles a second, and the duration over which they are felt varies according to the distance from the place of origin, being very short near the region from which they start, and longer at a little distance away. The delicate seismometers used by earthquake investigators show, however, that though the originating disturbance may only have lasted a few seconds or minutes, the ground at a distance may rock gently for several hours. It is a curious fact that upwards of sixty per cent. of the earthquakes recorded over the whole globe happen in the winter, the maximum number occurring in January and the minimum in July.

R. A. GREGORY.

Continental and American Notes.

The United States Navy—The War of 1812.

In the January article on the United States Navy the remarks as to the war of 1812 are, it should be stated, from an American point of view ; and history as still taught in America is notoriously partial. In the cause of truth it is necessary not only to say this, but to point out that the statements as to this war are accepted by no nation except the Americans. They no more fought this country single-handed in that war than they did in the War of Independence. They were the allies of Napoleon, and it must not be overlooked that the British vessels were mostly engaged in Europe on the main ocean highways. This country was unprepared for the unexpected attack from the other side of the Atlantic. The Americans had no battleships, and the only encounters that took place were between frigates, sloops, and privateers. The balance of victory was anything but on the American side. The number of war vessels they took from us was eighteen, and the number we took from them was one hundred and forty-eight.

The first that was heard of the war was when the *Belvidera* was chased by five American ships which she had approached as friends, and which had been sent out to capture the West India fleet, a chance they lost by their futile chase of the *Belvidera*. The last affair in it was when the East India Company's brig *Nautilus* fell in with the *Peacock*, a vessel almost big enough to hoist her on board, and sent a boat to inform her of the conclusion of peace, whereupon the boat's crew were made prisoners, and the *Nautilus* attacked and captured after a loss of six killed and eight wounded. As the prize had to be restored, it is not included in the totals. The first capture of the war was that of the *Alert* by the *Essex*. The *Alert* was a collier trading between Newcastle and London, which had been bought into the navy. Her united guns threw 288 lbs., those of the *Essex* threw 1,352 lbs. The next capture was that of the *Guerrière* by the *Constitution*, which was half as large again in tonnage, and carried nearly double as many men, besides having greater gun power. The next capture was that of the *Frolic* by the *Wasp*. The *Frolic*, which was much the smaller vessel, had been damaged in a gale, from the effects of which the sea was running so high during the action that her ports were rolling under, and she could only set her boom-mainsail, which was shot away during the action. This counts as a capture to the Americans, although the *Frolic* was recaptured the same day. The next American success was the taking of the *Macedonian* by the *United States*, the *Macedonian's* guns throwing 549 lbs. as against the American's 864 lbs. The next capture was that of the *Java* by the *Constitution*, in which the *Java*, which was the greater vessel, was fought so well that she had to be destroyed. In the next American success the British sloop *Peacock* with guns throwing 192 lbs. surrendered to the *Hornet* with guns throwing 450 lbs., and afterwards sank. The next case was that of the *Dominica* with 75 men being taken by the *Decatur* with 140 men. In the next case the *Boxer* with 48 men was taken by the *Enterprise* with 123 men. In the case of the flotilla action mentioned in the article, the Americans had 9 vessels manned by 580 seamen, and the British had 6 vessels manned by 50 seamen and 320 soldiers and militia. The next British losses were those of the *Highflyer* of 8 guns, taken by the *President* frigate of 59 guns ; the *Picton* of 16 guns, taken by the *Constitution* frigate above mentioned ; the *Epervier* of 18 guns, taken by the *Peacock* ; and the *Ballahou* of 8 guns, taken by the *Perry* privateer. Then the *Wasp* took the *Reindeer*, which was burnt ; the *Syren* privateer took the *Landrail* cutter ; the *Chasseur* privateer took the little *St. Lawrence* ; the *Constitution* took the *Cyane* and the *Levant*, which was afterwards recaptured ; and the *Hornet* took the little *Penguin*, after the American captain had been informed of the conclusion of peace. This is every capture the Americans made, and in every case they were superior in force. On the other hand, we took from them the *President* of 59 guns, now the Naval Reserve drill ship in the West India Docks ; the *Essex* of 42 guns ; the *Chesapeake* of 38 ; the *Argus*, *Frolic*, and *Rattlesnake*, each of 20 ; and the *James Madison*, *Wasp*, *Nautilus*, *Vixen*, *Viper*, *Arab*, *Lynx*, *Racer*, *Dolphin*, *Anaconda*, and *Asp*, the seventeen ships carrying amongst them 315 guns ; and in addition to these we captured 131 privateers, of which those whose armament is recorded carried 996 guns, and those whose crews are recorded carried 6,652 men. We have the detailed list of these vessels, but there is no room for it here. It will be enough now for us to mention a dozen or so. Among the crowd were the *Curlew* of 16 guns, the *Catharine* of 14 guns, the *Gossamer* of 16 guns, the *Rapid* of 16 guns, the *Thorn* of 18 guns, the *Hunter* of 14 guns, the *Pioneer* of 17 guns, the *Thresher* of 14 guns, the *John* of 16 guns, the *Holkar* of 20 guns, the *Alexander* of 18 guns, the *Porcupine* of 20 guns, the *York Town* of 20 guns, the *Elbredge Gerry* of 14 guns, the *Subtile* of 16 guns, the *Squirrel* of 17 guns, and the *Pioneer*, *Alfred*, *Rattlesnake*, *Ida*, and *Invincible*, all carrying over 16 guns. These must suffice as examples.

In fact, the few American successes which we gave in detail last month are lost amid such a multitude. The war, which included among other incidents the capture of Washington by the British, came to an end by the peace of Ghent in December 1814. The ostensible cause was the inconvenience of the right of search of neutral vessels, which was claimed by the French in the Berlin and Milan decrees, and only adopted by Britain in self-defence. This right was not abandoned

owing to the Americans, inasmuch as it had passed away with the abdication of Napoleon in April 1814. The real object of the war was the capture of Canada, in which the Americans failed; and in addition to this they got no acknowledgment of their "free trade and sailors' rights," and they lost the fisheries. The war was quite unprovoked by Britain, and it simply lasted until the Americans were tired of it. Now that the new treaty of arbitration is on the point of signature we may hope that it was the last war between two nations whose interests in so many ways are identical.

First Coloured Policeman in New York.

For the first time in its history New York has now a coloured policeman. There has never been any law which excluded coloured men; but as long as the police force was under the control of Tammany Hall, all applications from coloured men were rejected. There are thousands of Irishmen in the force, hundreds of Germans, and representatives of nearly all the nations whose people make the cosmopolitan population of New York city. Up to November, 1896, however, notwithstanding the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of people of African descent in the city, a coloured man had never been seen in a policeman's uniform. Even now the solitary representative of the African race in the force is not doing ordinary policeman's duty. He is the janitor at the College of Pharmacy, and it was on the application of the college board that he was sworn in as a policeman, and permitted to don a policeman's uniform. At Washington, the National Capital, the negro race get a fair proportion of the minor appointments under the Federal Government, and satisfactorily discharge the duties assigned them. But in municipal life the coloured man has so far got little recognition. The writer of this paragraph has, at one time and another, been in almost every large city in the United States, in the territory east of the Mississippi river. Only in one of these cities did he ever see a negro policeman. This was in Pittsburgh. The coloured officer was stationed at a busy street crossing, and was discharging his duties towards foot passengers and the drivers of vehicles with a courtesy and tact which would have brought no discredit on a London policeman.

German Trade with the Far East.

The Germans are determined to push their trade in the Far East. On January 27 a Commission of ten members, representing a number of various industries, will sail from Bremen and visit the principal ports of China and Japan, with the object of inquiring into the state of German trade in those countries, and of considering what steps will be necessary to increase it. The remarkable thing about this expedition is that it is financially supported by the German Government. Its secretary, Dr. Schumacher, is an official in the Home Office, and the Foreign Office has instructed its agents and representatives abroad to give the Commission every assistance in their power. From time to time Dr. Schumacher will send home reports, which are to be transmitted to the various Chambers of Commerce throughout the Empire, and when he returns home he will compile an elaborate report which, in all probability, will be submitted to the Reichstag. Among the industries represented on the Commission are the following: the textile trades, cotton, leather, hardware, iron, machinery, and wool.

The Expenses of the German Empire.

Tables which have just been published in a handy form give at a glance the increase in expenditure of the German Empire, also the increase in taxation. Figures of this description are usually so dry, and presented in so uninteresting a manner, that they are usually passed over by the ordinary reader; but here the facts are so startling that they deserve notice. In 1886 and 1887 Germany paid for the support of her army, £18,500,000 sterling; her budget for next year reaches the enormous figure of nearly £27,000,000. Compared with the expenditure on our marine, that of Germany is slight; but even here the increase is from £2,500,000 to £4,500,000. Pensions have risen from £1,300,000 to £2,900,000, and the interest on the national debt from £930,000 to £3,800,000. If taxation is looked at the increase is equally startling. The tax on sugar has risen from £750,000 to £4,000,000, that on brandy and spirits from £1,800,000 to nearly £6,000,000, and the stamp duties from £1,300,000 to over £3,000,000. Small wonder if earnest men in the Fatherland are turning their attention to these things, and to the enormous burdens imposed on a comparatively poor people for the keeping up of their huge fighting machine.

The new French Academician.

M. André Theuriet, who was lately elected a member of the French Academy—as the successor of Alexandre Dumas—is a novelist who owes his position in literature mainly to the idyllic charm of his descriptions of nature and rural life. Although on the confines of the literary whirlpool of Paris, he has never allowed himself to be drawn into it, but has led a quiet, unostentatious existence in some suburban retreat, always near the woods which he so passionately loves, and keeping up old-fashioned habits, such as early rising. At six o'clock, winter and summer, he takes his seat at his writing-table and works until eleven or twelve. Then his day's task is done and he can devote himself with a free mind to other matters. He goes to bed when the night is still considered young in Paris. These methodical and hygienic habits have enabled him to produce many books without that exhausting expenditure of nervous energy which so often makes premature old age the price of an author's celebrity. M. Theuriet did not rush rashly into literature. For many years, while he was a clerk at the Ministry of Finance, he looked upon it rather as a charming pastime than as a means of living, and this, no doubt, goes far to explain his fidelity to his own ideals, his simple, unaffected, but carefully polished style, and his dislike of those tricks of the trade by which the sale of a book is often stimulated and the writer's self-respect diminished. The author of "Sons Bois" is now sixty-three. Of the thirty volumes he has written, in about five and twenty years, not all are free from the chief reproach to which the imaginative literature of France is exposed; but his work, taken

in its entirety, is wholesome, and it abounds in delightful pictures of nature and French provincial life. M. Theuriet now lives at Bourg-la-Reine, near Paris, where he performs the duties of mayor with great zeal and tact.

French Fisherfolk.

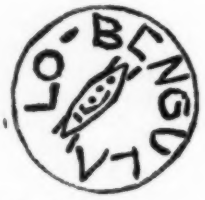
The closing months of the year 1896 will be memorable to the fishing population of the north and west of France as singularly mournful and disastrous. The great storm that raged along the shores of Western Europe in the third week of September was the first of a series of extraordinary violence and destructiveness. The one that struck the coast of Brittany and Gascony on December 4, and reached its climax on the 6th, coinciding as it did with high tides, not only caused great loss of life at sea, but spread terror and ruin among a multitude of fisher-people whose boats were carried away and houses wrecked by the invading waves. The entire population (about 800) of the Ile de Sein, off the coast of Finistère, were in danger of drowning, for the greater part of their low rock was swept by the Atlantic rollers. The number of widows and orphans of French fishermen—chiefly Bretons—lost at sea during the gales of the autumn and early winter is quite appalling. It is little realised how the pinch of poverty compels these men to risk their lives. Round the British coasts, especially in the North Sea, the dangers of fishing have been greatly diminished by trawling, the fleet of boats employed in this work being built to contend with very bad weather. Very little deep-sea fishing, however, is done off the French coasts; there the people live by much the same methods that were followed centuries ago. But the deplorable increase of intemperance among the Bretons has doubtless had this result, that the fisher-people are far less able to contend with the season of dearth and danger than they were in days gone by. The sight of a half-starving family often drives the men out to sea when their knowledge tells them that they do so at the peril of their lives in boats such as theirs. It is not certain that the intervention of capitalists and the employment of trawlers would lessen the general misery in winter; but what would decrease it enormously would be some legislation that would prevent a brave and honest population from being ruined by alcohol.

Varieties.

Lobengula's Concessions.

In a letter of Mr. Baines, the companion of Dr. Livingstone in the expedition when the Falls of Victoria on the Zambesi river were discovered, dated September 15, 1871, a concession of land for gold mining is given in much detail. It concludes with an appended seal and signature of Lobengula, or at least his mark, evidently prepared by one of his advisers. The witnesses are G. A. Phillips, F. Betts, Robert Jewell, and John Lee, with the signature of Lobengula to the concession, thus: "I now hereby solemnly and fully confirm the grant verbally made to Mr. Baines on behalf of his Company. In witness of which I hereto append my sign manual.

"Lo Bengula.
"His × mark and seal.



"Signed this 29th day of August, 1871."

The Company for which Mr. Baines obtained this concession has been long ago superseded by more powerful competition, but the fact of Lobengula thus early having begun to make concessions of land is interesting and worthy of record in the history of Mashonaland and of South African mining adventure. The chief soon learned how to get an ample revenue from successive grants of land to new comers into these regions. Mr. Baines speaks well of the King and his indunas at that time.

Chinese Stock Exchange.

One day, when I was new to the place, I happened to enter a street near the Floating Bridge at Ningpo. It was filled with an excited crowd, madly vociferating and gesticulating. Thinking I had come upon a riot, I asked the meaning of the tumult, when I learned I was in the Stock Exchange. Bids were made *vivâ voce*, and accepted by the grasping of hands, the parties then withdrawing to complete the bargain. The business at the moment was the fictitious sale of Spanish dollars for copper *cash*, the quotations being brought by pigeon-post from Suchan, two hundred miles distant. How vividly this scene was recalled to my memory by the confused roar heard at the Paris Bourse!—"*A Cycle of Cathay*," *by W. D. Martin, D.D., President Emeritus of the Tungwen Imperial College at Pekin.*

[Dr. Martin's book is full of curious and authentic information about Chinese life and customs, which he had special opportunities of observing in all parts of the empire during his long career in the Imperial service, as well as during his earlier occupation as missionary sent out by the American Board, sixty years ago. This period, he tells us, is the limit of 'A Cycle of Cathay' in official records, though popularly the term was supposed, perhaps by Tennyson himself, to denote an indefinite epoch. Each year of the cycle of sixty years is known by a Chinese letter or sign.

The volume gives a picture of the cycle among its numerous illustrations.]

Admiral Sir Henry Duncan Grant.

In many of Miss Weston's reports of her work in recent years, she has spoken of the generous help given by the Admiral Superintending at Devonport. He got her leave to go on board any ship she wished, and was himself ready to preside when addressing the officers and men about temperance and good conduct. Admiral Grant's death last year was mourned by many besides Miss Weston and her friends. It is most interesting to know how Admiral Grant was first led to seek to do good to men of the Royal Navy. As long ago as 1851, the year of Prince Albert's great exhibition, H.M.S. *Dædalus*, Captain Grant, was ordered to report on the state of the Pitcairn islanders, the descendants of the seamen of H.M.S. *Bounty*. Such visits have often in after-years been made by ships of the South Pacific squadron. In Captain Grant's time this was a new thing, and on sighting the island no anchorage was found. Some of the islanders came out in a boat, and offered to take the English officers on shore. The surf was making big breakers, but the Pitcairn girls, amidst much amusement, carried the captain ashore, and all were landed safely. They were greatly pleased with all that they saw in the island, and with the character and conduct of the people, about whom so much has been since written. On leaving they invited a party of the islanders, including the girls who helped them ashore, to come and see the ship. The sailors were very curious to see the people, and disposed to be free with them, after their wont. But the behaviour of the natives struck them with surprise, as it did the captain and his officers. There was little sense of religion on board a man-of-war in those times, but the purity and piety of these strangers impressed all on board, and Captain Grant often used to say that from that visit of the *Dædalus* to Pitcairne Island he dated his first serious thoughts, and his resolution ever after to devote himself to the service of his Divine Master in the moral and spiritual welfare of seamen of the British Navy.

Old Age, the One Incurable Ailment.

When Sir Edward Coke was past eighty, some of his friends, anxious about his health, sent two of the most famous physicians of that time to see him. Coke (Coke on Littleton) was surprised by their visit, but on explanation received them courteously, and entered into conversation. He said that he had never taken physic since he was born, and would not begin now; he had upon him a disease which all the drugs of Asia, the gold of Africa, nor all the doctors of Europe could cure—*old age*. He was very grateful both to them for coming and to his friends who sent them, and dismissed them nobly, insisting on their receiving a visiting fee of twenty guineas each.

Remarks about old age of a similar kind are recorded of Dr. Johnson and other notable men, but this anecdote of Sir Edward Coke may be accepted as the earliest and one of the best.

Rest from Political Strife.

Mr. Gladstone's frequent references to his retirement from public life and political affairs remind us of another great name in English history, Lord Chatham. The elder Pitt used to speak of himself as an example of "ambition cured."

> "A statesman without power and without gall
> Hating no courtiers, happier than them all,
> Bound to no yoke, nor searching for applause,
> Votary alone to freedom and the laws.
> Herds, flocks, and smiling harvests deck our plain,
> And interspersed a heart-enlivening train
> Of sportive children frolic o'er the green,
> While love looks on, and consecrates the scene."

These lines are from Chatham's invitation to Garrick to leave town for a time, and pay a visit to him at Mount Edgecumbe. He would see "a statesman without power," enjoying a quiet and happy country life—just as Mr. Gladstone describes the scenes at Hawarden (not forgetting barefooted Dorothy Drew) to his former friends and foes in London and Westminster.

Astronomical Notes for February.

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 7h. 40m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 47m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 7h. 16 m. and sets at 5h. 13m. The Moon is New at 8h. 13m. on the evening of the 1st; enters her First Quarter at 7h. 25m. on that of the 9th; becomes Full at 10h. 11m. on the morning of the 17th; and enters her Last Quarter at 3h. 44m. on that of the 24th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about 6 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th. An annular eclipse of the Sun will take place on the 1st, but it will not be visible in any part of Europe. The central line will pass in a north-easterly direction across the South Pacific Ocean, and will cross land only in the north part of South America, but a partial eclipse will be visible over Central America, the West Indies, and the greater part of South America. The planet Mercury will be at his greatest western elongation from the Sun on the morning of the 16th, and be visible (but only for a short time on account of his great southern declination) before sunrise in the constellation Capricornus. Venus will be at her greatest eastern elongation on the 15th, and visible for a considerable time after sunset throughout the month, moving from Pisces into Aries; she will be very near the crescent Moon on the 5th, the actual conjunction taking place after they have set. Mars is diminishing in apparent brightness; he will be due south at 7 o'clock in the evening on the 21st, and pass a short distance to the south of the brilliant star Beta Tauri on the last day of the month. Jupiter is still in Leo, and will be in opposition to the Sun on the 23rd; he is therefore a magnificent object throughout the night, and will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 17th, when she is just past the Full. Saturn is situated in the constellation Scorpio, and is to be seen only in the early morning.—W. T. LYNN.

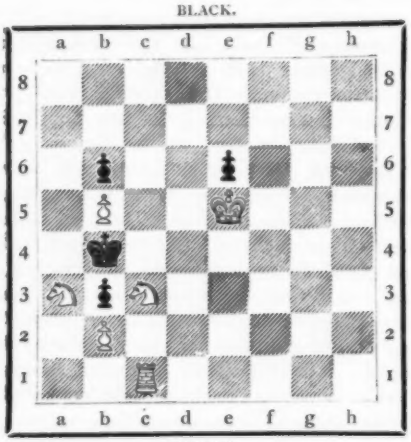


The Fireside Club.

CHESS PROBLEM

By H. F. L. Meyer

BLACK.



WHITE.

6 + 4 = 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

(For Amateurs only.)

The next subject for competition is "The Sea." Note carefully the conditions: Name and address must be written on the back of each, and none can be returned. If likely, in the opinion of an expert, to print well, the prize pictures will be reproduced here, but we cannot promise this. The time allowed is longer than in the case of other competitions, viz. six weeks. That is to say, all photographs must be received at the "Leisure Hour" Office not later than March 15, marked outside "Prize Photographs."

One prize, or if the competitors are sufficiently numerous, Two, of the value of One Guinea and Half a Guinea, will be awarded.

AN EVENING WITH ANTHONY TROLLOPE

1. Which two people are referred to in the following passage? "—— however, was a girl of spirit; she had the blood of two peers in her veins, and, better still, she had another lover on her books; so Mr. —— sighed in vain, and the pair soon found it convenient to establish a mutual bond of hatred."
2. Characterise briefly the incumbents of:
   - (*a*) Plumstead Episcopi.
   - (*b*) St. Ewold's.
   - (*c*) Puddingdale.
   - (*d*) St. Cuthbert's.
   - (*e*) Hogglestock.
3. Mention:
   - The founder of Hiram's Hospital.
   - The Barchester reformer who interfered regarding the government of the Hospital. The result of his interference.
   - The great London lawyer consulted, and the opinion he gave.
   - The reforms which were instituted.
4. What attitude did Johnny Eames adopt in regard to the question of Sir Raffle Buffle's shoes?

5. Where do we find mention of:
Dr. Pessimist Anticant,
Mr. Plomacy,
Amelia Roper,
and "the talented Member for Crewe Junction"?

6. Who "spoke of Addison, Swift, and Steel as though they were still living, regarded Defoe as the best known novelist of his country, and thought of Fielding as a young but meritorious novice in the field of romance?" What were the two names which had, for the same character, the only true savour of nobility?

7. Name the carver described in the following passage, the guests he served, and their philosophy? "For the next three or four minutes —— did not speak a word. The turkey was on his mind, with the stuffing, the gravy, the liver, the breast, the wings, and the legs. He stood up to carve it, and while he was at the work he looked at it as though his two eyes were hardly sufficient. He did not help first one person and then another, so ending by himself; but he cut up artistically as much as might probably be consumed, and located the fragments in small heaps or shares in the hot gravy; and then, having made a partition of the spoils, he served it out with unerring impartiality."

8. When did Lucy Roberts tell a lie, and who forgave her when she admitted the truth?

9. What woman, having long ago committed forgery, voluntarily confessed, to save a noble and Christian man from bearing the disgrace of it?

10. Give a character, in quotations only, of one of the following.
(*a*) Lily Dale.
(*b*) The Warden.
(*c*) Mrs. Proudie.
No character to exceed 200 words in length.

Two Book prizes, of the value of Half a Guinea each, will be given for the two best sets of answers to the above questions. Winners to choose their own prizes.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

First of a New Series of Three.

1.

Dost *thou* lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare-*thee*-well."

2.

"Why are *you* virtuous? Why do people love *you*?
And wherefore are *you* gentle, strong, and valiant?"

3.

"Guilty! Guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if *I* die, no soul will pity *me*."

4.

"*His* virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of *his* taking off."

5.

"Thou art a traitor:
False to *thy* gods, *thy* brother, and *thy* father."

6.

"What is *he* whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?"

7.

"Dost *thou* lie still?
If thus *thou* vanishest, *thou* tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking."

8.

"The dearest *friend* to me, the kindest *man*,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

Whole. "Fairest ——, that art most rich, being poor; most choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised!"

Find all the names indicated, and give Act and Scene of each quotation. Book Prizes awarded at end of quarter to all who solve the set of three acrostics. A register of names kept every month.

MODERN HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

1. Here Fuzzy-Wuzzy met defeat,
Tommy knows he's hard to beat.
2. Let this word be our battle-cry,
Though trouble come, and brave men sigh.
3. All night behind a rampart of tin
A handful of heroes fight and win.
4. All that is good in this our land,
Grows and succeeds beneath her hand.
5. For the guns on thy steep height
The soldiers of three nations fight.
6. Duty, courage, endurance,
Midst sorrow and want and pain,
Here lived not a single coward,
Here lie the heroic slain.
7. Gordon is revenged when this fortress falls,
The dusky foe now lurks behind its walls.
8. Full well we know, in danger's hour,
In this lies strength, in this lies power.
9. Sikh, Gourkha, Briton, brothers all,
When led by thee to a city's fall.

Name the subject of each verse. The initials give two words, making a well-known inscription. Write from two to eight lines of verse on the answer.

Answers to Geographical Acrostic (p. 136).

Many answers were received, the best being sent by N. Barber, The Orphanage, Halifax, whose explanations of the allusions were very good. Others had all the lights correctly given, but not explained.

ANSWERS TO THACKERAY QUESTIONS (p. 135).

1. In the prospectus of the "Pall Mall Gazette" Captain Shandon announces it as "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." "John Finucane, Esq., of the Middle Temple," was appointed sub-editor, but "Jack was not permitted to write much," his London chiefs thinking that "the scissors and paste were better wielded by him than the pen."—"Pendennis," chs. xxxii. to xxxv.

2. (*a*) George Warrington, "Pendennis," ch. lvii.
(*b*) Joseph Sedley, "Waterloo Sedley," "Vanity Fair," ch. xxxii.
(*c*) Fred Bayham, "The Newcomes," ch. xii.

3. (*a*) Jenkins Gruffenough was porter at the court of Valorosa XXIV, King of Paphlagonia, and was chosen for this office because he was "a very tall fierce man, who could say 'Not at home' to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor with a rudeness which frightened most such visitors away."—"The Rose and the Ring," ch. iv.

(*b*) Harry Warrington's coloured servant rose to greatness when his master was arrested for debt. "O master, my master!" roared Gumbo, "here's plenty money—take everything—I go sell myself to-morrow morning."—"The Virginians," ch. xlvi.

(*c*) Frederick Bayham, who wrote "Pulpit Pencillings."—"The Newcomes," ch. xliv.

4. Colonel Newcome's library is described.—"The Newcomes," ch. iv.

5. "Figs" was Dobbin's school nickname.—"Vanity Fair," ch. v.

6. (*a*) James Wolfe, "The Virginians," ch. xix.
(*b*) Marlborough, "Esmond," ch. ix.
(*c*) Washington, "The Virginians," ch. xlii.

7. A mother's love, "for which love, as for the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us, let us kneel and thank our Father."—"Pendennis," ch. lvii.

8. Colonel Newcome's death at Greyfriars.—"The Newcomes," ch. lxxx.

The First Prize Paper contains the following character of General Lambert, in reply to the ninth question: "Who does not love this man, one of Thackeray's noblest creations?"

"After all, it is only from detached and scattered sentences that we make up the portrait which is so distinct to our mental vision, and yet when we lay down 'The Virginians' and look back on the long full history and all the various characters, this one seems to pervade the whole book, and to purify the age in which he lived. We think of him as the loving, chivalrous husband and father, the wise counsellor and friend of young men, the brave soldier and the cultured man of reading, and of accomplishments which show themselves so naturally in all he says and does. 'He is quite an ordinary man,' the chronicler says, and well would it be for our world if such were our 'ordinary' men.

"When he makes fun with his daughters and tells Harry, 'We consume a vast deal of nonsense in this house,' or when he sternly returns the rich gifts, and says, 'My girls must not be dressed up with the winnings off the gaming table,' or wherever we find him, he is always the same true-hearted Christian gentleman, and we love Thackeray the more that he has drawn this character for our delight."—*A. G. McIver.*

Miss Coath's paper comes in a very close second, and several others are so excellent as to have made scrutiny difficult. As might have been expected, Colonel Newcome was the favourite character, and many descriptions of him were given.

The names for the SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC (p. 204) given last month, and completing the first set of three, are as follows:

Asp. (Whose bite saved the captive Cleopatra from the ignominy of gracing Cæsar's triumph.) "Antony and Cleopatra," Act Five, Scene Two.

Death. "The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings."
"King John," Act Two, Scene One.

Audrey. (Who was not fair, could not second Touchstone's wit, and yet forsook her clownish lover to marry Touchstone.)
"As You Like It," Act Five, Scene One.

Music. "Ordained" according to Lucentio "to refresh the mind of man
After his studies," but used as "the gamut of Hortensio."
"Taming of the Shrew," Act Three, Scene One.

The *whole* is ADAM (who gave to Orlando all he had saved since he was seventeen, until he was near fourscore).—"As You Like It," Act Two, Scene Three.

The results for this first set will appear next month among advertisements. By a slip last month Snug's name was given as the initial for the Shylock Acrostic, instead of Starveling, and the reference for Corin was given as Act Three, instead of Act Two. None of the papers sent in are affected by these slips; but in future, to lessen the risk of misprinted figures, which are apt to pass undetected, we shall give all references in words (as above) instead of numbers. We will be obliged if Competitors will do the same, to facilitate correction.

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more than one prize in each class during this year, but may be commended.
II. Editor's decision final. No private correspondence possible.
III. Every competition sent in, whether for a prize or not, must have name and address attached, and be distinctly written. All must be received by the 20th of the month, having "Leisure Hour Competitions" written outside the envelope. Answers appear here, and the prize list will be found among the advertisements.

